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SPECIMENS
OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.

SPECIMENS

OF

ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETRY

SPECIMENS
OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS,

WHO LIVED
ABOUT THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE.

WITH NOTES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SPECIMENS
OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY. BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT,
AND JOHN FLETCHER.

Amintor, a noble Gentleman, promises marriage to Aspatia, and forsakes her by the King's command to wed Evadne.—The grief of Aspatia at being forsaken, described.

This lady
Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth : the unfrequented woods
Are her delight ; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in ; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfull'st things that ever ear have heard.
And sigh, and sing again ; and when the rest

Of our young ladies in their wanton blood,
 Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
 With laughter, she will with so sad a look
 Bring forth a story of the silent death
 Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
 Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
 She'll send them weeping one by one away.

The marriage-night of Amintor and Evadne.

EVADNE. ASPATIA. DULA, and other Ladies.

Evad. Would thou could'st instill (To Dula.)
 Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my
 cheek ;

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
 When at the altar the religious priest
 Were pacifying the offended powers
 With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
 My night, and all your hands have been employ'd
 In giving me a spotless offering
 To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
 For you : pardon, Evadne, would my worth
 Were great as your's, or that the King, or he,
 Or both thought so ; perhaps he found me worthless,
 But till he did so, in these ears of mine
 (These credulous ears) he pour'd the sweetest words
 That art or love could frame.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.
Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam ?

*Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ; say I died true :
My love was false, but I was firm from my hour of
birth ;*

Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.
Madam, good night ;—may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you ; but if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I ; but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me :
Ladies farewell ; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse ;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth :
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. (Amintor enters.)

*Asp. Go and be happy in your lady's love ;
(To Amintor.)*

May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity : thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder,
That I was once your love (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me. —

Aspatia wills her Maidens to be sorrowful, because she is so.

ASPATIA. ANTIPHILA. OLYMPIAS.

Asp. Come, let's be sad my girls ;
That down-csat of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow ; mark, Antiphila,
Just such another was the nymph Oenone,
When Paris brought home Helen : now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage Queen, when from a cold sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, Antiphila.
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia ?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble : 'tis enough, my wench ;
Shew me the piece of needle-work you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam ?

Asp. Yes that piece.

This should be Theseus, h'as a cousening face ;
You meant him for a man ?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why then 'tis well enough. Never look back,
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus.
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel ?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so : could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storm ?
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest
Just such another caught me ; you shall not go so,
Antiphila,

In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long and be believ'd; but where's the lady?

Ant. There, Madam.

Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
You are much mistaken, wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me,
Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken, do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila, strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leaveless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; look, look, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls*.

* One characteristic of the excellent old poets is their being able to bestow grace upon subjects which naturally do not seem susceptible of any. I will mention two instances: Zelmane in the *Arcadia* of Sidney,

Evadne implores forgiveness of Amintor for marrying him while she was the King's Mistress.

Evad. O my lord.

Amin. How now !

Evad. My much abused lord ! (*Kneels.*)

Amin. This cannot be.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it ;
The wrongs I did are greater ; look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is no new way to beget more sorrow :

and Helena in the All's Well that Ends Well of Shakspeare. What can be more unpromising at first sight than the idea of a young man disguising himself in woman's attire, and passing himself off for a woman among women? and that too for a long space of time? yet Sir Philip has preserved such a matchless decorum, that neither does Pyrcles' manhood suffer any stain for the effeminacy of Zelmane, nor is the respect due to the princesses at all diminished when the deception comes to be known. In the sweetly constituted mind of Sir Philip Sidney it seems as if no ugly thought nor unhandsome meditation could find a harbour. He turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue. Helena, in Shakspeare, is a young woman seeking a man in marriage. The ordinary laws of courtship are reversed ; the habitual feelings are violated. Yet with such exquisite address this dangerous subject is handled, that Helena's forwardness loses her no honour ; delicacy dispenses with her laws in her favour, and Nature in her single case seems content to suffer a sweet violation.

Aspatia in this tragedy, is a character equally difficult with Helena of being managed with grace. She too is a slighted woman, refused by the man who had once engaged to marry her. Yet it is artfully contrived that while we pity her, we respect her, and she descends without degradation. So much true poetry and passion can do to confer dignity upon subjects which do not seem capable of it. But Aspatia must not be compared at all points with Helena ; she does not so absolutely predominate over her situation but she suffers some diminution, some abatement of the full lustre of the female character ; which Helena never does : her character has many degrees of sweetness, some of delicacy, but it has weakness which if we do not despise, we are sorry for. After all, Beaumont and Fletcher were but an inferior sort of Shakspeares and Sidneys.

Heaven knows I have too many ; do not mock me ;
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap
Like a hand-wolf into my natural wilderness,
And do an outrage : pray thee do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance : I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle :
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is ? O Evadne !
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance : but I must not ;
Thou hast brought me to the dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs : you are an innocent,
A soul as white as heaven ; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth : I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
As all say women can, or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Knows to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance ; no I do not ;

I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour, to what I am ;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus ; I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness : I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it : I forgive thee ;
Make thyself worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious ;
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou play'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless ; all the creatures
Made for heaven's honours have their ends, and good ones,
All but the cousening Crocodiles, false women ;
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against ; and when they die, like tales
Ill told, and unbeliev'd, they pass away
And go to dust forgotten : but, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it ;
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or like another Niobe I'll weep
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved :
 My frozen soul melts : may each sin thou hast,
 Find a new mercy : rise, I am at peace :
 Had'st thou been thus, thus excellently good,
 Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
 Sure thou had'st made a star : give me thy hand ;
 From this time I will know thee, and as far
 As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor :
 When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
 And pray the gods to give thee happy days :
 My charity shall go along with thee,
 Though my embraces must be far from thee. —

Men's Natures more hard and subtil than Women's.

How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me !
 There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
 More than in women : all the men I meet
 Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
 And have a subtilty in every thing,
 Which love could never know ; but we fond women
 Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts,
 And think all shall go so ; it is unjust
 That men and women should be matcht together.

PHILASTER ; OR, LOVE LIES A BLEEDING : A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

Philaster tells the Princess Arethusa how he first found the boy Bellario.

I have a boy sent by the gods,
 Not yet seen in the court ; hunting the buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountain side,
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,

And paid the nymph again as much in tears ;
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story ;
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland and did shew,
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify ; and how all order'd thus,
Exprest his grief : and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow ; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept : him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Philaster prefers Bellario to the Service of the Princess Arethusa.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask, aye, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing,
And only yet am something by being yours ;
You trusted me unknown ; and that which you are apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,

Perhaps might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bell. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he, but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn.
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence,

And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me :
 Think so, and 'tis so ; and when time is full,
 That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
 Laid on so weak a one, I will again
 With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will ;
 Nay weep not, gentle boy ; 'tis more than time
 Thou didst attend the princess.

Bell. I am gone ;
 But since I am to part with you, my lord,
 And none knows whether I shall live to do
 More service for you, take this little prayer ;
 Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.
 May sick men, if they have your wish, be well ;
 And heaven's hate those you curse, though I be one.

*Bellario describes to the Princess Arethusa the manner of his
 master Philaster's love for her.*

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't
 not so ?

Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd : I wait on you,
 To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me ;
 Tell me thy name

Bell. Bellario.

Are. Thou canst sing and play ?

Bell. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.

Are. Alas ! what kind of grief can thy years know ?
 Had'st thou a curst master when thou went'st to school ?
 Thou art not capable of any other grief ;
 Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
 When no breath troubles them : believe me, boy,
 Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
 And builds himself caves to abide in them.
 Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me ?

Bell. Love, madam ? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st
love?

Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?

Bell. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face ; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily, as men i'the streets do fire ;
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance ;
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every prayer he says to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love ;
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit ; but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.

Philaster is jealous of Bellario with the Princess.

Bell. Health to you, my lord ;
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you.

Phi. O Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me, she does shew it
In loving thee, my boy, she has made thee brave.

Bell. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. O let all women
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here.
Here by this paper she does write to me

As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides, but unto me
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee ?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her ; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity ;
As mothers fond do use their only sons ;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why this is wond'rous well :
But what kind language does she feed thee with ?

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you ; she'll see my services
Regarded : and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bell. Are you ill, my lord ?

Phi. Ill ? No, Bellario.

Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy.—And she strokes thy
head ?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bell. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy, ha ?

Bell. How, my lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ?

Bell. Not so, my lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bell. No, by my life.

Aye, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext when first I went to her ;
My heart held augury. You are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you ; I do see
Whereto you tend ; fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you ; 'tis some subtil train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift. I hate her more,
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd ? is she fal'n to lust,
As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

Bell. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
I would not aid
Her base desires ; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. O my heart !
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts ; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it ; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do know thy face.

Bell. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice ; but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it, thus ; the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee ; I will take thy life.
For I do hate thee ; I could curse thee now.

Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse ;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling ! fear'st thou not death ?
Can boys contemn that ?

Bell. O, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason ?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bell. Yes I do know, my lord.
'Tis less than to be born ; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy ;
A thing we all pursue ; I know besides
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd souls ; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with ; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of ; kill me.

Phi. O, what should I do ?
Why, who can but believe him ? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario,
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That though I know them false, as were my hopes,

I cannot urge thee further ; but thou wert
 To blame to injure me, for I must love
 Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
 Thy tender youth : a love from me to thee
 Is firm whate'er thou dost : it troubles me
 That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
 That did so well become thee : but, good boy,
 Let me not see thee more ; something is done
 That will distract me, that will make me mad,
 If I behold thee ; if thou tender'st me,
 Let me not see thee.

Bell. I will fly as far
 As there is morning, ere I give distaste
 To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
 Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
 A world of treason practis'd upon you,
 And her, and me. Farewell for ever more ;
 If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
 And after find me loyal, let there be
 A tear shed from you in my memory,
 And I shall rest at peace.

*Bellarion, discovered to be a Woman, confesses the motive for her
 disguise to have been Love for Prince Philaster.*

My father would oft speak
 Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so prais'd, but yet all this
 Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
 As soon as found, till sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
 I thought (but it was you) enter our gates ;
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast
 As I had puft it forth, and suck'd it in
 Like breath ; then was I call'd away in haste

To entertain you. Never was a man
 Heav'd from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, rais'd
 So high in thoughts as I; you left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever; I did hear you talk
 Far above singing; after you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love,
 Yet far from lust, for could I have but liv'd
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feign'd pilgrimage, and drest myself
 In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And understanding well,
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow
 By all the most religious things a maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
 For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
 Abide with you: then sate I by the fount
 Where first you took me up *.

* The character of Bellario must have been extremely popular in its day. For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, scarce a play can be found without one of these women pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover, calling on the gods to bless her happy rival (his mistress) whom no doubt she secretly curses in her heart, giving rise to many pretty *equivokes* by the way on the confusion of sex, and either made happy at last by some surprising turn of fate, or dismissed with the joint pity of the lovers and the audience. Our ancestors seem to have been wonderfully delighted with these transformations of sex. Women's parts were then acted by young men. What an odd double confusion it must have made, to see a boy play a woman playing a man: one cannot disentangle the perplexity without some violence to the imagination.

Donne has a copy of verses addrest to his mistress, dissuading her from a resolution, which she seems to have taken up from some of these

Natural Antipathies.

Nature that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,

scenical representations, of following him abroad as a page. It is so earnest, so weighty, so rich in poetry, in sense, in wit, and pathos, that I have thought fit to insert it, as a solemn close in future to all such sickly fancies as he there deprecates. The story of his romantic and unfortunate marriage with the daughter of Sir George Moore, the Lady here supposed to be address'd, may be read in Walton's Lives.

ELEGY.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue,
By our long striving hopes, by that remorse
Which my words' masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatened me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and overswear them thus:
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love, love's impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back; O, if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar.
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
The fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd; feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
To thyself only. All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.

As he and I am : if a bowl of blood
 Drawn from this arm of mine would poison thee,
 A draught of his would cure thee.

Interest in Virtue.

Why, my lord, are you so moved at this? ——
 When any falls from virtue, I am distract,
 I have an interest in't.

Richly cloath'd apes are call'd apes, and as soon
 Eclips'd as bright we call the moon the moon.
 Men of France, changeable camelions,
 Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
 Lives' fuellers, and the rightest company
 Of players which upon the world's stage be,
 Will too too quickly know thee ; and alas,
 Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
 His warm land, well content to think thee page,
 Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage,
 As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of these,
 Nor spungy Aydroptique Dutch shall thee displease,
 If thou stay here. O stay here ; for, for thee
 England is only a worthy gallery,
 To walk in expectation, till from thence
 Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
 When I am gone, dream me some happiness ;
 Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess ;
 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor bless, nor curse,
 Openly love's force ; nor in bed fright thy nurse
 With midnights' startings, crying out, oh, oh,
 Nurse, O my love is slain, I saw him go
 O'er the white Alps alone ; I saw him, I,
 Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
 Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
 Think it enough for me to have had thy love.

CUPID'S REVENGE: A TRAGEDY. BY FRANCIS
BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

Leucippus, the King's Son, takes to mistress Bacha, a Widow ; but being questioned by his Father, to preserve her honour, swears that she is chaste. The old King admires her, and on the credit of that Oath, while his Son is absent, marries her. Leucippus, when he discovers the dreadful consequences of the deceit which he had used to his Father, counsels his friend Ismenus never to speak a falsehood in any case.

Leu. My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill :
And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie, if any man should ask thee
But *how thou dost*, or *what a clock 'tis now*,
Be sure thou do not lie, make no excuse
For him that is most near thee : never let
The most officious falsehood 'scape thy tongue ;
For they above (that are entirely truth)
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of lies,
Yield miseries a thousand fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Leucippus and his wicked Mother-in-law, Bacha, are left alone together for the first time after her marriage with the King, his Father.

Bach. He stands
As if he grew there, with his eyes on earth.
Sir, you and I when we were last together
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.

Leu. Madam, 'tis true,
Heaven pardon it.

Bach. Amen, sir : you may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange marriage.

Leu. 'Tis past now.

Bach. But it was no fault of mine :
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The king : nor laid I any train to catch him,
It was your own oaths did it.

Leu. Tis a truth,
That takes my sleep away ; but would to heaven,
If it had so been pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Though I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself : but since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth ; and not abuse his credulous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know alas too well,
Is tied within me ; here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other, it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death : but I will bear myself
To you, with all the due obedience
A son owes to a mother ; more than this
Is not in me, but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief
As they did now to bring it.

Bach. Grown so godly ?
This must not be, and I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought ;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.

Leu. Bless me, I should urge you !

Bach. Nay, but swear then, that I may be at peace,

For I do feel a weakness in myself
That can deny you nothing ; if you tempt me
I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.

Leu. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath.
But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you ——

Bach. Swear not. I cannot move him. This sad talk
Of things past help, does not become us well.
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll dance ?

Leu. Dance, madam ?

Bach. Yes, a lavolta.

Leu. I cannot dance, madam.

Bach. Then let's be merry.

Leu. I am as my fortunes bid me.
Do not you see me sour ?

Bach. Yes.

And why think you I smile ?

Leu. I am so far from any joy myself,
I cannot fancy a cause of mirth.

Bach. I'll tell you. We are alone.

Leu. Alone !

Bach. Yes.

Leu. 'Tis true : what then ?

Bach. What then ?

You make my smiling now break into laughter :
What think you is to be done then ?

Leu. We should pray to heaven for mercy.

Bach. Pray ! that were a way indeed
To pass the time.

Leu. I dare not think I understand you.

Bach. I must teach you then. Come kiss me.

Leu. Kiss you ?

Bach. Yes, be not asham'd :
You did it not yourself, I will forgive you.

Leu. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother : haste within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance
Will cure me.

Bach. Leave these melancholy moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times.

Leu. Pray leave this wicked talk ;
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.

Bach. I'm careless, and do weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes,
Nothing without thy love : mistake me not,
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is within itself, what say you ?

Leu. Nothing.

Bach. Pity me, behold a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy. What answer will you give ?

Leu. They that can answer must be less amaz'd
Than I am now : you see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.

Bach. Shall I be contemn'd ?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,
To let a lady kneel.

Leu. 'Tis your will, heaven : but let me bear me
Like myself, however she does.

Bach. How fond was I
To beg thy love ! I'll force thee to my will.
Dost thou not know that I can make the king
Doat as my list ? yield quickly, or, by heaven,
I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose.

Leu. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that :
Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me ;

If you speak, I will not follow your counsel,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,
But give you the just honour
That is due from me to my father's wife.

Bach. Lord, how full of wise formality you're grown
Of late: but you were telling me,
You could have wish'd that I had married you;
If you will swear so yet, I'll make away
The king.

Leu. You are a strumpet.

Bach. Nay I care not
For all your railings: they will batter walls
And take in towns as soon as trouble me:
Tell him; I care not; I shall undo you only,
Which is no matter.

Leu. I appeal to you,
Still, and for ever, that are and cannot be other.—
Madam, I see 'tis in your power
To work your will on him: and I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace; alas he never did you wrong;
And farther I beseech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you, for however
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so, but passion urges me
I know not whither; my heart break now, and ease me
ever.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS. BY JOHN FLETCHER.

Clorin, a Shepherdess, watching by the Grave of her Lover, is found by a Satyr.

Clor. Hail holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly.
Thus I salute thy grave, thus do I pay
My early vows, and tribute of mine eyes,
To thy still loved ashes ; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love : all sports, delights, and jolly games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be begirt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance.
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful :
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves : all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sate crown'd with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging script of finest cordevan.
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory :
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring,
Whilst there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes,

Only remem'bring what my youth did gain
In the dark hidden virtuous use of herbs.
That will I practice, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattel, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with powerful words of wicked art ;
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild, or lunatic ; their eyes, or ears,
Thick'ned with misty film of dulling rheum :
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine.
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

A Satyr enters.

Satyr. Thorough yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kist the sun.
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains this coming night
His paramour the Syrinx bright :
But behold a fairer sight !
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face

Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live : therefore on this mold
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits : and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells,
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
Than the squirrels teeth that crack them,
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them :
For these, black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb.
See how well the lusty time
Hath deckt their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green,
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
Till when, humbly leave I take,

Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beeches shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun. [Exit.

Clor. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? sure I am mortal;
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self same wind that makes the young lambs
shrink,
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me)
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair;
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire, and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell.——

Perigot and Amoret appoint to meet at the Virtuous Well.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.

Amo. Speak, I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill,
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city, be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, full speedily,
And in their general ruin, let me feel.

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so :
I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wand'ring sea-men through the deep,
Straiter than straitest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain, and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
Y'are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine.
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.

Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service. Say, sweet, shall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do —
Maids must be fearful.

Peri. O do not wrong my honest simple truth,
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of ourselves.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time

Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
 In hope of coming happiness : by this
 Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
 Hath crown'd the head of her long loved shepherd
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his love and dear captivity.
 There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
 Our sensual parts provoke ; chiding our bloods,
 And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
 That else would break out, and provoke our sense
 To open fires—so virtuous is that place.
 Then, gentle shepherdess, believe and grant ;
 In troth it fits not with that face to scant,
 Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
 He ever aim'd at.

Amo. Thou hast prevail'd ; farewell ; this coming night
 Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long wish'd delight.—

*Thenot, admiring the constancy of Clorin to her dead Lover,
 rejects the suit of Cloe.*

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay, where hast thou
 been,
 Or whither go'st thou ? Here be woods as green
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet,
 As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
 Face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any.
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells,
 Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers ; tell thee tales of love,
 How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies ;

How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountains with her brother's light,
 To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
 Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease.
 I have forgot what love and loving meant ;
 Rhimes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
 To the soft ears of maids, are strange to me ;
 Only I live to admire a chastity,
 That neither pleasing age, smooth tongue, or gold,
 Could ever break upon, so pure a mold
 Is that her mind was cast in ; 'tis to her
 I only am reserv'd ; she is my form I stir
 By, breathe and move, 'tis she and only she
 Can make me happy, or give me misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
 To whom this dear observance you do owe ?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
 And level out your life ; for to be fair
 And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
 Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
 Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
 She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
 And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
 She hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
 Of strict virginity ; 'tis her I so admire,
 Not any looser blood, or new desire. ——

Thenot loves Clorin yet fears to gain his suit.

Clor. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place ?
 No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass
 The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here

Of any foot, only the dappled deer
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wand'red, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :
But hither am I come (believe me, fair,)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clor. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease, or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem impossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part imposthumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds, and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin.

Clor. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief; that man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his sore.

The. Then, fairest, know I love you.

Clor. Swain, no more.
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones ;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,

Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.

The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.

Clor. Darest thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up ? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place ; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with praise appease his ghost below ;
That else would tell thee, what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.

The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek, that thus can wed
My mind to adoration ; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder : not the smile,
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul ; your hands and fingers long
With veins enamel'd richly ; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp ;
Your hair, wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand'ring soul ; nor the true perfect mold
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden whiteness, as the Alpsian snow :
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But whilst this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,

In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free,
Even in the arm of danger.

Clor. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again (fond man) from silent grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant.
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd ye; and be still
The same, opinion speaks ye; let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and Fancy from their long exile,
To set them once more in a pleasing smile.
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery; if ye yield, I die
To all affection: 'tis that loyalty,
Ye tie unto this grave, I so admire;
And yet there's something else I would desire
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
O Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire,
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.

Clor. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease. —

*The God of the River rises with Amoret in his arms, whom the
sullen Shepherd has flung wounded into his spring.*

River God. What powerful charms my streams do
bring
Back again unto their spring,

With such force, that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks,
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead
Fal'n into my river head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure.
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.
See she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new
breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

River God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ah me!

River God. Fear not him that succour'd thee.

I am this fountain's god ; below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out ;
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I.
I will give thee for thy food,
No fish that useth in the mud,
But trout and pike that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen.
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand,
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing
Sweeter than the silver spring.

The Song.

*Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the rivers sweet :*

*Think not leach, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wadest in, make thee cry
And sob, but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.*

Amo. Immortal power, that rulest this holy flood;
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a god: for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

River God. May he prove to thee as true.—

Fairest virgin, now adieu,
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering:
Which I would not, for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass:
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.

Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,

Cross thy streams to stop thy course :
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink ;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to damm thy brook :
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry.

River God. Thanks, virgin, I must down again,
Thy wound will put thee to no pain :
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone ;
A holy hand was laid upon.

[If all the parts of this Play had been in unison with these innocent scenes, and sweet lyric intermixtures, it had been a Poem fit to vie with Comus or the Arcadia, to have been put into the hands of boys and virgins, to have made matter for young dreams, like the loves of Hermia and Lysander. But a spot is on the face of this moon.—Nothing short of infatuation could have driven Fletcher upon mixing up with this blessedness such an ugly deformity as Cloe : the wanton shepherdess ! Coarse words do but wound the ears ; but a character of lewdness affronts the mind. Female lewdness at once shocks nature and morality. If Cloe was meant to set off Clorin by contrast, Fletcher should have known that such weeds by juxta-position do not set off but kill sweet flowers.]

THE FALSE ONE: A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN FLETCHER.

*Ptolomy, King of Egypt, presents to Cæsar the head of Pompey.
Cæsar rebukes the Egyptians for their treachery and ingratitude.*

CÆSAR, ANTHONY, DOLLABELA, SCEVA, *Romans* ;
PTOLOMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, *Egyptians*.

Pho. Hail, conqueror and head of all the world,
Now this head's off.

Cæs. Ha !

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolomy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour ;
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar ;
Thy travail and thy loss of blood no recompence ;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy and of war ;
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers ;
Here they take life, here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolomy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou would'st once have given for't, all Egypt.

Ach. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer.
Yet let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort that faced him strongly,
An inward war : He was his grandsire's guest,

Friend to his father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery ;
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and set it right again.
This was a love to Cæsar !

Sce. Give me hate, gods.

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked ;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then ;
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way ;
He was thy son-in-law, there to be tainted
Had been most terrible : let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæs. O Sceva, Sceva, see that head ; see, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey.

Sce. He was basely ruin'd,
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.

Cæs. Oh thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus ?
What poor fate follow'd thee and pluck'd thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian ;
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was ;
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures ; to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness :
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears ! Hear me, great Pompey,

If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee :
Thou'st most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Ant. O how brave these tears shew !
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy !

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæs. Egyptians, dare you think your high pyramides,
Built to out-dure the sun as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him ? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness :
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And with the body give it noble burial.
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance—
You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour ?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæs. And doubtless you expect rewards ?—
I forgive you all : that's recompence.
You are young and ignorant ; that pleads your pardon ;
And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd ye.
Your ministers I must think wanted judgment.
And so they err'd ; I am bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful ; be you most thankful,
That bounty share amongst ye : if I knew
What to send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean, a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, though it were your brightest sister's *,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind ye.

* Cleopatra.

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar.

Cæs. I have heard too much :

And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind as you have done my conquest.
Ye are poor and open : I must tell ye roundly,
That man that could not recompence the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never doat upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I
Had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty :
And but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths and friends about my person,
I durst not try ye, nor expect a courtesy
Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with you ;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt :
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light will be himself still,
Know how to meet his worth with human courtesies.
Go, and embalm the bones of that great soldier ;
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabæan bed, and place this Phoenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæs. You've robb'd him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations ;

And that kind earth that thought to cover him,
 His country's earth, will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
 And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
 Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye.
 My grief has stopt the rest: when Pompey lived,
 He used you nobly; now he is dead, use him so.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE: A COMEDY. BY JOHN FLETCHER.

Leocadia leaves her Father's house, disguised in man's apparel, to travel in search of Mark-antonio, to whom she is contracted, but has been deserted by him. When at length she meets with him, she finds, that by a precontract he is the Husband of Theodosia. In this extremity, Philipppo, Brother to Theodosia, offers Leocadia marriage.

PHILIPPO. LEOCADIA.

Phi. Will you not hear me?

Leo. I have heard so much,
 Will keep me deaf for ever. No, Mark-antonio,
 After thy sentence I may hear no more,
 Thou hast pronounc'd me dead.

Phi. Appeal to reason;
 She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
 Which rules but in her absence; hear me say
 A sovereign message from her, which in duty,
 And love to your own safety, you ought hear.
 Why do you strive so? whither would you fly?
 You cannot wrest yourself away from care,
 You may from counsel; you may shift your place,
 But not your person; and another clime
 Makes you no other.

Leo. Oh !

Phi. For passion's sake,
(Which I do serve, honour, and love in you)
If you will sigh, sigh here ; if you would vary
A sigh to tears, or out-cry, do it here.
No shade, no desart, darkness, nor the grave,
Shall be more equal to your thoughts than I.
Only but hear me speak.

Leo. What would you say ?

Phi. That which shall raise your heart, or pull down
mine,
Quiet your passion, or provoke mine own :
We must have both one balsam, or one wound.
For know, lov'd fair,
I have read you through,
And with a wond'ring pity look'd on you.
I have observ'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with sympathy
Of a like red and paleness in mine own.
I knew which blush was anger's, which was love's,
Which was the eye of sorrow, which of truth,
And could distinguish honour from disdain
In every change : and you are worth my study.
I saw your voluntary misery
Sustain'd in travel ; a disguised maid,
Wearied with seeking, and with finding lost,
Neglected where you hoped most, or put by ;
I saw it, and have laid it to my heart,
And though it were my sister which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I most bound to triumph :
My care for you so drown'd respect of her.
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But studied your release : and for that day
Have I made up a ransom, brought you a health,

Preservative 'gainst chance or injury,
Please you apply it to the grief; *myself*.

Leo. Ah !

Phi. Nay, do not think me less than such a cure ;
Antonio was not, and 'tis possible
Philippo may succeed. My blood and house
Are as deep rooted, and as fairly spread,
As Mark-antonio's ; and in that, all seek,
Fortune hath giv'n him no precedence ;
As for our thanks to Nature, I may burn
Incense as much as he ; I ever durst
Walk with Antonio by the self-same light
At any feast, or triumph, and ne'er cared
Which side my lady or her woman took
In their survey ; I durst have told my tale too,
Though his discourse new ended.

Leo. My repulse —

Phi. Let not that torture you which makes me
happy,
Nor think that conscience, fair, which is no shame ;
'Twas no repulse, it was you dowry rather :
For then methought a thousand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thousand stories
Of constant virtue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example did proclaim you rich :
Nor do I think you wretched or disgraced
After this suffering, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need ; but rather know,
You are the charge and business of those powers,
Who, like best tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great natures, and of noblest hopes ;
Read trivial lessons and half-lines to slugs :
They that live long, and never feel mischance,
Spend more than half their age in ignorance.

Leo. 'Tis well you think so.

Phi. You shall think so too,
You shall, sweet Leocadia, and do so.

Leo. Good sir, no more ; you have too fair a shape
To play so foul a part in, as the Tempter.
Say that I could make peace with fortune ; who,
Who should absolve me of my vow yet ; ha ?
My contract made ?

Phi. Your contract ?

Leo. Yes, my contract.
Am I not his ? his wife ?

Phi. Sweet, nothing less.

Leo. I have no name then.

Phi. Truly then you have not.
How can you be his wife, who was before
Another's husband ?

Leo. Oh ! though he dispense
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.

Phi. You do mistake, clear soul ; his precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith
That ties you, in religion, or humanity :
You rather sin against that greater precept,
To covet what's another's ; sweet, you do,
Believe me, who dare not urge dishonest things.
Remove that scruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now into your judgment's scale,
And weigh them with your safeties. Think but whither
Now you can go ; what you can do to live :
How near you have barr'd all ports to your own succour,
Except this one that I here open, love.
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild lust of any, who would look
Upon this shape like a temptation,
And think you want the man you personate ;
Would not regard this shift, which love put on,
As virtue forc'd, but covet it like vice :

So should you live the slander of each sex,
 And be the child of error and of shame ;
 And which is worse, even Mark-antonio
 Would be call'd just, to turn a wanderer off,
 And fame report you worthy his contempt :
 Where, if you make new choice, and settle here,
 There is no further tumult in this flood,
 Each current keeps his course, and all suspicions
 Shall return honours. Came you forth a maid ?
 Go home a wife. Alone, and in disguise ?
 Go home a waited Leocadia.
 Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
 Transform all mischiefs as you are transform'd,
 Turn your offended father's wrath to wonder,
 And all his loud grief to a silent welcome ;
 Unfold the riddles you have made.—What say you ?
 Now is the time ; delay is but despair ;
 If you be chang'd, let a kiss tell me so.

Leo. I am ; but how, I rather feel than know.

[This is one of the most pleasing if not the most shining scenes in Fletcher. All is sweet, natural, and unforced. It is a copy which we may suppose Massinger to have profited by the studying.]

BONDUCA: A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN FLETCHER.

Bonduca, the British Queen, taking occasion from a Defeat of the Romans to impeach their Valour, is rebuked by Caratach.

BONDUCA, CARATACH, HENGO, NENNIUS, *Soldiers.*

Bon. The hardy Romans ! O ye gods of Britain,
 The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers !
 Are these the men that conquer by inheritance ?
 The fortune-makers ? these the Julians,

That with the sun measure the end of Nature,
Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in them;
Their mothers got them sleeping, pleasure nurst them,
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat them, Nennius, scattered them,
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sit in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame them: and a woman,
A woman beat them, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans.

Car. So it seems. A man would shame to talk so.

Bon. Who's that?

Car. I.

Bon. Cousin, do you grieve at my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca,

If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of your fortunes;
You put too much wind to your sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed.
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues. A truth, is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing:
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bon. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?

Car. No, Bonduca,
So what we say exceed not what we do.

Ye call the Romans fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures :
Does this become a doer ? are they such ?

Bon. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest then ?

Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers,
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
The holy Druides composing songs
Of everlasting life to Victory ?
Why are these triumphs, lady ? for a may-game ?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans ?
Is it no more ? shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers ;
Put out our holy fires ; no timbrel ring ;
Let's home and sleep ; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice ;
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. O Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to speak to him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bon. By the gods, I think

Ye doat upon these Romans, Caratach.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do ; they were fairly
given.

I love an enemy, I was born a soldier ;
And he that in the head of's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me :
And are not all these Romans. Ten struck battles
I suck'd these honour'd scars from, and all Roman.
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I

Were the more stubborn metal, have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a night
I have swum the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my batter'd sides with troops of agues,
And still to try these Romans ; whom I found
(And if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons ;
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours.
Aye, and as subtil, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have I not seen the Britons —

Bon. What ?

Car. Disheart'ned,

Run, run, Bonduca, not the quick rack swifter ;
The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful ;—not a flight drawn home,
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By heavens,
I have seen these Britons that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy, roaring ; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to them.

Bon. O ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer !

Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too, and thee, Nennius ;
Yea run apace, both ; then when Penyus,

The Roman girl, cut through your armed carts,
And drove them headlong on ye down the hill :
Then when he hunted ye like Britain-foxes,
More by the scent than sight : then did I see
These valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boading owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach ?

Car. I fled too,
But not so fast ; your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there ; he trasht me, Nennius :
For when your fears out-run him, then stept I,
And in the head of all the Roman's fury
Took him, and, with my tough belt to my back,
I buckled him ; behind him, my sure shield ;
And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had ye heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of Virtue, Penyus,
Seeing me steer through all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword) my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face) he cried out nobly,
“ Go Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely ;
“ Thy manly sword has ransom'd thee : grow strong,
“ And let me meet thee once again in arms :
“ Then if thou stand'st, thou art mine.” I took his
offer,
And here I am to honour him.

THE BLOODY BROTHER; OR, ROLLO: A TRAGEDY.
BY JOHN FLETCHER.

Rollo, Duke of Normandy, a bloody tyrant, puts to death his tutor Baldwin, for too freely reprovng him for his crimes; but afterwards falls in love with Edith, daughter to the man he has slain. She makes a show of returning his love, and invites him to a banquet; her design being to train him there, that she may kill him: but overcome by his flatteries, and real or dissembled remorse, she faints in her resolution.

ROLLO. EDITH.

Rol. What bright star, taking beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of heaven's glory,
Has dropt down from the sky to comfort me?
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edi. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue but obedience;
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rol. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with:
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty.

Edi. Your grace is full of game.

Rol. By heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.
The sweetness of the Arabian wind still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress.

Edi. Wil't please you sit, sir?

Rol. So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue: pray speak to me.

Edi. Of what, sir?

Rol. Of any thing, any thing is excellent.

Will you take my directions? speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith: and while thou speak'st,
Let me thus languishing give up myself, wench.

Edi. H'as a strange cunning tongue. Why do you
sigh, sir?

How masterly he turns himself to catch me.

Rol. The way to paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked; scarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feel?

Edi. Your tears, sir;
You weep extremely; strengthen me now, justice.
Why are these sorrows, sir?

Rol. Thoul't never love me,
If I should tell thee; yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this blest paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.

Edi. I stagger.

Rol. Are they not drops of blood?

Edi. No.

Rol. They're for blood then,
For guiltless blood; and they must drop, my Edith,
They must thus drop, till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edi. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

Rol. I prithee look upon me, turn not from me;
Alas I do confess I'm made of mischiefs,
Begot with all man's miseries upon me:
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou,

Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition, tenderness of nature,—

Edi. My anger melts, oh, I shall lose my justice.

Rol. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done, to murder with thine eyes,
(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with malice.
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,
(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror
Pursue thee not: no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties,
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father,
As I was smear'd in blood, do not thou hate me;
But thus in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter.

Edi. He will fool me.

Rol. Oh, with thine angel eyes behold and bless me:
Of heaven we call for mercy and obtain it,
To justice for our right on earth and have it,
Of thee I beg for love, save me, and give it.

Edi. Now, heaven, thy help, or I am gone for ever,
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity.

THIERRY [AND THEODORET : A TRAGEDY. BY
JOHN FLETCHER.

Thierry, King of France, being childless, is foretold by an Astrologer, that he shall have Children if he sacrifice the first Woman that he shall meet at sun-rise coming out of the Temple of Diana. He waits before the Temple, and the first Woman he sees proves to be his own Wife Ordella.

THIERRY. MARTEL, a Nobleman.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.

Thier. How can he sleep
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
He knows comes stealing towards him? Oh Martel!
Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run her fears, can on that day she is married
Consume in slumbers; or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase
Ready to guild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions; this day France,
France, that in want of issue withers with us,
And like an aged river, runs his head
Into forgotten ways, again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right.

Mart. Happy woman, that dies to do these things.

Thier. The Gods have heard me now, and those that
scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children and blest fathers
That see their issue like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comfort more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me.

Mart. The day wears,
And those that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Thier. Stand and mark then.

Mart. Is it the first must suffer?

Thier. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?

Thier. This hand, Martel:

For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?

Mart. Would I were she,
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting.
Here comes a woman.

Ordella comes out from the Temple, veiled.

Thier. Stand and behold her then.

Mart. I think a fair one.

Thier. Move not whilst I prepare her : may her peace,
Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires, pull heaven upon her ;
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her ;
No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth ; fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
Let her bequeath to women : hear me, heaven,
Give her a spirit masculine and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer.
O let her meet my blow, doat on her death ;
And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may increase,
So let her fall to raise me fruit. Hail woman !
The happiest and the best (if the dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet.

Ordel. She's more than dull, sir, less and worse than woman,

That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.

Thier. Tell me this then,
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For virtue's sake, and only for its self sake,
Has, or dare make a story?

Ordel. Many dead, sir, living I think as many.

Thier. Say the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety ;
A general blessing, lady.

Ordel. A general curse light on her heart denies it.

Thier. Full of honour ;
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of and empty figures.

Ordel. You strangely stir me, sir, and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions ; may I do it ?

Thier. You may, and which is more, you must.

Ordel. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladness ; sir, you promise
It shall be honest.

Thier. As ever time discover'd.

Ordel. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.

Thier. But hark ye,
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing ?

Ordel. Only her duty, sir.

Thier. 'Tis terrible.

Ordel. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thier. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.

Ordel. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours and mortal ;
We were begotten gods else : but those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Thier. Suppose it death.

Ordel. I do.

Thier. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason :
For in the silent grave, no conversation*,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness : and dare you, woman,
Desire this place ?

Ordel. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest ;
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations to this centre :
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine,
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompence this place ; and mad that stay it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispers'd to the earth.

Thier. Then you can suffer ?

Ordel. As willingly as say it.

Thier. Martel, a wonder !
Here is a woman that dares die. Yet tell me,
Are you a wife ?

Ordel. I am, sir.

* There is no work, no device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest. *Ecclesiastes.*

Thier. And have children? She sighs and weeps.

Ordel. O none, sir.

Thier. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?

Ordel. With all but heaven,
And yet die full of children; he that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes:
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.

Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but my know-
ledge,
And what I must do, lady.

Ordel. You are the king, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer, and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom.

Thier. Thus much before I strike then, for I must
kill you,
The gods have will'd it so, they've made the blessing
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly.

Ordel. Fear me not.

Thier. And meet death like a measure.

Ordel. I am stedfast.

Thier. Thou shalt be sainted, woman, and thy tomb
Cut out in chrystal pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven every age
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Till thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Darest thou behold thy happiness?

Ordel. I dare, sir.

(Pulls off her veil; he lets fall his sword.)

Thier. Ha!

Mar. O, sir, you must not do it.

Thier. No, I dare not.

There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel friend : O virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue.

Ordell. Strike, sir, strike ;
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows, be killing me
A thousand days.

Thier. First let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd. Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shewed us,—Oh my heart strings *.

Martel relates to Thierry the manner of Ordella's death.

Mar. The griev'd Ordella, (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd :
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,

* I have always considered this to be the finest scene in Fletcher, and Ordella the most perfect idea of the female heroic character, next to Calantha in the Broken Heart of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction. She is a piece of sainted nature. Yet noble as the whole scene is, it must be confessed that the manner of it, compared with Shakspeare's finest scenes, is slow and languid. Its motion is circular, not progressive. Each line revolves on itself in a sort of separate orbit. They do not join into one another like a running hand. Every step that we go we are stopped to admire some single object, like walking in beautiful scenery with a guide. This slowness I shall elsewhere have occasion to remark as characteristic of Fletcher. Another striking difference perceivable between Fletcher and Shakspeare, is the fondness of the former for unnatural and violent situations, like that in the scene before us. He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way. The chief incidents in the Wife for a Month, in Cupid's Revenge, in the Double Marriage, and in many more of his Tragedies, shew this. Shakspeare had nothing of this contortion in his mind, none of that craving after romantic incidents, and flights of strained and improbable virtue, which I think always betrays an imperfect moral sensibility.

'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her ; she, I say, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill ; knowing herself
Mark'd out, (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children ;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service,
Would break forth, in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you ; and then taking
Me by the hand, this hand which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it,
“ Go,” said she, “ to my lord, (and to go to him
“ Is such a happiness I must not hope for)
“ And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
“ Made only worthy in his love, and her
“ Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
“ The orphan kingdom of such guardians, as
“ Must of necessity descend from him ;
“ And therefore in some part of recompence
“ Of his much love, and to shew to the world
“ That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
“ That did deny to let her be the mother
“ Of such most certain blessings : yet for proof,
“ She did not envy her, that happy her,
“ That is appointed to them ; her quick end
“ Should make way for her :” which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY: A COMEDY. BY JOHN
FLETCHER.

*The humour of a Gallant who will not be persuaded to keep his
Lands, but chuses to live by his Wits rather.*

VALENTINE'S *Uncle. Merchant, who has his Mortgage.*

Mer. When saw you Valentine?

Unc. Not since the horse race.

He's taken up with those that woo the widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.

Unc. Alas, he's sunk,
His means are gone, he wants; and, which is worse,
Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange,

Unc. Runs lunatic if you but talk of states;
He can't be brought (now he has spent his own)
To think there is inheritance, or means,
But all a common riches; all men bound
To be his bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Unc. No gentleman, that has estate, to use it
In keeping house or followers: for those ways
He cries against for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,
Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs,
"God bless the founders:" these he would have ventur'd
Into more manly uses, wit and carriage;
And never thinks of state or means, the ground-works:
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their bodies,
And starve their understandings.

VALENTINE *joins them.*

Val. Now to your business, uncle.

Unc. To your state then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name't no more,
'Tis that I pray against, and heaven has heard me ;
I tell you, sir, I am more fearful of it,
(I mean, of thinking of more lands or livings)
Than sickly men are o' travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers ; out upon't ;
Caveat emptor ; let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.

Val. I am mad then,
And so I mean to be ; will that content you ?
How bravely now I live ! how jocund !
How near the first inheritance ! without fears !
How free from title troubles !

Unc. And from means too !

Val. Means ———
Why, all good men's my means ; my wit's my plough ;
The town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house,
(And all the world know, there's no want) : all gentlemen
That love society, love me ; all purses
That wit and pleasure opens, are my tenants ;
Every man's clothes fit me ; the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove ; and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither ; what need state here ?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last
sir ?

Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer.
Your mind's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly ;

Your very thoughts are hinds, that work on nothing
But daily sweat and trouble : were my way
So full of dirt as this ('tis true) I'd shift it.
Are my acquaintance Grasiers ? But, sir, know ;
No man that I'm allied to in my living,
But makes it equal whether his own use
Or my necessity pull first ; nor is this forc'd,
But the meer quality and poisure of goodness.
And do you think I venture nothing equal ?

Unc. You pose me, cousin.

Val. What's my knowledge, uncle ?
Is't not worth money ? what's my understanding ?
Travel ? reading ? wit ? all these digested ? my daily
Making men, some to speak, that too much flegm
Had froz'n up ; some, that spoke too much, to hold
Their peace, and put their tongues to pensions ; some
To wear their cloaths, and some to keep 'em : these
Are nothing, uncle ? besides these ways, to teach
The way of nature, a manly love, community
To all that are deservers, not examining
How much or what's done for them ; it is wicked.
Are not these ways as honest, as persecuting
The starv'd inheritance with musty corn,
The very rats were fain to run away from ?
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by the ounces ?
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains, and windy stuff, to blow up butchers ?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds, and their issues,
As Andaluzia breeds ? These are authentic.
I tell you, sir, I would not change way with you ;
Unless it were, to sell your state that hour,
And (if 'twere possible) to spend it then too ;
For all your beans in Rumnillo : now you know me.

[The wit of Fletcher is excellent, like his serious scenes : but there is something strained and far fetched in both. He is too mistrustful of Nature ; he always goes a little on one side of her. Shakspeare chose her without a reserve : and had riches, power, understanding, and long life, with her, for a dowry.]

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN: A TRAGEDY. BY
JOHN FLETCHER *.

Three Queens, whose Lords were slain and their bodies denied burial by Creon the cruel King of Thebes, seek redress from Theseus, Duke of Athens, on the day of his marriage with Hippolita, Queen of the Amazons. The first Queen falls down at the feet of Theseus ; the second at the feet of Hippolita, his bride ; and the third implores the mediation of Emilia, his Sister.

1st. Qu. to Thes. For pity's sake, and true gentility,
Hear and respect me.

2nd. Qu. to Hip. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me.

3rd. Qu. to Emil. Now for the love of him whom Jove
hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses : this good deed
Shall raze you out of the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.

Thes. Sad lady, rise.

Hip. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

* Fletcher is said to have been assisted in this Play by Shakspeare.

What woman I may stead, that is distrest,
Does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1st. Qu. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell
before

The wrath of cruel Creon ; who endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul field of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh pity, duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword
That does good turns to th' world ; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them ;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof,
Save this which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing.

Thes. Pray you kneel not.

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves : I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting,
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for them.
King Capaneus was your lord : the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom ;
By Mars's altar, you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
Was then not thrash'd nor blasted : Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles : Hercules, our kinsman,
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club ;
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,

And swore his sinews thaw'd. Oh grief, and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour.

1st. Qu. Oh I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker.

Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow ;
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me your soldier.
Troubled I am.

2nd. Qu. Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar ; that with thy arm as strong,
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord,
Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature stiled it in, shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection : Soldieress,
That equally canst poize sternness with pity,
Who now I know hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength
And his love too ; who is a servant for
The tenor of the speech : Dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us :
Require him he advance it o'er our heads ;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three ; weep ere you fail ; lend us a knee,
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head's pluckt off :
Tell him if he i'th' blood-ciz'd field lay swoln,
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do.

Hip. Poor lady, say no more ;

I had as lieve trace this good action with you,
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing 'way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress; let him consider ;
I'll speak anon.

3rd. Qu. to Emil. O my petition was
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting form
Is prest with deeper matter.

Emil. Pray stand up,
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3rd. Qu. Oh woe,
You cannot read it there ; there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them. Lady, lady, alack !
He that will all the treasures know o'th' earth,
Must know the centre too ; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me ;
Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a fool.

Emil. Pray you say nothing, pray you ;
Who cannot feel, nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet, nor dry ; if that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed,
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration ; but alas
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone : pray have good comfort.

Thes. Forward to th' temple, leave not out a jot
O'th' sacred ceremony.

1st. Qu. Oh this celebration

Will longer last, and be more costly than
Your supplants war. Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o'th' world : what you do quickly,
Is not done rashly ; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditative ; your premeditating
More than their actions ; but oh Jove, your actions,
Soon as they move, as Asprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think,
What beds our slain kings have.

2nd. Qu. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none.

3rd. Qu. None fit for the dead :
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1st. Qu. But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living,

Thes. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves :
The which to do must make some work with Creon.

1st. Qu. And that work presents itself to th' doing :
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone to-morrow,
Then bootless toil must recompence itself
With its own sweat ; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rincing our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition clear.

2nd. Qu. Now you may take him
Drunk with his victory.

3rd. Qu. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesis, that best knowest

How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business forth ; and levy
Our worthiest instruments, whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.

1st. Qu. Dowagers, take hands ;
Let us be widows to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell.

2nd. Qu. We come unseasonably. But when could
grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fit'st time
For best solicitation ?

Thes. Why good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any was ; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1st. Qu. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected, when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee. Oh when
Her twining cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens ? what care
For what thou feel'st not ? what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum. Oh if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what
That banquet bids thee to.

Hip. Though much unliking
You should be so transported, as much sorry

I should be such a suitor, yet I think
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

All Qu's. to Emil. Oh help now,
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My sister her petition in that force,
With that celerity and nature which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray stand up.
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me: Perithous,
Lead on the bride; get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration; queens,
Follow your soldier (as before); hence you,
And at the banks of Anly meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look't. Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token. Set you forward,
For I will see you gone. ——

Hippolita and Emilia discoursing of the friendship between Perithous and Theseus, Emilia relates a parallel instance of the love between herself and Flavia, being girls.

Emil. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a play-fellow ;
You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o'th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas Flavia.

Emil. Yes.
You talk of Perithous and Theseus' love ;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love ; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Loved for we did, and like the elements,
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another ; what she liked,
Was then of me approved ; what not condemned,
No more arraignment ; the flower that I would pluck,
And put between my breasts, (Oh then but beginning
To swell about the bosom) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like
They died in perfume : on my head no toy
But was her pattern ; her affections pretty,
Though happily hers careless were, I followed
For my most serious decking ; had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd on
From musical coinage, why it was a note

Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)
And sing it in her slumbers ; this rehearsal
(Which every innocent wots well) comes in
Like old Importment's bastard, has this end :
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual. ———

Palamon and Arcite repining at their hard condition, in being made captives for life in Athens, derive consolation from the enjoyment of each other's company in prison.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin ?

Arc. How do you, sir ?

Pal. Why strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet ; we are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble country ?
Where are our friends and kindreds ? never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies
Like tall ships under sail ; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-stript the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us, our good swords now
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,

And deck the temples of those gods that hate us ;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more.

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us ; here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too timely spring ; here age must find us,
And (which is heaviest) Palamon, unmarried ;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks, no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
" Remember what your fathers were, and conquer."
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world :
We shall know nothing here, but one another ;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it :
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo, no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish : we shall die
(Which is the curse of honour) lastly
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet cousin,

Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here ; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison.

Pal. Certainly

'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together ; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much ?

Pal. How, gentle cousin ?

Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men ;
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might (like women)
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours ? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another ;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love ; we are father, friends, acquaint-
ance ;

We are, in one another, families ;
I am your heir, and you are mine. This place
Is our inheritance ; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us ; here with a little patience
We shall live long, and loving ; no surfeits seek us ;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas

Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
Quarrels consume us ; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance ; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite) almost wanton
With my captivity : what a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where !
'Tis like a beast methinks ! I find the court here,
I'm sure a more content ; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now ; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What, had we been old in the Court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the peoples curses.

[This scene bears indubitable marks of Fletcher : the two which precede it give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakspeare had a hand in this play. The same judgment may be formed of the death of Arcite, and some other passages, not here given. They have a luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakspeare's manner in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description. I might fetch instances from Troilus and Timon. That Fletcher should have copied Shakspeare's manner through so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Mr. Steevens) is not very probable, that he could have done it with such facility is to me not certain. His ideas moved slow ; his versification, though

sweet, is tedious, it stops every moment ; he lays line upon line, making up one after the other, adding image to image so deliberately that we see where they join : Shakspeare mingles every thing, he runs line into line, embarrasses sentences and metaphors ; before one idea has burst its shell, another is hatched and clamorous for disclosure. If Fletcher wrote some scenes in imitation, why did he stop ? or shall we say that Shakspeare wrote the other scenes in imitation of Fletcher ? that he gave Shakspeare a curb and a bridle, and that Shakspeare gave him a pair of spurs : as Blackmore and Lucan are brought in exchanging gifts in the Battle of the Books ?]

THE CITY MADAM: A COMEDY. BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

Luke, from a state of indigence and dependence, is suddenly raised into immense affluence by a deed of gift of the estates of his brother Sir John Frugal, a merchant, retired from the world. He enters, from taking a survey of his new riches.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object but a truth,
A real truth, no dream. I did not slumber ;
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't ! it did endure the touch,
I saw, and felt it. Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician, (To the Key.)

That without a charm

Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for. Hermes' Moly ;
Sybilla's golden bough ; the great elixir,
Imagin'd only by the alchymist ;
Compar'd with thee, are shadows, thou the substance
And guardian of felicity. No marvel,

My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
 Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
 To be hugg'd ever. In by-corners of
 This sacred room, silver, in bags heap'd up,
 Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold,
 That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
 There needs no artificial light, the splendour
 Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
 By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd.
 But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
 Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
 A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
 Heaven's abstract, or epitome: Rubies, sapphires,
 And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
 But look on gold with contempt. And yet I found,
 What weak credulity could have no faith in,
 A treasure far exceeding these. Here lay
 A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment;
 The wax continuing hard, the acres melting.
 Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
 If not redeem'd this day; which is not in
 The unthrift's power. There being scarce one shire
 In Wales or England, where my monies are not
 Lent out at usury, the certain hook
 To draw in more.

*The extravagance of the City Madams aping court fashions
 reprehended.*

LUKE, *having come into the possession of his brother
 SIR JOHN FRUGAL'S estates. LADY, wife to SIR
 JOHN FRUGAL, and two daughters, in homely attire.*
Luke. Save you, sister;

I now dare stile you so. You were before
 Too glorious to be look'd on: now you appear
 Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
 Such things
 As they were born and bred there. Why should you
 ape

The fashions of court ladies, whose high titles
 And pedigrees of long descent give warrant
 For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous.
 Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

Lady. Is this spoken
 In scorn?

Luke. Fie, no; with judgment. I make good
 My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
 In your own natural shapes.

Lady. We acknowledge
 We have deserv'd ill from you*, yet despair not,
 Though we're at your disposure, you'll maintain us
 Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

Lady. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admir'd rather,
 As fair examples for our proud city dames
 And their proud brood to imitate. Hear
 Gently, and in gentle phrase I'll reprehend
 Your late disguis'd deformity.
 Your father was
 An honest country farmer, Goodman Humble,
 By his neighbours ne'er call'd master. Did your pride
 Descend from him? but let that pass. Your fortune,
 Or rather your husband's industry, advanc'd you
 To the rank of merchant's wife. He made a knight,

* In his dependent state they had treated him very cruelly. They are now dependent on him.

And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfy'd, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin
Headed with a pearl worth threepence ; and thus far
You were privileg'd, and no man envied it :
It being for the city's honour that
There should be distinction between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian. —
But when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were rais'd (my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to't) and no object pleas'd you
But the glitt'ring pomp and bravery of the court ;
What a strange, nay monstrous metamorphosis follow'd !
No English workman then could please your fancy ;
The French and Tuscan dress, your whole discourse ;
This bawd to prodigality entertain'd,
To buz into your ears, what shape this countess
Appear'd in, the last mask ; and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her : and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest 'prentice's place,
To walk before you. Then, as I said,
(The reverend hood cast off) your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl : your carkanets,
That did adorn your neck, of equal value ;
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish Quellio ruffs :
Great lords and ladies feasted, to survey
Embroider'd petticoats ; and sickness feign'd,
That your nightrails of forty pounds a-piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants :

Rich pantables in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family. You were serv'd
In plate :
Stirr'd not a foot without a coach ; and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried
Heaven save your honour. This idolatry
Paid to a painted room. And, when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess (since they have no more)
Three several chambers hung : the first with arras,
And that for waiters ; the second, crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests ; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye : a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle ; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.

Lady. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this be sure you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in your daughters ; and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits : not in revenge
Of your base usage of me ; but to fright
Others by your example.

[This bitter satire against the city women for aping the fashions of the court ladies must have been peculiarly gratifying to the females of the Herbert family and the rest of Massinger's noble patrons and patronesses.]

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS: A COMEDY.
BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

'Overreach, (a cruel extortioner) treats about marrying his daughter with Lord Lovell.

LOVELL. OVERREACH.

Over. To my wish we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well-wooded and well-water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built, and she*, that is mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

* The Lady Allworth.

Over. You do conclude too fast ; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands : but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship ; and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted :
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now :
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound ; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable ; which my lord can make her :
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own : for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is mov'd
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course : with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breath'd out in bitterness ; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common to my private use ;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold :
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

THE PICTURE: A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY PHILIP
MASSINGER.

Matthias, a knight of Bohemia, going to the wars; in parting with his wife, shews her substantial reasons why he should go.

MATTHIAS. SOPHIA.

Mat. Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues; and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,
May fall upon us? Be now, as thy name
Truly interpreted* hath ever spoke thee,
Wise and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.

Soph. You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.

Mat. Nay, no melting:
Since the necessity, that now separates us,
We have long since disputed; and the reasons,
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you in birth were far above me,
And great men my superiors rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands
Join'd by true love, hath made us one and equal:
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the public voice
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour;
Such airy tumours take not me: you know
How narrow our demeanors are; and what's more,

* Sophia; wisdom.

Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.

Soph. In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.

Mat. For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.
You have been an obedient wife, a right one;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though
Not to satiety or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed, want breeds dissension
Even in good women.

Soph. Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste or sign of discontent,
For want of what's superfluous?

Mat. No, Sophia;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee,
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and shew 'em in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but, in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing musick, the same age
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee
In jewels and variety of wardrobes;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compar'd are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am so rich,
Or in your opinion so, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Mat. Why? I should be censur'd
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel,
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments. Therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me;
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family,
And our poor fortunes, and from these command
Obedience to you as to myself:
To th' utmost of what's mine, live plentifully:
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless.
Go when you please, sir: eyes, I charge you, waste not
One drop of sorrow; look you hoard all up,
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you:
But then be sure you fail not. Yon blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t' invoke you at our parting; 'twere
To personate devotion. My soul
Shall go along with you; and when you are
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you;
And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would shew poorly;
My actions shall speak me. 'Twere to doubt you,
To beg I may hear from you where you are;
You cannot live obscure: nor shall one post,

By night or day, pass unexamin'd by me.
 If I dwell long upon your lips, consider
 After this feast the griping fast that follows ;
 And it will be excusable ; pray, turn from me :
 All that I can is spoken.

[The good sense, rational fondness, and chastised feeling, of this dialogue, make it more valuable than many of those scenes in which this writer has attempted a deeper passion and more tragical interest. Massinger had not the higher requisites of his art in any thing like the degree in which they were possessed by Ford, Webster, Tourneur, Heywood, and others. He never shakes or disturbs the mind with grief. He is read with composure and placid delight. He wrote with that equability of all the passions, which made his English style the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions, of any of the dramatists who were his contemporaries.]

A VERY WOMAN ; OR, THE PRINCE OF TARENT : A
 TRAGI-COMEDY. BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

Don John Antonio, Prince of Tarent, in the disguise of a slave, recounts to the Lady Almira, she not knowing him in that disguise, the story of his own passion for her, and of the unworthy treatment which he found from her.

John. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
 A neighbour by, blest with as great a beauty
 As Nature durst bestow without undoing,
 Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
 And bless'd the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
 This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
 When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
 Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
 In all the bravery my friends could shew me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued, and serv'd. Long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade, to win her;
With all the duty of my soul I serv'd her.

Alm. How feelingly he speaks! And she loved you
too?

It must be so.

John. I would it had, dear lady.
This story had been needless; and this place,
I think, unknown to me.

Alm. Were your bloods equal?

John. Yes; and, I thought, our hearts too.

Alm. Then she must love.

John. She did; but never me: she could not love me;
She would not love; she hated; more, she scorn'd me:
And in so poor and base a way abused me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me ——

Alm. An ill woman!

Belike you found some rival in your love then?

John. How perfectly she points me to my story!
Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,
Ill manners, and worse mein, she doated on;
Doated, to my undoing and my ruin.
And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,
(As she must fall, that durst be so unnoble)
I should say something unbeseeming me.
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
(Shame to her most unworthy mind) to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,
And in disdain of me,
Last, to blot me

From all rememb'rance, what I have been to her,
 And how, how honestly, how nobly serv'd her,
 'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.
 'Tis true, he quarrell'd, without place, or reason;
 We fought, I kill'd him; heaven's strong hand was with
 me;
 For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,
 And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,
 And sold me here.

THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE: A COMEDY. BY PHILIP
 MASSINGER.

Cleremond takes an oath to perform his mistress Leonora's pleasure. She enjoins him to kill his best friend. He invites Montrose to the field, under pretence of wanting him for a second: then shews, that he must fight with him.

Cler. This is the place.

Mont. An even piece of ground,
 Without advantage; but be jocund, friend:
 The honour to have enter'd first the field,
 However we come off, is ours.

Cler. I need not,
 So well I am acquainted with your valour,
 To dare, in a good cause, as much as man,
 Lend you encouragement; and should I add,
 Your power to do, which Fortune, howe'er blind,
 Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt
 But victory still sits upon your sword,
 And must not now forsake you.

Mont. You shall see me
 Come boldly up; nor will I shame your cause,

By parting with an inch of ground not bought
With blood on my part.

Cler. 'Tis not to be question'd :
That which I would entreat, (and pray you grant it,)
Is, that you would forget your usual softness,
Your foe being at your mercy ; it hath been
A custom in you, which I dare not praise,
Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword,
To tempt your fate, by yielding it again ;
Then run a second hazard.

Mont. When we encounter
A noble foe, we cannot be too noble.

Cler. That I confess ; but he that's now to oppose you,
I know for an arch villain ; one that hath lost
All feeling of humanity, one that hates
Goodness in others, 'cause he's ill himself ;
A most ungrateful wretch, (the name's too gentle,
All attributes of wickedness cannot reach him,)
Of whom to have deserved, beyond example,
Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong
Which only death can satisfy.

Mont. You describe
A monster to me.

Cler. True, Montrose, he is so.
Africk, though fertile of strange prodigies,
Never produced his equal ; be wise, therefore,
And if he fall into your hands, dispatch him :
Pity to him is cruelty. The sad father,
That sees his son stung by a snake to death,
May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand,
And let the worm escape, than you vouchsafe him
A minute to repent : for 'tis a slave
So sold to hell and mischief, that a traitor
To his most lawful prince, a church-robber,
A parricide, who, when his garners are

Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his parents,
Being old, and weak, to starve for want of bread,
Compared to him are innocent.

Mont. I ne'er heard
Of such a cursed nature ; if long-lived,
He would infect mankind : rest you assured,
He finds from me small courtesy.

Cler. And expect
As little from him ; blood is that he thirsts for,
Not honourable wounds.

Mont. I would I had him
Within my sword's length !

Cler. Have thy wish : Thou hast !

(CLEREMOND *draws his sword.*)

Nay draw thy sword and suddenly ; I am
That monster, temple-robber, parricide,
Ingrateful wretch, friend-hater, or what else
Makes up the perfect figure of the devil,
Should he appear like man. Banish amazement.
And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee
From him that's turn'd a fury. I am made
Her minister, whose cruelty but named
Would with more horror strike the pale-cheek'd stars,
Than all those dreadful words which conjurors use
To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not on me
As I am Cleremond ; I have parted with
The essence that was his, and entertain'd
The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's
New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit :
I could not else be an apt instrument
To bloody Leonora.

Mont. To my knowledge
I never wrong'd her.

Cler. Yes in being a friend
To me, she hated my best friend, her malice

Would look no lower :—and for being such,
By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill thee.
Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all words,
And no performance ! or that thou hadst made
Some little stop in thy career of kindness !
Why wouldst thou, to confirm the name of friend,
Snatch at this fatal office of a second,
Which others fled from ?——'Tis in vain to mourn now,
When there's no help ! and therefore, good Montrose,
Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou stand'st now
A champion for more than king or country ;
Since in thy fall, goodness itself must suffer.
Remember too, the baseness of the wrong
Offer'd to friendship ; let it edge thy sword,
And kill compassion in thee ; and forget not
I will take all advantages : and so,
Without reply, have at thee.

(*They fight, CLEREMOND falls.*)

Mont. See, how weak
An ill cause is ! you are already fallen :
What can you look for now ?

Cler. Fool, use thy fortune :
And so he counsels thee, that, if we had
Changed places, instantly would have cut thy throat,
Or digg'd thy heart out.

Mont. In requital of
That savage purpose, I must pity you :
Witness these tears, not tears of joy for conquest ;
But of true sorrow for your misery.
Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man,
Make use of reason, as an exorcist
To cast this devil out, that does abuse you ;
This fiend of false affection.

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT: A TRAGEDY. BY PHILIP
MASSINGER.

Malefort senior, Admiral of Marseilles, poisons his first wife to make way for a second. This coming to the knowledge of his son, Malefort junior; he challenges his father to fight him. This unnatural combat is performed before the Governor and Court of Marseilles. The spectators retiring to some distance, the father and son parley before the fight commences.

MALEFORT *senior.* MALEFORT *junior.*

Mal. sen. Now we are alone, sir;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burden
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.

Mal. jun. I shall, sir;
But in a perplext form and method, which
You only can interpret: would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing! As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and uncompell'd profess,
My life and all that's mine to be your gift,
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety.
But, this confess'd on my part, I rise up;
And not as with a father (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence, cast off) but as
A wicked man, I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak?
And in the action chang'd the humble shape
Of my obedience to rebellious rage
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd me
To run my bark of honour on a shelf,

I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it?
 In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward;
 And mankind trembles to see me pursue
 What beasts would fly from. For when I advance
 This sword, as I must do, against your head,
 Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
 To see their altars, which you built up in me,
 In a moment raz'd and ruin'd. That you could
 (From my griev'd soul I wish it) but produce
 To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,
 One seeming reason: that I might fix here,
 And move no further!

Mal. sen. Have I so far lost
 A father's power, that I must give account
 Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
 As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
 That owes his being to me sits as judge
 To censure that, which only by myself
 Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall
 Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine
 Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
 Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
 In one short syllable yields satisfaction
 To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
 A certainty, disdaining argument:
 Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
 To thee they should appear triumphant robes,
 Set off with glorious honour: thou being bound
 To see with my eyes, and to hold *that* reason
 That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

Mal. jun. This sword divides that slavish knot.

Mal. sen. It cannot,
 It cannot, wretch; and thou but remember
 From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.
 Who train'd thee up in arms, but I? who taught thee

Men were men only when they durst look down
 With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
 All opposition, till plum'd victory
 Had made her constant stand upon their helmets ?
 Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
 As the young eaglet, covered with the wings
 Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
 All that is manly in thee, I call mine :
 But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
 And what I gave (since thou art proud, ungrateful,
 Presuming to contend with him, to whom
 Submission is due) I will take from thee.
 Look therefore for extremities, and expect not
 I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
 As a serpent swoln with poison ; who surviving
 A little longer, with infectious breath,
 Would render all things near him, like itself,
 Contagious.

Mal. jun. Thou incensed power,
 Awhile forbear thy thunder : let me have
 No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
 My mother ———

Mal. sen. Thou shalt never name her more ———

(*They fight, and the son is slain.*)

Mal. sen. Die all my fears,
 And waking jealousies, which have so long
 Been my tormentors ; there's now no suspicion :
 A fact, which I alone am conscious of,
 Can never be discover'd, or the cause
 That call'd this duel on ; I being above
 All perturbations ; nor is it in
 The power of fate again to make me wretched.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR: A TRAGEDY. BY PHILIP
MASSINGER AND THOMAS DECKER.

Angelo, an angel, attends Dorothea as a page.

ANGELO. DOROTHEA. *The time, midnight.*

Dor. My book and taper.

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.

Were every servant in the world like thee,

So full of goodness, angels would come down

To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,

And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;

Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,

By my late watching, but to wait on you.

When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,

Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,

So blest I hold me in your company.

Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid

Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;

For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then.

In golden letters down I'll set that day,

Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope

To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,

This little, pretty body, when I coming

Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,

My sweet-fac'd, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;

And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom

Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,

But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father ; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents ;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not : I did never
Know who my mother was ; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n ; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A bless'd day !

[This scene has beauties of so very high an order that, with all my respect for Massinger, I do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of furnishing them. His associate Decker, who wrote *Old Fortunatus*, had poetry enough for any thing. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play (like Satan among the Sons of Heaven) and which the brief scope of my plan fortunately enables me to leave out, have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest, somehow as Caliban serves to shew Miranda.]

THE FATAL DOWRY: A TRAGEDY. BY PHILIP
MASSINGER AND NATHANIEL FIELD.

The Marshal of Burgundy dies in prison at Dijon for debts contracted by him for the service of the state in the wars. His dead body is arrested and denied burial by his creditors. His son, young Charalois, gives up himself to prison to redeem his father's body, that it may have honourable burial. He has leave from his prison doors to view the ceremony of the funeral, but to go no farther.

*Enter three gentlemen, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, and
BEAUMONT, as spectators of the funeral.*

Mal. 'Tis strange.

Beaum. Methinks so.

Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theoric and practie
In all humanity; and, to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier,—that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive, for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse;
And rather chuse to want life's necessities,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from christian ceremony.

Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?

Beaum. Twenty-eight.
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Serv'd and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,
And never less than his son; the old man's virtues

So recent in him, as the world may swear
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.

Mal. This morning is the funeral.

Pont. Certainly.

And from this prison 'twas the sons request
That his dear father might interment have.

(CHARALOIS appears at the door of the prison.)

See the young son interr'd, a lively grave.

Beaum. They come. Observe their order.

The funeral procession enters. Captains and soldiers, mourners. ROMONT, friend to the deceased. Three creditors are among the spectators. CHARALOIS speaks.

Char. How like a silent stream shaded with night.
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity !
Tears, sighs, and blacks, filling the simile ;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth !—vouchsafe
To stay awhile. Rest, rest in peace, dear earth !
Thou that broughtst rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death !
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death ;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories ; for they
Remember best, forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love.
And though this country, like a vip'rous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,

He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or an usurer hath ;
Thy worth in every honest breast builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.

Pont. Sir !

Char. Peace ! O peace ! This scene is wholly mine—
What ! weep you, soldiers ? — blanch not. — Romont
 weeps.—

Ha ! let me see ! my miracle is eas'd ;
The jailors and the creditors do weep ;
E'en they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy body's balm : these, and thy virtue,
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,
The golden calf that was an idol, deck'd
With marble pillars, jet and porphyry,
Shall quickly both in bone and name consume,
Tho' wrapt in lead, spice, cerecloth, and perfume.

Creditor. Sir !

Char. What ! — away for shame — you prophane
 rogues
Must not be mingled with these holy relics :
This is a sacrifice—our show'r shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory :
Your tears would spring but weeds.

Rom. Look, look, you slaves ! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.

Priest. On.

Char. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's right,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,

That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together,
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold: this other strew
Among the poor. 'Tis all I have. Romont,
Wear thou this medal of himself, that like
A hearty oak grew'st close to this tall pine,
E'en in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tir'd themselves.
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my portion provide in heaven:
My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.
This * would I wear as my inheritance,
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are here both prisoners?
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

Jailor. You must no farther.—
The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.—

* His father's sword.

THE OLD LAW : A COMEDY. BY PHILIP MASSINGER,
THOMAS MIDDLETON, AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

The Duke of Epire enacts a law, that all men who have reached the age of fourscore, shall be put to death, as being adjudged useless to the commonwealth. Simonides, the bad, and Cleanthes, the good son, are differently affected by the promulgation of the edict.

Sim. Cleanthes,

Oh, lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish !
The old trees must down, kept the sun from us.
We shall rise now, boy.

Cle. Whither, sir, I pray ?

To the bleak air of storms, among those trees
Which we had shelter from.

Sim. Yes, from our growth,
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What ! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think ;
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father ?

Cle. Jubilee ! no, indeed ; 'tis a bad year with me.

Sim. Prithee, how old's thy father ? then I can tell
thee.

Cle. I know not how to answer you, Simonides.
He is too old, being now expos'd
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict ;
And yet not old enough by many years,
'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.

Sim. These very passions I speak to my father.

* * * * *

Cle. Why, here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example.
Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood

In parent distribution to his branches,
 Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
 Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen,
 And must not gratitude descend again
 To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?

Cleanthes, to save his old father, Leonides, from the operation of the law, gives out that he is dead, celebrating a pretended funeral, to make it believed.

DUKE. COURTIER. CLEANTHES, *as following his father's body to the grave.*

Duke. Cleanthes?

Court. Tis, my lord, and in the place
 Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.

Duke. Yet suitable to his behaviour, mark it;
 He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it?
 I never saw a corse so joyfully follow'd,
 Light colours and light cheeks—who should this be?
 'Tis a thing worth resolving.—Cleanthes ———

Cle. O my lord!

Duke. He laugh'd outright now.
 Was ever such a contrariety seen
 In natural courses yet, nay, profess'd openly?

Cle. 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
 That ever son was born too.

Duke. How can that be?

Cle. I joy—to make it plain—my father's dead.

Duke. Dead?

Court. Old Leonides?

Cle. In his last month dead.

He beguil'd cruel law the sweetliest
 That ever age was blest to.

It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
 Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
 Will work it out, I see: when his poor heart

Broke, I did not so much, but leap'd for joy
 So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought.
 I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
 But chose a colour orient, like my mind :
 For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
 There is no credit giv'n to't, it has lost
 All reputation by false sons and widows.
 Now I would have men know what I resemble,
 A truth, indeed ; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
 Which is more honest than a cunning grief
 That's only fac'd with sables for a show,
 But gawdy-hearted. When I saw death come
 So ready to deceive you, sir, forgive me,
 I could not chuse but be entirely merry ;
 And yet too, see now, of a sudden,
 Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,
 That's never constant to one passion long ;
 I wonder whence that tear came, when I smil'd
 In the production on't : Sorrow's a thief,
 That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
 But, gracious leave, my lord ; when I've perform'd
 My last poor duty to my father's bones,
 I shall return your servant.

Duke. Well, perform it ?

The law is satisfied : they can but die.

Cleanthes conceals Leonides in a secret apartment within a wood, where himself, and his wife Hippolita, keep watch for the safety of the old man. This coming to the duke's knowledge, he repairs to the wood and makes discovery of the place where they have hid Leonides.

The Wood.—CLEANTHES *listening, as fearing every sound.*

Cle. What's that ? Oh, nothing but the whisp'ring wind

Breathes thro' yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude
 As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
 I cannot be too circumspect, too careful,
 For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
 Which is too much ever to fear to lose,
 Though it be never lost; and if our watchfulness
 Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
 That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,
 That prove vexation often more than comfort,
 How mighty ought our providence to be
 To prevent those, if any such there were,
 That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
 That only make poor man delight to live!
 Psha, I'm too fearful—fie, fie, who can hurt me?
 But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes
 The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
 Imagines every one thinks of that place,
 When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change
 The place continually, where'er it keeps,
 There will the fear keep still. Yonder's the store-house
 Of all my comfort now—and, see, it sends forth

HIPPOLITA *enters.*

A dear one to me. Precious chief of women!
 How does the good old soul? has he fed well?

Hip. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to day,
 Much good may't do his health.

Cle. A blessing on thee,
 Both for thy news and wish.

Hip. His stomach, sir,
 Is better'd wond'rously, since his concealment.

Cle. Heav'n has a blessed work in't. Come, we're
 safe here.
 I prithee, call him forth, the air is much wholesomer.

Hip. Father.

LEONIDES comes forth.

Leon. How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman !

It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour,
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

Cle. I hope to see you often, and return
Loaden with blessing, still to pour on some.
I find them all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands, they're dispers'd
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest ;
I find them, as angels are found, by legions.

A Horn is heard.

Ha !—

Leon. What was't disturb'd my joy ?

Cle. Did you not hear,
As afar off ?

Hip. What, my excellent consort ?

Cle. Nor you——

Hip. I heard a——

Cle. Hark again——

Leon. Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden ?

Cle. Now since——lately——

Leon. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care, man.

Cle. Alas ! you do not hear well.

Leon. What was't, daughter ?

Hip. I heard a sound, twice.

Cle. Hark ! louder and nearer.

In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir.
Louder and nearer yet ; at hand, at hand ;

A hunting here ! 'tis strange ! I never knew
Game follow'd in these woods before.

(LEONIDES goes in.)

Hip. Now let them come, and spare not.

Enter DUKE, Courtiers, Attendants, as if hunting.

Cle. Ha ! 'tis——is't not the Duke ?——look sparingly.

Hip. 'Tis he, but what of that ? alas ! take heed, sir ;
Your care will overthrow us.

Cle. Come, it shall not.
Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
Though our hearts shake with horror. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Duke. Hark !

Cle. Prithee, proceed ;
I'm taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's decease.—Ha ! ha ! ha !—

Duke. Why, how should I believe this ? Look, he's
merry,
As if he had no such charge. One with that care
Could never be so still ; he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still ; with no difference,
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with.
He laugh'd thus then, you know.

Court. Aye, he may laugh, my lord ;
That shews but how he glories in his cunning ;
And, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
Than to express affection to his father,
That only he has over-reach'd the law.

Duke. If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.—
Cleanthes——

Cle. My lov'd lord——

Duke. Not mov'd a whit !
Constant to lightning still !——'tis strange to meet you

Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir :
This does not fit your passion ; you are for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.

Cle. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me
(For any thing too much is vicious),
I come to these disconsolate walks of purpose
Only to dull and take away the edge on't.
I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
A natural propension, I confess, my lord,
Before that chearful accident fell out,—
If I may call a father's funeral chearful,
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Duke. It seems then you take pleasure in these walks,
sir ?

Cle. Contemplative content I do, my lord :
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that in the parting
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

Duke. So, sir——

Cle. Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.

Duke. And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to afford you
The least delight that has a name.

Cle. My lord——

Duke. In your excess of joy you have express'd
Your rancour and contempt against my law :
Your smiles deserve fining ; you have profess'd
Derision openly ev'n to my face,
Which might be death, a little more incensed.
You do not come for any freedom here,
But for a project of your own ;
But all that's known to be contentful to thee,
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,
If ever thy presumption do but lead thee

Into these walks again——aye, or that woman——
I'll have them watch'd a purpose.

1st Court. Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

2nd Court. Mark hers too.

Hip. Oh! who shall bring food to the poor old man
now?

Speak somewhat, good sir, or we are lost for ever.

(*Apart to CLEANTHES.*)

Cle. Oh! you did wondrous ill to call me again.
There are not words to help us. If I intreat,
'Tis found; that will betray us worse than silence.
Prithee, let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

(*Apart to HIPPOLITA.*)

1st Court. You have struck them dumb, my lord.

2nd Court. Look how guilt looks!

Cle. He is safe still, is he not?

Hip. Oh! you do ill to doubt it. } *Apart.*

Cle. Thou art all goodness.

2nd Court. Now does your grace believe?

Duke. 'Tis too apparent.

Search, make a speedy search; for the imposture
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

Cle. Ha!

2nd Court. He has the lapwing's cunning, I'm afraid,
my lord,

That cries most when she is farthest from the nest.

Cle. Oh! we are betrayed.

[There is an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike any thing in the dramas which Massinger wrote alone. The pathos is of a subtler edge. Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate.]

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILIP CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF
FRANCE. BY GEORGE CHAPMAN, AND JAMES
SHIRLEY.

The Admiral is accused of treason, a criminal process is instituted against him, and his faithful servant Allegre is put on the rack to make him discover : his innocence is at length established by the confession of his enemies ; but the disgrace of having been suspected for a traitor by his royal Master, sinks so deep into him, that he falls into a mortal sickness.

ADMIRAL. ALLEGRE, supported between two.

Adm. Welcome my injured servant : what a misery
Have they made on thee !

Al. Though some change appear
Upon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustain'd by others,
My heart is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poor man.
Were all my joys essential, and so mighty,
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough t' unsweeten all.
Though, in thy absence, I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination
Could let before into me. Didst not curse me
Upon the torture ?

Al. Good my lord, let not
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon

Your memory ; they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you and justice : but there's something in
Your looks presents more fear, than all the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul with.
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, one
Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
Arm'd with fierce lightning and the power of thunder,
Can make no breach. I was not rack'd till now.
There's more death in that falling eye, than all
Rage ever yet brought forth. What accident, sir, can
blast,
Can be so black and fatal, to distract
The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
Your noble brow : misfortune could have no
Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued
By the great arm of Providence ; nor can
Those garlands, that now grow about your forehead,
With all the poison of the world be blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon thee
In wide and spacious characters, but in
The volume of my sadness thou dost want
An eye to read. An open force hath torn
Thy manly sinews, which some time may cure.
The engine is not seen that wounds thy master ;
Past all the remedy of art, or time,
The flatteries of court, of fame, or honours.
Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,
Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
And blooming pride upon her, makes a show
Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossoms :
But not the sun with all her amorous smiles,
The dews of morning, or the tears of night,

Can root her fibres in the earth again ;
 Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing :
 But the tree withers ; and those very beams,
 That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
 Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
 The bark and rind, till she becomes a burden
 To that which gave her life : so Chabot, Chabot —

Al. Wander in apprehension ! I must
 Suspect your health indeed.

Adm. No, no, thou shalt not
 Be troubled : I but stirr'd thee with a moral,
 That's empty ; contains nothing. I am well :
 See, I can walk ; poor man, thou hast not strength yet.

*The father of the Admiral makes known the condition his
 son is in to the king.*

FATHER. KING.

King. Say, how is my admiral ?
 The truth upon thy life.

Fath. To secure his, I would you had.

King. Ha ! who durst oppose him ?

Fath. One that hath power enough, hath practis'd on
 him,

And made his great heart stoop.

King. I will revenge it
 With crushing, crushing that rebellious power
 To nothing. Name him.

Fath. He was his friend.

King. What mischief hath engender'd
 New storms ?

Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.

King. Did not we
 Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him ?

Fath. You drest his wounds, I must confess, but made
 No cure ; they bleed afresh : pardon me, sir ;

Although your conscience have closed too soon,
 He is in danger, and doth want new surgery :
 Though he be right in fame, and your opinion,
 He thinks you were unkind.

King. Alas, poor Chabot :
 Doth that afflict him ?

Fath. So much, though he strive
 With most resolv'd and adamantine nerves,
 As ever human fire in flesh and blood
 Forg'd for example, to bear all ; so killing
 The arrows that you shot were (still, your pardon)
 No centaur's blood could rankle so.

King. If this
 Be all, I'll cure him. Kings retain
 More balsam in their soul, than hurt in anger.

Fath. Far short, sir ; with one breath they uncreate :
 And kings, with only words, more wounds can make
 Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal.
 'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
 On numerous virtue ; though it become princes
 To assure their adventures made in every thing.
 Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and blood,
 Hath but a queazy and still sickly state ;
 A musical hand should only play on her,
 Fluent as air, yet every touch command.

King. No more :
 Commend us to the admiral, and say
 The king will visit him, and bring health.

Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall move
 Nimble with this command.

The King visits the Admiral.

KING. ADMIRAL. *His wife, and father.*

King. No ceremonial knees :

Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest Chabot ;
And yet in vain I challenge that ; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life : no violence
Shall ravish it from my possession ;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits, shall betray it to a fear :
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath ;
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty ; yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee living ;
And, by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrify,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poor servant, sir ;
My heart despairs so rich a monument,
But when it dies—

King. I wo' not hear a sound
Of any thing that trenched upon death.
He speaks the funeral of my crown, that prophesies
So unkind a fate : we'll live and die together.
And by that duty, which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee,
Preserve thy heart for me, and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Adm. I have found
A glorious harvest in your favour, sir ;
And by this overflow of royal grace,
All my deserts are shadows and fly from me :
I have not in the wealth of my desires
Enough to pay you now——

King. Express it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
To shew that pious gratitude to you, but——

King. But what?

Adm. My frame hath lately, sir, been tane a pieces,
And but now put together; the least force
Of mirth will shake and unjoint all my reason.
Your patience, royal sir.

King. I'll have no patience,
If thou forget the courage of a man.

Adm. My strength would flatter me.

King. Physicians,
Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
Why how is Chabot's spirit fall'n?

Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your goodness?

Stand from me. You betray me with your fears.
The plummets may fall off that hang upon
My heart, they were but thoughts at first; or if
They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes
Close with another object than the king.

King. In a prince
What a swift executioner is a frown,
Especially of great and noble souls!
How is it with my Philip?

Adm. I must beg
One other boon.

King. Upon condition
My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
And be himself again, he shall divide
My kingdom with me.

Adm. I observe
A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in you;
For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
Forgive your chancellor*; let not the story
Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw

* Chabot's accuser.

A tear from any family ; I beseech
Your royal mercy on his life, and free
Remission of all seizure upon his state.
I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour
But thy own health ; and pronounce general pardon
To all through France.

Adm. Sir, I must kneel to thank you ;
It is not seal'd else. Your blest hand : live happy,
May all you trust have no less faith than Chabot.
Oh ! (*Dies.*)

Wife. His heart is broken.

Father. And kneeling, sir ;
As his ambition were in death to shew
The truth of his obedience.

THE MAID'S REVENGE: A TRAGEDY. BY JAMES
SHIRLEY*.

Sebastiano invites Antonio to Avero Castle.

SEBASTIANO. ANTONIO.

Seb. The noble courtesies I have receiv'd
At Lisbon, worthy friend, so much engage me,
That I must die indebted to your worth,
Unless you mean to accept what I have studied,

* Shirley claims a place amongst the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendent genius in himself, as that he was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common. A new language and quite a new turn of tragic and comic interest came in with the Restoration.

Although but partly, to discharge the sum
Due to your honour'd love.

Ant. How now, Sebastiano, will you forfeit
The name of friend, then? I did hope our love
Had out-grown compliment.

Seb. I spake my thoughts;
My tongue and heart are relatives; I think
I have deserv'd no base opinion from you;
I wish not only to perpetuate
Our friendship, but t' exchange that common name
Of friend for—

Ant. What? take heed, do not prophane:
Wouldst thou be more than friend? it is a name
Virtue can only answer to: couldst thou
Unite into one all goodness whatsoe'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain
This swelling treasure; every good admits
Degrees, but this being so good, it cannot:
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
And what you can imagine, is too light
To weigh with name of friend: they execute
At best but what a nature prompts them to;
Are often less than friends, when they remain
Our kinsmen still: but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay then, Antonio, you mistake; I mean not
To leave off friend, which, with another title,
Would not be lost. Come then, I'll tell you, sir;
I would be friend and brother: thus our friendship
Shall, like a diamond set in gold, not lose
His sparkling, but shew fairer: I have a pair
Of sisters, which I would commend, but that

I might seem partial, their birth and fortunes
Deserving noble love ; if thou be'st free
From other fair engagement, I would be proud
To speak them worthy : come, shalt go and see them.
I would not beg them suitors ; fame hath spread
Through Portugal their persons, and drawn to Averro
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. Catalina and Berinthia.

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks loud their beauties, and no less
Virtue in either. Well, I see you strive
To leave no merit where you mean to honour.
I cannot otherwise escape the censure
Of one ungrateful, but by waiting on you
Home to Averro.

Seb. You shall honour me,
And glad my noble father, to whom you are
No stranger ; your own worth before hath been
Sufficient preparation.

Ant. Ha !

I have not so much choice, Sebastiano :
But if one sister of Antonio's
May have a commendation to your thoughts,
(I will not spend much art in praising her,
Her virtue speak itself) I shall be happy ;
And be confirm'd your brother, though I miss
Acceptance at Averro.

Seb. Still you out-do me. I could never wish
My service better placed. At opportunity
I'll visit you at Elvas ; i' the mean time
Let's haste to Averro, where with you I'll bring
My double welcome, and not fail to second
Any design.

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson
Against we meet at Elvas castle, sir.

Sebastiano's father welcomes Antonio to Avero Castle.

VILLAREZO. CATALINA. BERINTHIA. SEBASTIANO.
ANTONIO.

Vil. Old Gaspar's house is honour'd by such guests.
Now, by the tomb of my progenitors,
I envied that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person. Sebastiano
Hath been long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himself in virtues,
That lives so near your love.—You shall dishonour
me,

Unless you think yourself as welcome here
As at your Elvas castle. Villarezo
Was once as you are, sprightly; and though I say it,
Maintain'd my father's reputation,
And honour of our house, with actions
Worthy our name and family: but now
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my hairs,
Plough'd on my brows the furrows of his anger,
Disfurnish'd me of active blood, and wrapt me
Half in my sear-cloth, yet I have a mind
That bids me honour virtue, where I see it
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Ant. You speak all nobleness, and encourage me
To spend the greenness of my rising years
So to th' advantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.

Vil. Daughters, speak his welcome.—

*Antonio loves and is beloved by Berinthia, the younger sister.
Catalina the elder is jealous, and plots to take off her sister by
poison. Antonio rescues Berinthia from the vindictive jealousy
of her sister, and carries her off to Elvas Castle; where his
sister Castabella and his cousin Villandras welcome her.*

ANTONIO. BERINTHIA. CASTABELLA. VILLANDRAS.
SFORZA, a domestic.

Ant. The welcom'st guest that ever Elvas had.
Sister—Villandras—you're not sensible
What treasure you possess. I have no loves,
I would not here divide.

Cast. Indeed, madam,
You are as welcome here as e'er my mother was.

Vill. And you are here as safe,
As if you had an army for your guard.
Nor think my noble cousin meaneth you
Any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour ! 'tis a language
I never understood yet. Throw off your fears,
Berinthia, you're in the power of him,
That dares not think the least dishonour to you.—
Come, be not sad.

Cast. Put on fresh blood ; you are not chearful, how
do you ?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you ;
Your loves I cannot be ungrateful to ;
You're my best friends I think, but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid
To take your fair life from you ?

Ber. If all be not a dream, I do remember
Your servant Diego told me wonders, and
I owe you for my preservation, but—

Cast. It is your happiness you have escaped
The malice of your sister.

Vill. And it is worth
A noble gratitude to have been quit
By such an honourer as Antonio is
Of fair Berinthia.

Ber. Oh, but my father ; under whose displeasure
I ever sink.

Ant. You are secure—

Ber. As the poor deer that being pursued, for safety
Gets up a rock that overhangs the sea,
Where all that she can see is her destruction ;
Before, the waves ; behind, her enemies,
Promise her certain ruin.

Ant. Feign not yourself so hapless, my Berinthia.
Raise your dejected thoughts, be merry, come,
Think I am your Antonio.

Cast. 'Tis not wisdom
To let our passed fortunes trouble us ;
Since, were they bad, the memory is sweet
That we have past them. Look before you, lady ;
The future most concerneth.

*Diego, a domestic, enters and announces that Sebastiano
is at the gate.*

Ant. Your brother, lady, and my honour'd friend.
Why do the gates not spread themselves to open
At his arrival ? Sforza, 'tis Berinthia's brother ;
Sebastiano, th' example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweet sister.

Ber. Alas, I fear.

Ant. Be not such a coward, lady, he cannot come
Without all goodness waiting on him. Sforza,
Sforza, I say, what precious time we lose !
Sebastiano—I almost lose myself
In joy to meet him. Break the iron bars,
And give him entrance.—Sebastiano's come——

Ber. Sent by my father to——

Ant. What ? to see thee. He shall see thee here,
Respected like thyself, Berinthia,

Attended with Antonio, begirt
With armies of thy servants.

SEBASTIANO *enters, with* COUNT DE MONTE NIGRO,
his friend.

Ant. Oh, my friend.

Seb. 'Tis yet in question, sir, and will not be
So easily prov'd.

Ant. What face have you put on? am I awake,
Or do I dream Sebastiano frowns?

Seb. Antonio, (for here I throw off all
The ties of love) I come to fetch a sister
Dishonourably taken from her father;
Or with my sword to force thee render her:
Now if thou be'st a soldier, redeliver,
Or keep her with the danger of thy person.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And shalt have any satisfaction,
Becomes my fame.—
Wer't in your power, would you not account it
A precious victory, in your sister's cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav'd both her life and honour?

Seb. Why, would you have me think
My sister owes to you such preservation?

Ant. Oh Sebastiano!
Thou dost not think what devil lies at home
Within a sister's bosom. Catalina
(I know not with what worst of envy) laid
Force to this goodly building, and through poison
Had robb'd the earth of more than all the world,
Her virtue.—
Valasco was the man appointed by
That goodly sister to steal Berinthia,
And lord himself of this possession,

Just at that time ; but hear, and tremble at it,
She by a cunning poison should have breath'd
Her soul into his arms within two hours,
And so Valasco should have borne the shame
Of theft and murder.

Seb. You amaze me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis true, by honour's self: hear it confirm'd ;
And when you will, I am ready.

Seb. I cannot but believe it. Oh Berinthia,
I'm wounded ere I fight.

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, than truth,
I am bound to answer: but I would I had
Such an advantage 'gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause; all valour fights
But with a sail against it.

Seb. But will you back with me then?

Ber. Excuse me, brother; I shall fall too soon
Upon my sister's malice, whose foul guilt
Will make me expect more certain ruin.

Ant. Now Sebastiano
Puts on his judgment, and assumes his nobleness,
Whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To Villarezo's house, neglect of father,
Whose precepts bind me to return with her,
Or leave my life at Elvas? I must on.
I have heard you to no purpose. Shall Berinthia
Back to Avero?

Ant. Sir, she must not yet ;
'Tis dangerous.

Seb. Chuse thee a second then: this count and I
Mean to leave honour here.

Vill. Honour me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis done. Sebastiano shall report

Antonio just : and, noble Sforza, swear
 Upon my sword (Oh, do not hinder me)
 If victory crown Sebastiano's arm,
 I charge thee by thy honesty restore
 This lady to him ; on whose lip I seal
 My unstain'd faith.

Antonio falls in a duel by the sword of Sebastiano. Sebastiano is disconsolate for having killed his friend. In his penitence, he is visited by Antonio's sister, Castabella, disguised as a page.

CASTABELLA. SEBASTIANO.

Cast. He that hath sent you, sir, this gift, did love you ;
 You'll say yourself he did.

Seb. Ha, name him prithee.

Cast. The friend I came from was Antonio.

Seb. Who hath sent thee
 To tempt Sebastiano's soul to act on thee
 Another death, for thus affrighting me ?

Cast. Indeed I do not mock, nor come to affright you ;
 Heaven knows my heart. I know Antonio's dead.
 But 'twas a gift he in his life design'd
 To you, and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage : what gift is't ?

Cast. It is myself, sir ; whilst Antonio liv'd,
 I was his boy ; but never did boy lose
 So kind a master ; in his life he promis'd
 He would bestow me (so much was his love
 To my poor merit) on his dearest friend,
 And named you, sir, if heaven should point out
 To over-live him, for he knew you would
 Love me the better for his sake : indeed
 I will be very honest to you, and
 Refuse no service to procure your love
 And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy? Oh, thou shouldst hate me then.
Thou art false, I dare not trust thee; unto him
Thou shew'st thee now unfaithful, to accept
Of me: I kill'd thy master. 'Twas a friend
He could commit thee to; I only was,
Of all the stock of men, his enemy,
His cruel'st enemy.

Cast. Indeed I am sure it was; he spoke all truth;
And, had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeath'd me as a legacy,
To be your boy; alas, I am willing, sir,
To obey him in it: had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust
My unprofitable blood, it should have been
A most glad sacrifice, and 't had been honour
To have done him such a duty: sir, I know
You did not kill him with a heart of malice,
But in contention with your very soul
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true
As oracle by heaven; dost thou believe so?

Cast. Indeed I do.

Seb. Yet be not rash;
'Tis no advantage to belong to me:
I have no power nor greatness in the court
To raise thee to a fortune worthy of
So much observance, as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thoughts shall be
To do my duty, sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tenderness
With solitude and passion: for I am
Only in love with sorrow, never merry,
Wear out the day in telling of sad tales,

Delight in sighs and tears ; sometimes I walk
To a wood or river, purposely to challenge
The boldest echo to send back my groans
In th' height I break them. Come, I shall undo thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to bear part
In any of your sorrows ; I ne'er had
So hard a heart but I could shed a tear
To bear my master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee, if thou'lt dwell with me,
For wealth of Indies : be my loved boy,
Come in with me ; thus I'll begin to do
Some recompence for dead Antonio.

Berinthia kills her brother Sebastiano sleeping.

CASTABELLA. SEBASTIANO.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keep not distance of a servant, lay it
Upon my love ; indeed, if it be an error,
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prithee boy, be patient.
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead Antonio, love still rubs the wounds
To make them bleed afresh.

Cast. Alas, they are past ;
Bind up your own for honour's sake, and shew
Love to yourself ; pray do not lose your reason,
To make your grief so fruitless. I have procur'd
Some music, sir, to quiet those sad thoughts
That make such war within you.

Seb. Alas, good boy, it will but add more weight
Of dullness on me ! I am stung with worse
Than the tarantula, to be cur'd with music ;
It has th' exactest unity, but it cannot
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir, this your couch
Seems to invite some small repose :
Oh, I beseech you taste it. I will beg
A little leave to sing. *(She sings.)*

Berinthia enters softly.

Cast. Sweet sleep charm his sad senses :
And gentle thoughts let fall
Your flowing numbers here ; and round about
Hover celestial angels with your wings,
That none offend his quiet. Sleep begins
To cast his nets o'er me too ; I'll obey,
And dream on him that dreams not what I am.
(She lies down by him.)

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth arm my love against it ; justice is
Above all tie of blood. Sebastiano,
Thou art the first shall tell Antonio's ghost,
How much I lov'd him.

(She stabs him upon his couch.)

Seb. (waking.) Oh, stay thy hand, Berinthia ! no :
Thou'st done't. I wish thee heaven's forgiveness. I
cannot
Tarry to hear thy reasons ; at many doors
My life runs out, and yet Berinthia
Doth in her name give me more wounds than these.
Antonio, Oh, Antonio : we shall now
Be friends again. *(Dies.)*

THE POLITICIAN : A TRAGEDY. BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

Marpisa widow of Count Altomarus is advanced to be Queen to the King of Norway, by the practices of her paramour Gotharus. She has by her first husband a young son Haraldus ; to secure whose succession to the crown by the aid of Gotharus (in prejudice of the king's son, the lawful heir) she tells Gotharus that the child is his. He believes her, and tells Haraldus ; who taking to heart his mother's dishonour, and his own stain of bastardy, falls into a mortal sickness.

QUEEN. HARALDUS.

Queen. How is it with my child ?

Har. I know you love me :

Yet I must tell you truth, I cannot live.

And let this comfort you, death will not come

Unwelcome to your son. I do not die

Against my will ; and having my desires,

You have less cause to mourn.

Queen. What is't hath made
The thought of life unpleasant ? which does court
Thy dwelling here, with all delights that nature
And art can study for thee, rich in all things
Thy wish can be ambitious of, yet all
These treasures nothing to thy mother's love,
Which to enjoy thee would defer a while
Her thought of going to heaven.

Har. Oh take heed, mother.
Heaven has a spacious ear, and power to punish
Your too much love with my eternal absence.
I beg your prayers and blessing.

Queen. Thou art dejected.
Have but a will, and live.

Har. 'Tis in vain, mother.

Queen. Sink with a fever into earth !
Look up, thou shalt not die.

Har. I have a wound within,
You do not see, more killing than all fevers.

Queen. A wound ? where ? who has murther'd thee ?

Har. Gotharus —

Queen. Ha ! furies persecute him.

Har. Oh pray for him :
It is my duty, though he gave me death.
He is my father.

Queen. How, thy father ?

Har. He told me so, and with that breath destroy'd me.
I felt it strike upon my spirits, mother ;
Would I had ne'er been born !

Queen. Believe him not.

Har. Oh do not add another sin to what
Is done already ; death is charitable,
To quit me from the scorn of all the world.

Queen. By all my hopes, Gotharus has abused thee.
Thou art the lawful burthen of my womb ;
Thy father Altomarus.

Har. Ha !

Queen. Before whose spirit (long since taken up
To meet with saints and troops angelical)
I dare again repeat, thou art his son.

Har. Ten thousand blessings now reward my mother !
Speak it again, and I may live : a stream
Of pious joy runs through me ; to my soul
You've struck a harmony, next that in heaven.
Can you without a blush call me your child,
And son of Altomarus ? all that's holy
Dwell in your blood for ever : speak it once,
But once again.

Queen. Were it my latest breath;
Thou'rt his and mine.

Har. Enough, my tears do flow
To give you thanks for't: I would you could resolve
me

But one truth more; why did my lord Gotharus
Call me the issue of his blood?

Queen. Alas,
He thinks thou art.

Har. What are those words? I am
Undone again.

Queen. Ha!

Har. 'Tis too late
To call 'em back. He thinks I am his son.

Queen. I have confess'd too much, and tremble with
The imagination. Forgive me, child,
And heaven, if there be mercy to a crime
So black, as I must now, to quit thy fears,
Say I've been guilty of: we have been sinful,
And I was not unwilling to oblige
His active brain for thy advancement, by
Abusing his belief thou wert his own.
But thou hast no such stain; thy birth is innocent,
Or may I perish ever: 'tis a strange
Confession to a child, but it may drop
A balsam to thy wound. Live, my Haraldus,
If not, for this, to see my penitence,
And with what tears I'll wash away my sin.

Har. I am no bastard then ———

Queen. Thou art not.

Har. But
I am not found, while you are lost. No time
Can restore you. My spirits faint ———

Queen. Will nothing comfort thee?

Har. Give me your blessing ; and, within my heart,
I'll pray you may have many. My soul flies
'Bove this vain world : good mother, close mine eyes.

Queen. Never died so much sweetness in his years *.

THE BROTHERS: A COMEDY. BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

Don Ramires leaves his son Fernando with a heavy curse, and a threat of disinheriting, if he do not renounce Felisarda, the poor niece of Don Carlos, whom he courts, when by his father's command he should address Jacinta the daughter and rich heiress of Carlos ; his younger brother Francisco's Mistress.

FERNANDO. FRANCISCO.

Fer. Why does not all the stock of thunder fall ?
Or the fierce winds, from their close caves let loose,
Now shake me into atoms ?

Fran. Fie, noble brother, what can so deject
Your masculine thoughts ? is this done like Fernando,
Whose resolute soul so late was arm'd to fight
With all the miseries of man, and triumph
With patience of a martyr ? I observed
My father late come from you.

Fer. Yes, Francisco :
He hath left his curse upon me.

Fran. How ?

Fer. His curse : dost comprehend what that word
carries,

* Mamillus in the Winter's Tale in this manner droops and dies from a conceit of his mother's dishonour.

Shot from a father's angry breath? unless
I tear poor Felisarda from my heart,
He hath pronounc'd me heir to all his curses.
Does this fright thee, Francisco? Thou hast cause
To dance in soul for this: 'tis only I
Must lose, and mourn; thou shalt have all; I am
Degraded from my birth, while he affects
Thy forward youth, and only calls thee son,
Son of his active spirit, and applauds
Thy progress with Jacinta, in whose smiles
Thou may'st see all thy wishes waiting for thee;
Whilst poor Fernando for her sake must stand
An excommunicate from every blessing,
A thing that dare not give myself a name,
But flung into the world's necessities,
Until in time, with wonder of my wants,
I turn a ragged statue, on whose forehead
Each clown may carve his motto.

Don Ramires is seized with a mortal sickness, but forbids Fernando to approach his chamber till he shall send for him, on pain of his dying curse.

FERNANDO.

Fer. This turn is fatal, and affrights me; but
Heaven has more charity than to let him die
With such a hard heart; 'twere a sin, next his
Want of compassion, to suspect he can
Take his eternal flight, and leave Fernando
This desperate legacy; he will change the curse
Into some little prayer, I hope; and then —

Enter Servant and Physician.

Ser. Make haste, I beseech you, doctor.

Phy. Noble Fernando.

Fer. As you would have men think your art is meant
Not to abuse mankind, employ it all
To cure my poor sick father.

Phy. Fear it not, sir.

[*Exeunt Physician and Servant.*]

Fer. But there is more than your thin skill requir'd,
To state a health ; your recipes, perplext
With tough names, are but mockeries and noise,
Without some dew from heaven, to mix and make 'em
Thrive in the application : what now ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Oh sir, I am sent for the confessor,
The doctor fears him much ; your brother says
You must have patience ; and not enter, sir ;
Your father is a going, good old man,
And, having made him heir, he's loth your presence
Should interrupt his journey. [*Exit.*

Fer. Francisco may be honest, yet methinks
It would become his love to interpose
For my access, at such a needful hour,
And mediate for my blessing ; not assist
Unkindly thus my banishment. I'll not
Be lost so tamely. Shall my father die,
And not Fernando take his leave ? — I dare not.
“ If thou dost hope I should take off this curse,
Do not approach until I send : ” 'twas so ;
And 'tis a law that binds above my blood.

Enter Confessor and Servant.

Make haste, good father, and if heaven deny
Him life, let not his charity die too :
One curse may sink us both. Say how I kneel,
And beg he would bequeath me but his blessing.

Then, though Francisco be his heir, I shall
Live happy, and take comfort in my tears.
When I remember him so kind a father.

Conf. It is your duty. [Exit.

Fer. Do my holy office.

Those fond philosophers that magnify
Our human nature, and did boast we had
Such a prerogative in our rational soul,
Convers'd but little with the world, confin'd
To cells, and unfrequented woods, they knew not
The fierce vexation of community ;
Else they had taught, our reason is our loss,
And but a privilege that exceedeth sense
By nearer apprehension of what wounds,
To know ourselves most miserable. My heart

Enter Physician and FRANCISCO.

Is teeming with new fears.—Ha ! is he dead ?

Phy. Not dead, but in a desperate condition ;
And so that little breath remains we have
Remitted to this confessor, whose office
Is all that's left.

Fer. Is he not merciful to Fernando yet ?
No talk of me ?

Phy. I find he takes no pleasure
To hear you named : Francisco to us all
He did confirm his heir, with many blessings.

Fer. And not left one for me ? Oh take me in,
Thou gentle earth, and let me creep through all
Thy dark and hollow crannies, till I find
Another way to come into the world ;
For all the air I breathe in here is poison'd.

Fran. We must have patience, brother, it was no
Ambitious thought of mine to supplant you ;
He may live yet, and you be reconcil'd.

Fer. That was some kindness yet, Francisco : but
I charge thee by the nearness of our blood,
When I am made this mockery and wonder,
I know not where to find out charity,
If unawares a chance direct my weary
And wither'd feet to some fair house of thine,
Where plenty with full blessings crowns thy table,
If my thin face betray my want of food,
Do not despise me, 'cause I was thy brother.

Enter Confessor.

Fran. Leave these imagin'd horrors, I must not
Live when my brother is thus miserable.

Fer. There's something in that face looks comfortably.

Conf. Your father, sir, is dead. His will to make
Francisco the sole master of his fortunes
Is now irrevocable : a small pension
He hath given you for life, which, with his blessing,
Is all the benefit I bring.

Fer. Ha ! blessing ! speak it again, good father.

Conf. I did apply some lenitives to soften
His anger, and prevail'd ; your father hath
Reversed that heavy censure of his curse,
And in the place bequeath'd his prayer and blessing.

Fer. I am new created by his charity.

Conf. Some ceremonies are behind, he did
Desire to be interr'd within our convent,
And left his sepulture to me ; I am confident,
Your pieties will give me leave ———

Fran. His will in all things I obey, and yours,
Most reverend father : order as you please
His body ; we may after celebrate
With all due obsequies his funeral.

Fer. Why you alone obey ? I am your brother :
My father's eldest son, though not his heir.

Fran. It pleas'd my father, sir, to think me worthy
Of such a title ; you shall find me kind,
If you can look on matters without envy.

Fer. If I can look on matters without envy !

Fran. You may live here still.

Fer. I may live here, Francisco !

Enter a Gentleman with a letter.

Conditions ! I would not understand
This dialect.

Fran. With me, from madam ——— ?

Gent. If you be signior Francisco.

Fer. Slighted !—

I find my father was not dead till now.
Croud not, you jealous thoughts, so thick into
My brain, lest you do tempt me to an act,
Will forfeit all again. ———

Fernando tells Felisarda that his father is dead.

Fer. I have a story to deliver ;
A tale, will make thee sad : but I must tell it.
There is one dead, that lov'd thee not.

Fel. One dead,
That lov'd not me ? this carries, sir, in nature
No killing sound* : I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an enemy or he want
A charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
And 's gone, to heaven, I hope : excuse my tears ;
It is a tribute I must pay his memory ;
For I did love my father.

Fel. Ha ! your father !

* Like the reply of Manoah in Samson Agonistes : " Sad, but not saddest, the desolation of a hostile city."

Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years, but death
Hath in a few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds and winter had thrown cold upon him,
And whisper'd him to marble. —

Francisco offers to restore Fernando his birthright. Fernando dares not take it.

FRANCISCO. FERNANDO. DON CARLOS.

Fran. What demands
Fernando?

Fer. My inheritance, wrought from me
By thy sly creeping to supplant my birth,
And cheat our father's easy soul, unworthily
Betraying to his anger, for thy lust
Of wealth, the love and promise of two hearts.
Poor Felisarda and Fernando now
Wither at soul, and robb'd by thee of that
Should cherish virtue, like to rifled pilgrims
Met on the way, and having told their story,
And dropt their even tears for both their loss,
Wander from one another.

Fran. 'Tis not sure
Fernando, but his passion (that obeys not
The counsel of his reason) would accuse me:
And if my father now, (since spirits lose not
Intelligence, but more active when they have
Shook off their chains of flesh,) would leave his dwelling,
And visit this coarse* orb again: my innocence
Should dare the appeal, and make Fernando see
His empty accusations.

Fer. He that thrives

* Dirty Planet.—*Sterne.*

By wicked art, has confidence to dress
His action with simplicity and shapes,
To cheat our credulous natures : 'tis my wonder
Thou durst do so much injury, Francisco,
As must provoke my justice to revenge,
Yet wear no sword.

Fran. I need no guard, I know
Thou dar'st not kill me.

Fer. Dare I not ?

Fran. And name
Thy cause : 'tis thy suspicion, not Francisco,
Hath wrought thee high and passionate. To assure it ;
If you dare violate, I dare possess you
With all my title to your land.

Car. How is that ?

Fran. Let him receive it at his peril.

Fer. Ha !

Fran. It was my father's act, not mine : he trembled
To hear his curse alive ; what horror will
His conscience feel, when he shall spurn his dust,
And call the reverend shade from his blest seat
To this bad world again, to walk and fright him !

Fer. Can this be more than a dream ?

Fran. (*Gives him the will.*) Sir, you may cancel it.

But think withal,

How you can answer him that's dead, when he
Shall charge your timorous soul for this contempt
To nature and religion ; to break
His last bequest, and breath, that seal'd your blessings !

Car. These are fine fancies.

Fer. (*Returns the will.*) Here ; and may it prosper,
Where my good father meant it : I'm overcome.
Forgive me, and enjoy it.

(*Is going.*)

*His father RAMIRES (supposed dead) appears above,
with FELISARDA.*

Ram. Fernando, stay.

Fer. Ha, my father and Felisarda : (*Kneels.*)
Are they both dead !—I did not think
To find thee in this pale society
Of ghosts so soon.

Fel. I am alive, Fernando :
And Don Ramires still thy living father.

Fran. You may believe it, sir, I was of the council.

Car. Men thought you dead.

Ram. It lay within
The knowledge of Francisco, and some few,
By this device to advance my younger son
To a marriage with Jacinta, sir, and try
Fernando's piety, and his mistress' virtue :
Which I have found worth him, and my acceptance.
With her I give thee what thy birth did challenge :
Receive thy Felisarda.

Fer. 'Tis a joy
So flowing, it drowns all my faculties.
My soul will not contain, I fear, but loose,
And leave me in this extacy.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE: A COMEDY. BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

Sir Thomas Bornevell expostulates with his lady on her extravagance and love of pleasure.

BORNEWELL. ARETINA, *his lady.*

Are. I am angry with myself;
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Bor. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? have I not obey'd
All thy desires, against mine own opinion;
Quitted the country, and remov'd the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We liv'd in: chang'd a calm and retire life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Are. What charge, more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?

Bor. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood, your kinsmen great and powerful
In the state; but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife: I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men wit by loss of mine, employ'd
To serve your vast expences.

Are. Am I then
Brought in the balance? so, sir.

Bor. Though you weigh

Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest :
And must take liberty to think, you have
Obey'd no modest counsel to effect,
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony ;
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures,
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's ;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery
Brought home on engines ; the superfluous plate
Antick and novel ; vanities of tires,
Four score pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for t'other lady, aunt, and cousins ;
And perfumes, that exceed all ; train of servants,
To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
More motly than the French, or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choaking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hind'ring of their market.

Are. Have you done, sir ?

Bor. I could accuse the gait of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which,
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions ; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers :
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.

Are. Pray, do. I like
Your homily of thrift.

Bor. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Are. A gamester, too !——

Bor. But are not come to that repentance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit ;
You look not through the subtilty of cards,
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income ;
Nor do I wish you should : my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire
Purchas'd beneath my honour : you make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by 't.

Are. Good, proceed.

Bor. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse, your revels in the night,
Your meetings, call'd the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure :
'Tis but the Family of Love, translated
Into more costly sin ; there was a play on't ;
And had the poet not been brib'd to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some darks had been discover'd ; and the deeds too ;
In time he may repent, and make some blush,
To see the second part danc'd on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act ; but the virtuous know,
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspensions of our shame.

Are. Have you concluded
Your lecture ?

Bor. I have done ; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent

To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

Are. I'll not be so tedious
In my reply, but, without art or elegance,
Assure you I keep still my first opinion ;
And though you veil your avaricious meaning
With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged
By example ; while my judgment thought 'em fit,
You ought not to oppose : but when the practice
And tract of every honourable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasures circumscrib'd and taught me.

[This dialogue is in the very spirit of the recriminating scenes between Lord and Lady Townley in the Provoked Husband. It is difficult to believe, but it must have been Vanbrugh's prototype.]

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE GARRICK PLAYS.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN HONE'S TABLE BOOK.

THE GARRICK PLAYS
EXTRACTS
TO BE USED IN THE STUDY OF THE ART OF ACTING

THE GARRICK PLAYS

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

IT is not unknown to you, that about nineteen years since I published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare." For the scarcer Plays I had recourse to the Collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Garrick. But my time was but short, and my subsequent leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every production in the shape of a Play that has appeared in print, from the time of the old Mysteries and Moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me, who, above every other form of Poetry, have ever preferred the Dramatic, of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montagu House, which I predict will not speedily be followed by a handsomer, and culling at will the flower of some thousand Dramas. It is like having the range of a Nobleman's Library, with the Librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the Gentleman who has the chief direction of the Reading Rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume, before it is laid before you. If the occasional Extracts which I have been tempted to bring away, may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly at your service. By those who remember the "Specimens," these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

January 27, 1827.

C. LAMB.

KING JOHN AND MATILDA: A TRAGEDY. BY ROBERT
DAVENPORT. ACTED IN 1651.

John, not being able to bring Matilda, the chaste daughter of the old Baron Fitzwater, to compliance with his wishes, causes her to be poisoned in a nunnery.

SCENE.—JOHN. *The Barons: they being as yet ignorant of the murder, and having just come to composition with the King after tedious wars. Matilda's hearse is brought in by HUBERT.*

John. Hubert, interpret this apparition.

Hub. Behold, sir,
A sad-writ Tragedy, so feelingly
Languaged, and cast; with such a crafty cruelty
Contrived, and acted; that wild savages
Would weep to lay their ears to, and (admiring
To see themselves outdone) they would conceive
Their wildness mildness to this deed, and call
Men more than savage, themselves rational.
And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy *name**,
And turn the *Son of Tears*. Oh, forget
That Cupid ever spent a dart upon thee;
That Hymen ever coupled thee; or that ever
The hasty, happy, willing messenger
Told thee thou hadst a daughter. Oh look here!

* Fitzwater: son of water. A striking instance of the compatibility of the *serious pun* with the expression of the profoundest sorrows. Grief, as well as joy, finds ease in thus playing with a word. Old John of Gaunt in Shakspeare thus descants on his *name*: "Gaunt, and gaunt indeed;" to a long string of conceits, which no one has ever yet felt as ridiculous. The poet Wither thus, in a mournful review of the declining estate of his family, says with deepest nature:—

The very name of Wither shows decay.

Look here, King John, and with a trembling eye
Read your sad act, Matilda's tragedy.

Barons. Matilda!

Fitzw. By the lab'ring soul of a much-injured man,
It is my child Matilda!

Bruce. Sweet niece!

Leic. Chaste soul!

John. Do I stir, Chester?
Good Oxford, do I move? stand I not still
To watch when the griev'd friends of wrong'd Matilda
Will with a thousand stabs turn me to dust,
That in a thousand prayers they might be happy?
Will no one do it? then give a mourner room,
A man of tears. Oh immaculate Matilda,
These shed but sailing heat-drops, misling showers,
The faint dews of a doubtful April morning;
But from mine eyes ship-sinking cataracts,
Whole clouds of waters, wealthy exhalations,
Shall fall into the sea of my affliction,
Till it amaze the mourners.

Hub. Unmatch'd Matilda;
Celestial soldier, that kept a fort of chastity
'Gainst all temptations.

Fitzw. Not to be a Queen,
Would she break her chaste vow. Truth crowns your
reed:

Unmatch'd Matilda was her name indeed.

John. O take into your spirit-piercing praise
My scene of sorrow. I have well-clad woes,
Pathetic epithets to illustrate passion,
And steal true tears so sweetly from all these,
Shall touch the soul, and at once pierce and please.

(*Peruses the motto and emblems on the hearse.*)
"To Piety and Purity"—and "Lilies mix'd with Roses"—
How well you have apparell'd woe! this Pendant,

To Piety and Purity directed,
 Insinuates a chaste soul in a clean body,
 Virtue's white Virgin, Chastity's red Martyr!
 Suffer me then with this well-suited wreath
 To make our griefs ingenious. Let all be dumb,
 Whilst the king speaks her Epicedium.

Chest. His very soul speaks sorrow.

Oxf. And it becomes him sweetly.

John. Hail Maid and Martyr! lo on thy breast,
 Devotion's altar, chaste Truth's nest,
 I offer (as my guilt imposes)
 Thy merit's laurel, Lilies and Roses;
 Lilies, intimating plain
 Thy immaculate life, stuck with no stain;
 Roses red and sweet, to tell
 How sweet red sacrifices smell.
 Hang round then, as you walk about this hearse,
 The songs of holy hearts, sweet virtuous verse.

Fitzw. Bring Persian silks, to deck her monument;

John. Arabian spices, quick'ning by their scent;

Fitzw. Numidian marble, to preserve her praise;

John. Corinthian ivory, her shape to praise:

Fitzw. And write in gold upon it, In this breast
 Virtue sate mistress, Passion but a guest.

John. Virtue is sweet; and, since griefs bitter be,
 Strew her with roses, and give rue to me.

Bruce. My noble brother, I've lost a wife and son*;
 You a sweet daughter. Look on the king's penitence;
 His promise for the public peace. Prefer
 A public benefit†. When it shall please,

* Also cruelly slain by the poisoning John.

† i. e. of peace; which this monstrous act of John's in this play comes to counteract, in the same way as the discovered Death of Prince Arthur is like to break the composition of the King with his Barons in Shakspeare's Play.

Let Heaven question him. Let us secure
And quit the land of Lewis*.

Fitzw. Do any thing ;
Do all things that are honorable ; and the Great King
Make you a good king, sir ! and when your soul
Shall at any time reflect upon your follies,
Good King John, weep, weep very heartily ;
It will become you sweetly. At your eyes
Your sin stole in ; there pay your sacrifice.

John. Back unto Dunmow Abbey. There we'll pay
To sweet Matilda's memory, and her sufferings,
A monthly obsequy, which (sweet'ned by
The wealthy woes of a tear-troubled eye)
Shall by those sharp afflictions of my face
Court mercy, and make grief arrive at grace.

Song.

*Matilda, now go take thy bed
In the dark dwellings of the dead ;
And rise in the great waking day
Sweet as incense, fresh as May.*

Rest there, chaste soul, fix'd in thy proper sphere,
Amongst Heaven's fair ones ; all are fair ones there.
Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we here troubled say ;
Time gives us griefs, Death takes our joys away.

[This scene has much passion and poetry in it, if I mistake not. The last words of Fitzwater are an instance of noble temperament ; but to understand him, the character throughout of this mad, merry, feeling, insensible-seeming lord, should be read. That the venomous John could have even counterfeited repentance so well, is out of nature ; but, supposing the possibility, nothing is truer than the way in which it is managed. These old

* The Dauphin of France, whom they had called in, as in Shakspeare's Play.

play-wrights invested their bad characters with notions of good, which could by no possibility have coexisted with their actions. Without a soul of goodness in himself, how could Shakspeare's Richard the Third have lit upon those sweet phrases and inducements by which he attempts to win over the dowager queen to let him wed her daughter. It is not Nature's nature, but Imagination's substituted nature, which does almost as well in a fiction.]

THE PARLIAMENT OF BEES: A MASQUE. BY JOHN DAY. PRINTED 1607 *.

Urania, a female Bee, confesses her passion for Meletus, who loves Arethusa.

—— not a village Fly, nor meadow Bee,
That trafficks daily on the neighbouring plain,
But will report, how all the Winged Train
Have sued to me for Love; when we have flown
In swarms out to discover fields new blown.
Happy was he could find the forward'st tree,
And cull the choicest blossoms out for me;
Of all their labours they allow'd me some
And (like my champions) mann'd me out, and home:
Yet loved I none of them. Philon, a Bee
Well-skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,
As we have sate at work, both of one Rose †,
Has humm'd sweet Canzons, both in verse and prose,

* Whether this singular production, in which the characters are all *Bees*, was ever acted, I have no information to determine. It is at least as capable of representation as we can conceive the "Birds" of Aristophanes to have been.

† Prettily pilfered from the sweet passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-days' friendship:

We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.

Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a Bee
(Although not so poetical as he)
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,
In summer evenings, on his well-tuned pipe,
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,
(Our hive being clean-swept, and our day's work done),
Would play me twenty several tunes; yet I
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.
Then there's Amniter, for whose love fair Leade
(That pretty Bee) flies up and down the mead
With rivers in her eyes; without deserving
Sent me trim Acorn bowls of his own carving,
To drink May dew and mead in. Yet none of these,
My hive-born Playfellows and fellow Bees,
Could I affect, until this strange Bee came;
And him I love with such an ardent flame,
Discretion cannot quench.—

He labours and toils,
Extracts more honey out of barren soils
Than twenty lazy Drones. I have heard my Father,
Steward of the Hive, profess that he had rather
Lose half the Swarm than him. If a Bee, poor or weak,
Grows faint on his way, or by misfortune break
A wing or leg against a twig; alive,
Or dead, he'll bring into the Master's Hive
Him and his burthen. But the other day,
On the next plain there grew a fatal fray
Betwixt the Wasps and us; the wind grew high,
And a rough storm raged so impetuously,
Our Bees could scarce keep wing; then fell such rain,
It made our Colony forsake the plain,
And fly to garrison: yet still He stood,
And 'gainst the whole swarm made his party good;
And at each blow he gave, cried out *His Vow*,
His Vow, and Arethusa!—On each bough

And tender blossom he engraves her name
 With his sharp sting. To Arethusa's fame
 He consecrates his actions; all his worth
 Is only spent to character her forth.
 On damask roses, and the leaves of pines,
 I have seen him write such amorous moving lines
 In Arethusa's praise, as my poor heart
 Has, when I read them, envied her desert;
 And wept and sigh'd to think that he should be
 To her so constant, yet not pity me.

* * * * *

*Porrex, Vice Roy of Bees under King Oberon, describes his
 large prerogative.*

To Us (who, warranted by Oberon's love,
 Write Ourselves *Master Bee*), both field and grove,
 Garden and orchard, lawns and flowery meads,
 (Where the amorous wind plays with the golden heads
 Of wanton cowslips, daisies in their prime,
 Sun-loving marigolds; the blossom'd thyme,
 The blue-vein'd violets and the damask rose;
 The stately lily, Mistress of all those);
 Are allow'd and giv'n, by Oberon's free areed,
 Pasture for me, and all my swarms to feed.

[——— the doings,
 The births, the wars, the wooings,

of these pretty little winged creatures are with continued liveliness portrayed throughout the whole of this curious old Drama, in words which Bees would talk with, could they talk; the very air seems replete with humming and buzzing melodies, while we read them. Surely Bees were never so be-rhymed before.]

THE REWARDS OF VIRTUE: A COMEDY. BY JOHN
FOUNTAIN. PRINTED 1661.

Success in Battle not always attributable to the General.

——— Generals oftentimes famous grow
By valiant friends, or cowardly enemies ;
Or, what is worse, by some mean piece of chance.
Truth is, 'tis pretty to observe
How little Princes and great Generals
Contribute oftentimes to the fame they win.
How oft hath it been found, that noblest minds
With two short arms, have fought with fatal stars ;
And have endeavour'd with their dearest blood
To mollify those diamonds, where dwell
The fate of kingdoms ; and at last have faln
By vulgar hands, unable now to do
More for their cause than die ; and have been lost
Among the sacrifices of their swords ;
No more remember'd than poor villagers,
Whose ashes sleep among the common flowers,
That every meadow wears : whilst other men
With trembling hands have caught a victory,
And on pale foreheads wear triumphant bays.
Besides, I have thought
A thousand times ; in times of war, when we
Lift up our hands to heaven for victory ;
Suppose some virgin Shepherdess, whose soul
Is chaste and clean as the cold spring, where she
Quenches all thirsts, being told of enemies,
That seek to fright the long-enjoyed Peace
Of our Arcadia hence with sound of drums,
And with hoarse trumpets' warlike airs to drown
The harmless music of her oaten reeds,

Should in the passion of her troubled sprite
 Repair to some small fane (such as the Gods
 Hear poor folks from), and there on humble knees
 Lift up her trembling hands to holy Pan,
 And beg his helps: 'tis possible to think,
 That Heav'n, which holds the purest vows most rich,
 May not permit her still to weep in vain,
 But grant her wish, (for, would the Gods not hear
 The prayers of poor folks, they'd ne'er bid them pray);
 And so, in the next action, happeneth out
 (The Gods still using means) the Enemy
 May be defeated. The glory of all this
 Is attributed to the General,
 And none but he's spoke loud of for the act;
 While she, from whose so unaffected tears
 His laurel sprung, for ever dwells unknown*.

Unlawful Solicitings.

When I first
 Mention'd the business to her all alone,
 Poor Soul, she blush'd, as if already she
 Had done some harm by hearing of me speak;
 Whilst from her pretty eyes two fountains ran
 So true, so native, down her fairest cheeks;
 As if she thought herself obliged to cry,
 'Cause all the world was not so good as she.

* Is it possible that Cowper might have remembered this sentiment in his description of the advantages which the world, that scorns him, may derive from the noiseless hours of the contemplative man?

Perhaps she owes
 Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
 And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
 When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
 Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
 And think on her, who thinks not on herself.

Task.

Proportion in Pity.

There must be some proportion still to pity
 Between ourselves and what we moan: 'tis hard
 For Men to be aught sensible how Moats
 Press Flies to death. Should the Lion, in
 His midnight walks for prey, hear some poor worms
 Complain for want of little drops of dew,
 What pity could that generous creature have
 (Who never wanted small things) for those poor
 Ambitions? yet these are their concernments,
 And but for want of these they pine and die.

Modesty a bar to preferment.

Sure 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven
 Much better possibly, had his ambition
 Been greater much. They oftentimes take more pains
 Who look for Pins, than those who find out Stars.

Innocence vindicated at last.

Heav'n may awhile correct the virtuous;
 Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make
 Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence
 Conceal'd is the Stolen Pleasure of the Gods,
 Which never ends in shame, as that of Men
 Doth oftentimes do; but like the Sun breaks forth,
 When it hath gratified another world;
 And to our unexpected eyes appears
 More glorious thro' its late obscurity.

Dying for a Beloved Person.

There is a gust in Death, when 'tis for Love,
 That's more than all that's taste in all the world.
 For the true measure of true Love is Death;
 And what falls short of this, was never Love:

And therefore when those tides do meet and strive,
And both swell high, but Love is higher still,
This is the truest satisfaction of
The perfectest Love: for here it sees itself
Indure the highest test; and then it feels
The sum of delectation, since it now
Attains its perfect end; and shows its object,
By one intense act, all its verity:
Which by a thousand and ten thousand words
It would have took a poor diluted pleasure
To have imperfectly express'd.

Urania makes a mock assignation with the King, and substitutes the Queen in her place. The King describes the supposed meeting to the Confident, whom he had employed to solicit for his guilty passion.

Pyrrhus, I'll tell thee all. When now the night
Grew black enough to hide a skulking action;
And Heav'n had ne'er an eye unshut to see
Her Representative on Earth creep 'mongst
Those poor defenceless worms, whom Nature left
An humble prey to every thing, and no
Asylum but the dark; I softly stole
To yonder grotto thro' the upper walks,
And there found my Urania. But I found her,
I found her, Pyrrhus, not a Mistress, but
A Goddess rather; which made me now to be
No more her Lover, but Idolater.
She only whisper'd to me, as she promised,
Yet never heard I any voice so loud;
And, tho' her words were gentler far than those
That holy priests do speak to dying Saints,
Yet never thunder signified so much.
And (what did more impress whate'er she said)
Methought her whispers were my injured Queen's,

Her manner just like hers ! and when she urged,
 Among a thousand things, the injury
 I did the faithful'st Princess in the world ;
 Who now supposed me sick, and was perchance
 Upon her knees offering up holy vows
 For him who mock'd both Heav'n and her, and was
 Now breaking of that vow he made her, when
 With sacrifice he call'd the Gods to witness :
 When she urged this, and wept, and spake so like
 My poor deluded Queen, Pyrrhus, I trembled ;
 Almost persuaded that it was her angel
 Spake thro' Urania's lips, who for her sake
 Took care of me, as something she much loved.
 It would be long to tell thee all she said,
 How oft she sigh'd, how bitterly she wept :
 But the effect—Urania still is chaste ;
 And with her chaster lips hath promised to
 Invoke blest Heav'n for my intended sin.

ALL FOOLS: A COMEDY. BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

1605.

Love's Panegyric.

'tis Nature's second Sun,
 Causing a spring of Virtues where he shines ;
 And as without the Sun, the world's Great Eye,
 All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
 Are given in vain to man ; so without Love
 All beauties bred in women are in vain,
 All virtues born in men lie buried ;
 For Love *informs* them as the Sun doth colours :
 And as the Sun, reflecting his warm beams

Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
 So Love, fair shining in the inward man,
 Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
 Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
 Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

Love with Jealousy.

— such Love is like a smoky fire
 In a cold morning. Though the fire be chearful,
 Yet is the smoke so foul and cumbersome,
 'Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke.

Bailiffs routed.

I walking in the place where men's Law Suits
 Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
 Of any such encounter; steps me forth
 Their valiant Foreman with the word "I 'rest you."
 I made no more ado but laid these paws
 Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth;
 And there sat he on his posteriors
 Like a baboon: and turning me about,
 I strait espied the whole troop issuing on me.
 I step me back, and drawing my old friend here,
 Made to the midst of 'em, and all unable
 To endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
 And down the stairs they ran in such a fury,
 As meeting with a troop of Lawyers there,
 Mann'd by their Clients (some with ten, some with
 twenty,
 Some five, some three; he that had least had one),
 Upon the stairs, they bore them down afore them.
 But such a rattling then there was amongst them,
 Of ravish'd Declarations, Replications,
 Rejoinders, and Petitions, all their books
 And writings torn, and trod on, and some lost,

That the poor Lawyers coming to the Bar
Could say nought to the matter, but instead
Were fain to rail, and talk beside their books,
Without all order.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES: A COMEDY.
BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

A Household bewitched.

My Uncle has of late become the sole
Discourse of all the country; for of a man respected
As master of a govern'd family,
The House (as if the ridge were fix'd below,
And groundsils lifted up to make the roof)
All now's turn'd topsy-turvy,
In such a retrograde and preposterous way
As seldom hath been heard of, I think never.
The Good Man
In all obedience kneels unto his Son;
He with an austere brow commands his Father.
The Wife presumes not in the Daughter's sight
Without a prepared curtsy; the Girl she
Expects it as a duty; chides her Mother,
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks.
And what's as strange, the Maid—she domineers
O'er her young Mistress, who is awed by her.
The Son, to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much fear of the groom his Man!
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pity, and in others wonder,
So in the most part laughter. It is thought,
This comes by WITCHCRAFT.

WIT IN A CONSTABLE: A COMEDY. BY HENRY
GLAPTHORN.

Books.

Collegian. Did you, ere we departed from the College,
O'erlook my Library?

Servant. Yes, Sir; and I find,
Altho' you tell me Learning is immortal,
The paper and the parchment 'tis contain'd in
Savours of much mortality.
The moths have eaten more
Authentic Learning, than would richly furnish
A hundred country pedants; yet the worms
Are not one letter wiser.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM HIS TRUE AND LAMENTABLE
TRAGEDY. AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1592.

*Alice Arden with Mosbie her Paramour conspire the murder of
her husband.*

Mos. How now, Alice, what sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

Al. But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah Mosbie!

Mos. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruined wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.

Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore ;
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not Love that loves to anger Love.

Al. It is not Love that loves to murther Love.

Mos. How mean you that ?

Al. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

Mos. And then——

Al. And then——conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,
And publish'd in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our springtime wither ;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has past betwixt us :
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.

Mos. What, are you changed ?

Al. Aye, to my former happy life again ;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ha Mosbie ! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,
A mean Artificer, that low-born name !
I was bewicht ; woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me.

Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth .
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state ;
For slow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time ;
Aye, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,

Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth ;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewicht; that is no theme of thine :
And thou unhallow'd hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That show'd my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair ; I view'd thee not till now :
Thou art not kind ; till now I knew thee not :
And now the rain hath beaten off thy guilt,
Thy worthless copper shews thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds ;
I am too good to be thy favourite.

Al. Aye, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth ;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two ;
I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look ;
If thou cry War, there is no peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee ;
And burn this Prayer Book, which I here use,
The Holy word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves ; and in this golden Cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look ? is all thy Love o'erwhelm'd ?

Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thy ears?
 Why speak'st thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
 Thou hast been sighted as the Eagle is,
 And heard as quickly as the fearful Hare,
 And spoke as smoothly as an Orator,
 When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak:
 And art thou sensible in none of these?
 Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
 And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
 A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still;
 Be clear again; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mos. O fie, no; I'm a base artificer;
 My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight.
 Mosbie, fie, no; not for a thousand pound
 Make love to you; why, 'tis unpardonable.
 We Beggars must not breathe, where Gentles are.

Al. Sweet Mosbie is as Gentle as a King.
 And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
 Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands:
 Weeds in gardens, Roses grow on thorns:
 So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
 Himself is valued Gentle by his worth.

Mos. Ah how you women can insinuate,
 And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
 I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
 Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

Arden, with his friend Franklin, travelling at night to Arden's house at Feversham, where he is lain in wait for by Ruffians, hired by Alice and Mosbie to murder him; Franklin is interrupted in a story he was beginning to tell by the way of a BAD WIFE, by an indisposition, ominous of the impending danger of his friend.

Ard. Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

Frank. I'll assure you, Sir, you task me much.

A heavy blood is gather'd at my heart :
And on the sudden is my wind so short,
As hindereth the passage of my speech.
So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

Ard. Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly ;
The annoyance of the dust, or else some meat
You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.
I have been often so, and soon amended.

Frank. Do you remember where my tale did leave ?

Ard. Aye, where the Gentleman did check his wife—

Frank. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produced that took her with the fact,
Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her Husband ask'd her whether it were not so—

Ard. Her answer then ? I wonder how she look'd,
Having forsworn it with so vehement oaths,
And at the instant so approved upon her.

Frank. First did she cast her eyes down on the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence ;
Then softly draws she out her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stain'd face :
Then hemm'd she out (to clear her voice it should seem),
And with a majesty addrest herself
To encounter all their accusations—
Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more ;
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

Ard. Come, we are almost now at Raynum Down ;
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,
I would you were in ease to tell it out.

[*They are set upon by the Ruffians.*

THE CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE: A COMEDY. BY
THOMAS MIDDLETON, 1620.

Citizen to a Knight complimenting his Daughter.

Pish, stop your words, good Knight, 'twill make her blush
else,

Which are wound too high for the Daughters of the
Freedom ;

Honour, and Faithful Servant ! they are compliments
For the worthy Ladies of White Hall or Greenwich ;
Ev'n plain, sufficient, subsidy words serve us, Sir.

Master Allwit (a Wittol) describes his contentment.

I am like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
(As mine is still for me), prays for the Founder,
Bless the Right worshipful, the good Founder's life :
I thank him, he * has maintain'd my house these ten
years ;
Not only keeps my Wife, but he keeps me.
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
Weekly or monthly, puts me to nothing,
Rent, nor Church dues, not so much as the Scavenger ;
The happiest state that ever man was born to.
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter ;
Look in my coal-house, about Midsummer eve,
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up ;
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water-house and the windmills. I say nothing,

* A rich old Knight, who keeps Allwit's Wife.

But smile, and pin the door. When she lies in,
 (As now she's even upon the point of grunting),
 A Lady lies not in like her; there's her imbossings,
 Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
 As if she lay with all the gaudy shops
 In Gresham's Burse about her; then her restoratives,
 Able to set up a young 'Pothecary,
 And richly store the Foreman of a Drug shop;
 Her sugars by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets.
 I see these things, but like a happy man
 I pay for none at all, yet fools think it mine;
 I have the name, and in his gold I shine:
 And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell
 To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
 Their conscience in the blood of prodigal heirs,
 To deck their Night-piece; yet, all this being done,
 Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone;
 These torments stand I freed of. I am as clear
 From jealousy of a wife, as from the charge.
 O two miraculous blessings! 'tis the Knight
 Has ta'en that labour quite out of my hands.
 I may sit still, and play; he's jealous for me,
 Watches her steps, sets spies. I live at ease.
 He has both the cost and torment; when the string
 Of his heart frets, I feed fat, laugh, or sing.

* * * * *

I'll go bid Gossips * presently myself,
 That's all the work I'll do; nor need I stir,
 But that it is my pleasure to walk forth
 And air myself a little; I am tyed
 To nothing in this business; what I do
 Is merely recreation, not constraint.

* To his Wife's Lying-in.

Rescue from Bailiffs by the Watermen.

—— I had been taken by eight Serjeants,
 But for the honest Watermen, I am bound to 'em.
 They are the most requiteful'st people living;
 For, as they get their means by Gentlemen,
 They're still the forward'st to help Gentlemen.
 You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars*
 But a while since from two or three varlets,
 Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
 As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
 With candles in their hands, like Chandlers' Ghosts!
 Whilst the poor Gentleman, so pursued and banded,
 Was by an honest pair of oars safe landed.

LONDON CHANTICLEERS: A RUDE SKETCH OF A PLAY,
 PRINTED 1659, BUT EVIDENTLY MUCH OLDER.

Song in praise of Ale.

I.

Submit, Bunch of Grapes,
 To the strong Barley ear;
 The weak Wine no longer
 The laurel shall wear.

II.

Sack, and all drinks else,
 Desist from the strife;
 Ale's the only Aqua Vitæ,
 And liquor of life.

* Alsatia, I presume,

III.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around ;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

IV.

Ale's a Physician,
No Mountebank Bragger ;
Can cure the chill Ague,
Though it be with the Stagger.

V.

Ale's a strong Wrestler,
Flings all it hath met ;
And makes the ground slippery,
Though it be not wet.

VI.

Ale is both Ceres,
And good Neptune too :
Ale's froth was the sea,
From which Venus grew.

VII.

Ale is immortal :
And be there no stops
In bonny lads' quaffing,
Can live without hops *.

VIII.

Then come, my boon fellows,
Let's drink it around ;
It keeps us from grave,
Though it lays us on ground.

* The original distinction of Beer from the old Drink of our Forefathers, which was made without that ingredient.

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA: A COMEDY. BY T.
HEYWOOD, AND W. ROWLEY, 1655.

*Old Forest forbids his Son to sup with some riotous gallants ;
who goes notwithstanding, and is slain.*

SCENE.—*A Tavern.*

RAINSWORTH, FOSTER, GOODWIN. *To them enters*
FRANK FOREST.

Rain. Now, Frank, how stole you from your father's
arms ?

You have been school'd, no doubt. Fie, fie upon't.
Ere I would live in such base servitude
To an old greybeard ; 'sfoot I'd hang myself.
A man cannot be merry, and drink drunk,
But he must be control'd by gravity.

Frank. O pardon him ; you know, he is my father.
And what he doth is but paternal love.
Though I be wild, I'm not yet so past reason
His person to despise, though I his counsel
Cannot severely follow.

Rain. 'Sfoot, he is a fool.

Frank. A fool ! you are a—

Fost. Nay, gentlemen—

Frank. Yet I restrain my tongue,
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,
And no deliberate malice ; and it may be
You are sorry that a word so unreverent,
To wrong so good an aged gentleman,
Should pass you unawares.

Rain. Sorry, Sir Boy ! you will not take exceptions ?

Frank. Not against you with willingness, whom I
Have loved so long. Yet you might think me a

Most duitless and ungracious son to give
Smooth countenance unto my father's wrong.

Come, I dare swear

'Twas not your malice, and I take it so.

Let's frame some other talk. Hear, gentlemen—

Rain. But hear me, Boy! it seems, Sir, you are
angry—

Frank. Not thoroughly yet—

Rain. Then what would anger thee?

Frank. Nothing from you.

Rain. Of all things under heaven
What would'st thou loathest have me do?

Frank. I would
Not have you wrong my reverent father; and
I hope you will not.

Rain. Thy father's an old dotard.

Frank. I would not brook this at a monarch's hand,
Much less at thine.

Rain. Aye, Boy? then take you that.

Frank. Oh I am slain.

Good. Sweet Cuz, what have you done? Shift for
yourself.

Rain. Away.— [*Exeunt.*

Enter TWO DRAWERS.

1st Dr. Stay the gentlemen, they have killed a man!
O sweet Mr. Francis. One run to his father's.

2nd Dr. Hark, hark! I hear his father's voice below,
'tis ten to one he is come to fetch him home
to supper, and now he may carry him home to
his grave.

Enter the HOST, OLD FOREST, and SUSAN his daughter.

Host. You must take comfort, Sir.

For. Is he dead, is he dead, girl?

Sus. Oh dead, Sir, Frank is dead.

For. Alas, alas, my boy ! I have not the heart
To look upon his wide and gaping wounds.
Pray tell me, Sir, does this appear to you
Fearful and pitiful—to you that are
A stranger to my dead boy ?

Host. How can it otherwise ?

For. O me most wretched of all wretched men !
If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds
Appear so grisly and so lamentable,
How will they seem to me that am his father ?
Will they not hale my eye-brows from their rounds,
And with an everlasting blindness strike them ?

Sus. Oh, Sir, look here.

For. Dost long to have me blind ?
Then I'll behold them, since I know thy mind.
Oh me !

Is this my son that doth so senseless lie,
And swims in blood ? my soul shall fly with his
Unto the land of rest. Behold I crave,
Being kill'd with grief, we both may have one grave.

Sus. Alas, my father's dead too ! gentle Sir,
Help to retire his spirits, over travail'd
With age and sorrow.

Host. Mr. Forest—

Sus. Father—

For. What says my girl ? good morrow. What's a
clock,
That you are up so early ? call up Frank ;
Tell him he lies too long a bed this morning.
He was wont to call the sun up, and to raise
The early lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds.
Will he not up ? rise, rise, thou sluggish boy.

Sus. Alas, he cannot, father.

For. Cannot, why ?

Sus. Do you not see his bloodless colour pale?

For. Perhaps he's sickly, that he looks so pale.

Sus. Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep,
How still he lies?

For. Then is he fast asleep.

Sus. Do you not see his fatal eye-lid close?

For. Speak softly; hinder not his soft repose.

Sus. Oh see you not these purple conduits run?
Know you these wounds?

For. Oh me! my murder'd son!

Enter young MR. FOREST.

Y. For. Sister!

Sus. O brother, brother!

Y. For. Father, how cheer you, Sir? why, you were
wont

To store for others comfort, that by sorrow
Were any ways distress'd. Have you all wasted,
And spared none to yourself?

O. For. O Son, Son, Son,
See, alas, see where thy brother lies.
He dined with me to day, was merry, merry,
Aye, that corpse was; he that lies here, see here,
Thy murder'd brother and my son was. Oh see,
Dost thou not weep for him?

Y. For. I shall find time;
When you have took some comfort, I'll begin
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin.

O. For. Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight,
And did outlive it? never, son, ah never,
From mortal breast ran such a precious river.

Y. For. Come, father, and dear sister, join with me;
Let us all learn our sorrows to forget.
He owed a death, and he hath paid that debt.

[If I were to be consulted as to a Reprint of our Old English Dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected Plays of Heywood. He was a fellow Actor, and fellow Dramatist, with Shakspeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter ; but in all those qualities which gained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion ; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness ; Christianity ; and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianity ; shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakspeare, but only more conspicuous, inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. I love them both equally, but Shakspeare has most of my wonder. Heywood should be known to his countrymen, as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English. I am sometimes jealous, that Shakspeare laid so few of his scenes at home. I laud Ben Jonson, for that in one instance having framed the first draught of his *Every Man in his Humour* in Italy, he changed the scene, and Anglicised his characters. The names of them in the First Edition, may not be unamusing.

Men.

Lorenzo, Sen.
 Lorenzo, Jun.
 Prospero.
 Thorello.
 Stephano (Master Stephen).
 Dr. Clement (Justice Clement).
 Bobadilla (Bodadil).
 Musco.
 Cob (the same in English).
 Peto.
 Pizo.
 Matheo (Master Mathew).

Women.

Guilliana.
 Biancha.
 Hesperida.
 Tib (the same in English).

How say you, Reader ? do not Master Kitely, Mistress Kitely, Master Knowell, Brainworm, &c. read better than these Cisalpines ?]

THE GAME AT CHESS: A COMEDY. BY THOMAS
MIDDLETON, 1624.

*Popish Priest to a great Court Lady, whom he hopes to make a
Convert of.*

Let me contemplate ;
With holy wonder season my access,
And by degrees approach the sanctuary
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more Catholical aspect. That eye
Doth promise single life, and meek obedience.
Upon those lips (the sweet fresh buds of youth)
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose. How beauteously
A gentle fast (not rigorously imposed)
Would look upon that cheek ; and how delightful
The courteous physic of a tender penance,
(Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride), to beat down frailty !

THE VIRGIN WIDOW: A COMEDY, 1649: THE ONLY
PRODUCTION, IN THAT KIND, OF FRANCIS
QUARLES, AUTHOR OF EMBLEMS.

Song.

How blest are they that waste their weary hours
In solemn groves and solitary bowers,
Where neither eye nor ear
Can see or hear

The frantic mirth
 And false delights of frolic earth ;
 Where they may sit, and pant,
 And breathe their pursy souls ;
 Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want
 Afflicts, nor sullen care controuls.
 Away false joys ; ye murther where ye kiss :
 There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

ADRASTA : A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY JOHN JONES, 1635.

Dirge.

Die, die, ah die !
 We all must die :
 'Tis Fate's decree :
 Then ask not why.
 When we were framed, the Fates consultedly
 Did make this law, that all things born should die.
 Yet Nature strove,
 And did deny
 We should be slaves
 To Destiny.
 At which, they heapt
 Such misery ;
 That Nature's self
 Did wish to die :
 And thank their goodness, that they would foresee
 To end our cares with such a mild decree.

Another.

Come, Lovers, bring your cares,
 Bring sigh-perfumed sweets ;
 Bedew the grave with tears,
 Where Death with Virtue meets.

Sigh for the hapless hour,
 That knit two hearts in one;
 And only gave Love power
 To die, when 'twas begun.

TANCRED AND GISMUND: ACTED BEFORE THE COURT
 BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INNER TEMPLE, 1591.

A Messenger brings to Gismund a cup from the King her Father, enclosing the heart of her Lord, whom she had espoused without his sanction.

Mess. Thy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath
 sent

The thing to joy and comfort thee withal,
 Which thou lovedst best: ev'n as thou wast content
 To comfort him with his best joy of all.

Gis. I thank my father, and thee, gentle Squire;
 For this thy travail: take thou for thy pains
 This bracelet, and commend me to the King.

* * * *

So, now is come the long-expected hour,
 The fatal hour I have so looked for.
 Now hath my father satisfied his thirst
 With guiltless blood, which he so coveted.
 What brings this cup? aye me, I thought no less;
 It is my Earl's, my County's pierced heart.
 Dear heart, too dearly hast thou bought my love
 Extremely rated at too high a price.
 Ah my dear heart, sweet wast thou in thy life.
 But in thy death thou provest passing sweet.
 A fitter hearse than this of beaten gold
 Could not be lotted to so good a heart.
 My father therefore well provided thus

To close and wrap thee up in massy gold
And therewithal to send thee unto me,
To whom of duty thou dost best belong.
My father hath in all his life bewrayed
A princely care and tender love to me
But this surpasseth, in his latter days
To send me this mine own dear heart to me.
Wert not thou mine, dear heart, whilst that my love
Danced and play'd upon thy golden strings?
Art thou not mine, dear heart, now that my love
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings?
Thou art mine own, and still mine own shall be,
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.
Ah pleasant harbourer of my heart's thought!
Ah sweet delight, the quickener of my soul!
Seven times accursed be the hand that wrought
Thee this despite, to mangle thee so foul;
Yet in this wound I see my own true love,
And in this wound thy magnanimity,
And in this wound I see thy constancy.
Go, gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tomb;
Receive this token as thy last farewell.

(She kisseth it.)

Thy own true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting hasteth for thy company.
Thus hast thou run, poor heart, thy mortal race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's snares,
Thus hast thou lost this world and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withal,
Receiv'd a golden grave to thy desert.
Nothing doth want to thy just funeral,
But my salt tears to wash thy bloody wound;
Which to the end thou mightst receive, behold,
My father sends thee in this cup of gold:
And thou shalt have them; though I was resolved

To shed no tears ; but with a cheerful face
 Once did I think to wet thy funeral
 Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.
 This done, my soul forthwith shall fly to thee ;
 For therefore did my father send thee me.

[Nearly a century after the date of this Drama, Dryden produced his admirable version of the same story from Boccacio. The speech here extracted may be compared with the corresponding passage in the *Sigismonda* and *Guiscardo*, with no disadvantage to the elder performance. It is quite as weighty, as pointed, and as passionate.]

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGDON: A COMEDY
 BY HENRY PORTER, 1599.

Proverb-monger.

This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but Proverbs ;
 And, speak men what they can to him, he'll answer
 With some rhyme-rotten sentence, or old saying,
 Such spokes as th' Ancient of the Parish use
 With " Neighbour, it's an old proverb and a true,
 Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new :"
 Then says another, " Neighbour, that is true."
 And when each man hath drunk his gallon round,
 (A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon),
 Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,
 That's glued together with the slaverling drops
 Of yesty ale ; and when he scarce can trim
 His gouty fingers, thus he'll fillip it,
 And with a rotten hem say, " Hey my hearts,"
 " Merry go sorry," " Cock and Pye, my hearts ;"
 And then their saving-penny-proverb comes,

And that is this, "They that will to the wine,
By'r Lady, mistress, shall lay their penny to mine."
This was one of this penny-father's bastards;
For on my life he never was begot
Without the consent of some great Proverb-monger.

She Wit.

Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush
The boldest face of man that ever man saw.
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his brain-pan fraught with bitter jests
(Or of his own, or stol'n, or howsoever),
Let him stand ne'er so high in's own conceit,
Her wit's a sun that melts him down like butter,
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,
Flat, flat, and ne'er a word to say;
Yet she'll not leave him then, but like a tyrant
She'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,
And so be-bang him with dry bobs and scoffs,
When he is down (most cowardly, good faith!)
As I have pitied the poor patient.
There came a Farmer's Son a wooing to her,
A proper man, well-landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to ask
What time a year 'twere need to sow his oats,
Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reap,
To plow his fallows, or to fell his trees,
Well experienced thus each kind of way;
After a two months' labour at the most,
(And yet 'twas well he held it out so long),
He left his Love; she had so laced his lips,
He could say nothing to her but "God be with ye."
Why, she, when men have dined, and call'd for cheese
Will strait maintain jests bitter to digest;
And then some one will fall to argument,

Who if he over-master her with reason,
Then she'll begin to buffet him with mocks.

Master Goursey proposes to his Son a Wife.

Frank Goursey. Ne'er trust me, father, the shape of
marriage,
Which I do see in others, seems so severe,
I dare not put my youngling liberty
Under the awe of that instruction ;
And yet I grant, the limits of free youth
Going astray are often restrain'd by that.
But Mistress Wedlock, to my summer thoughts,
Will be too curst, I fear : O should she snip
My pleasure-aiming mind, I shall be sad ;
And swear, when I did marry, I was mad.

Old Goursey. But, boy, let my experience teach thee
this ;
(Yet in good faith thou speak'st not much amiss) ;
When first thy mother's fame to me did come,
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son,
And ev'n my words to thee to me he said ;
And, as thou say'st to me, to him I said,
But in a greater huff and hotter blood :
I tell ye, on youth's tiptoes then I stood.
Says he (good faith, this was his very say),
When I was young, I was but Reason's fool ;
And went to wedding, as to Wisdom's school :
It taught me much, and much I did forget ;
But, beaten much by it, I got some wit :
Though I was shackled from an often-scout,
Yet I would wanton it, when I was out ;
'Twas comfort old acquaintance then to meet,
Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet.
Thus said my father to thy father, son ;
And thou may'st do this too, as I have done.

Wandering in the dark all night.

O when will this same Year of Night have end?
Long-look'd for Day's sun, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this thief-friend misty veil of night
Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light;
Whilst thou comest tardy from thy Thetis' bed,
Blushing forth golden-hair and glorious red.
O stay not long, bright lantern of the day,
To light my mist-way feet to my right way.

[The pleasant Comedy, from which these Extracts are taken, is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakspeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the Comedy of Errors, or the Taming of the Shrew, for instance. It is full of business, humour and merry malice. Its night-scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful. The versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets. Why do we go on with ever new Editions of Ford, and Massinger, and the thrice reprinted Selections of Dodsley? what we want is as many volumes more, as these latter consist of, filled with plays (such as this), of which we know comparatively nothing. Not a third part of the Treasures of old English Dramatic literature has been exhausted. Are we afraid that the genius of Shakspeare would suffer in our estimate by the disclosure? He would indeed be somewhat lessened as a miracle and a prodigy. But he would lose no height by the confession. When a Giant is shown to us, does it detract from the curiosity to be told that he has at home a gigantic brood of brethren, less only than himself? Along *with* him, not *from* him, sprang up the race of mighty Dramatists who, compared with the Otways and Rowses that followed, were as Miltons to a Young or an Akenside. That he was their elder Brother, not their Parent, is evident from the fact of the very few direct imitations of him to be found in their writings. Webster, Decker, Heywood, and the rest of his great contemporaries went on their own ways, and followed their individual impulses, not blindly prescribing to themselves his tract. Marlowe, the true (though imperfect)

Father of our *tragedy*, preceded him. The *comedy* of Fletcher is essentially unlike to that of his. 'Tis out of no detracting spirit that I speak thus, for the plays of Shakspeare have been the strongest and the sweetest food of my mind from infancy ; but I resent the comparative obscurity in which some of his most valuable co-operators remain, who were his dear intimates, his stage and his chamber-fellows while he lived, and to whom his gentle spirit doubtlessly then awarded the full portion of their genius, as from them toward himself appears to have been no grudging of his acknowledged excellence.]

THE FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE: A COMEDY.
BY THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1637.

*Cripple offers to fit Frank Golding with ready made Love
Epistles.*

Frank. Of thy own writing ?

Crip. My own, I assure you, Sir.

Frank. Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book or
other,

And now would'st make me think they are thy own.

Crip. Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a Letter,
Ditty, or Sonnet, with judicial phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, and pathological,
As the best Ovid-imitating dunce
In the whole town ?

Frank. I think thou canst not.

Crip. Yea, I'll swear I cannot.
Yet, Sirrah, I could coney-catch the world,
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,
And be admired for my dexterity,
Were I disposed.

Frank. I prithee, how ?

Crip. Why, thus, There lived a Poet in this town
(If we may term our modern writers Poets),
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued ; his pen, of steel ;
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice
And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew ;
He never wrote but when the elements
Of fire and water tilted in his brain.
This fellow, ready to give up his ghost
To Lucia's bosom, did bequeath to me
His Library, which was just nothing
But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Paul's Church Yard.
Amongst 'em all I lighted on a quire
Or two of paper, fill'd with Songs and Ditties.
And here and there a hungry Epigram ;
These I reserve to my own proper use,
And Pater-noster-like have conn'd them all.
I could now, when I am in company,
At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary,
Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty
(Or one at least should seem extemporal),
Out of the abundance of this Legacy,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sudden wit,
And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a piece of cunning.

Crip. I could do more ; for I could make enquiry,
Where the best-witted gallants use to dine,
Follow them to the tavern, and there sit
In the next room with a calve's head and brimstone,
And over-hear their talk, observe their humours,
Collect their jests, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I have filch'd from them. This I could do.
But O for shame that man should so arraign

Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft !
 Yet men there be that have done this and that,
 And more by much more than the most of them *.

After this specimen of the pleasanter vein of Heywood, I am tempted to extract some lines from his " Hierarchie of Angels, 1634 ;" not strictly as a Dramatic Poem, but because the passage contains a string of names, all but that of *Watson*, his contemporary Dramatists. He is complaining in a mood half serious, half comic, of the disrespect which Poets in his own times meet with from the world, compared with the honours paid them by Antiquity. *Then* they could afford them three or four sonorous names, and at full length ; as to Ovid, the addition of Publius Naso Sulmensis ; to Seneca, that of Lucius Annæas Cordubensis ; and the like. *Now*, says he,

Our modern Poets to that pass are driven,
 Those names are curtail'd which they first had given ;
 And, as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,
 We scarcely can afford them half their sound.
 Greene, who had in both Academies ta'en
 Degree of Master, yet could never gain
 To be call'd more than Robin : who, had he
 Profest ought save the Muse, served, and been free

* The full title of this Play is " The Fair Maid of the Exchange, with the Humours of the Cripple of Fenchurch." The above Satire against some Dramatic Plagiarists of the time, is put into the mouth of the Cripple, who is an excellent fellow, and the Hero of the Comedy. Of his humour this extract is a sufficient specimen ; but he is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body ; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing his Mistress (the Fair Maid) from three robbers by the main force of one crutch lustily applied ; and the former by his foregoing the advantages which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesse in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend Golding, more worthy of her beauty, than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a Character ; and some luck in finding a sufficient Actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the Noble Cripple.

After a sev'n years 'prenticeship, might have
 (With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.
 Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
 Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit;
 Although his Hero and Leander did
 Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
 Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson; though he wrote
 Able to make Apollo's self to dote
 Upon his Muse; for all that he could strive,
 Yet never could to his full name arrive.
 Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteem)
 Could not a second syllable redeem.
 Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
 Of the rarest wits, was never more than Frank.
 Mellifluous SHAKSPEARE, whose enchanting quill
 Commanded mirth or passion, was but WILL;
 And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
 Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
 Fletcher, and Webster, of that learned pack
 None of the meanest, neither was but Jack;
 Decker but Tom; nor May, nor Middleton;
 And he's now but Jack Ford, that once were John.

[Possibly our Poet was a little sore, that this contemptuous curtailment of their Baptismal Names was chiefly exercised upon his Poetical Brethren of the *Drama*. We hear nothing about Sam Daniel, or Ned Spenser, in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the Dramatic Poets, as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the Stage Actors. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness, as we say Harry the Fifth, rather than Henry, when we would express good-will?—as himself says, in those reviving words put into his mouth by Shakspeare, where he would comfort and confirm his doubting brothers:—

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
 But Harry, Harry!

And doubtless Heywood had an indistinct conception of this

truth, when, (coming to his own name), with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one that, not satirically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say:—

Nor speak I this, that any here exprest
Should think themselves less worthy than the rest
Whose names have their full syllables and sound ;
Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Think others what they please) accept that heart,
Which courts my love in most familiar phrase ;
And that it takes not from my pains or praise,
If any one to me so bluntly come :
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

JACK DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT : A COMEDY. AUTHOR
UNKNOWN, 1601.

The free humour of a Noble Housekeeper.

Fortune (a Knight). I was not born to be my cradle's
drudge,
To choke and stifle up my pleasure's breath.
To poison with the venom'd cares of thrift
My private sweet of life : only to scrape
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren virtues of my progeny,
And make them sprout 'spite of their want of worth ;
No, I do wish my girls should wish me live ;
Which few do wish that have a greedy sire,
But still expect, and gape with hungry lip,
When he'll give up his gouty stewardship.

Friend. Then I wonder,
You not aspire unto the eminence
And height of pleasing life. To Court, to Court—

There burnish, there spread, there stick in pomp,
Like a bright diamond in a Lady's brow.

There plant your fortunes in the flow'ring spring,
And get the Sun before you of Respect.

There trench yourself within the people's love,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace.

What's wealth, without respect and mounted place?

Fort. Worse and worse !—I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeez'd with my own weight,
Nor hoist up all my sails to catch the wind
Of the drunk reeling Commons. I labour not
To have an awful presence, nor be feared,
Since who is fear'd still fears to be so feared.

I care not to be like the Horeb calf,
One day adored, and next pasht all in pieces.

Nor do I envy Polyphemian puffs,
Switzers' slopt greatness. I adore the Sun,
Yet love to live within a temperate zone.

Let who will climb ambitious glibbery rounds,
And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,
I'll not corrival him. The sun will give

As great a shadow to my trunk as his ;
And after death, like Chessmen having stood
In play, for Bishops some, for Knights, and Pawns,
We all together shall be tumbled up
Into one bag,

Let hush'd-calm quiet rock my life asleep ;
And, being dead, my own ground press my bones ;
Whilst some old Beldame, hobbling o'er my grave,
May mumble thus :

“ Here lies a Knight whose Money was his slave.”

THE CHANGES : A COMEDY. BY JAMES SHIRLEY, 1632.

Excess of Epithets, enfeebling to Poetry.

Friend. Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me,

Have your verses any Adjectives ?

Caperwit. Adjectives ! would you have a poem without

Adjectives ? they're the flower, the grace of all our language.

A well-chosen Epithet doth give new soul
To fainting poesy, and makes every verse
A Bride ! With Adjectives we bait our lines,
When we do fish for Gentlewomen's loves,
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear
Of amorous ladies ; with the music of
These ravishing nouns we charm the silken tribe,
And make the Gallant melt with apprehension
Of the rare Word. I will maintain 't against
A bundle of Grammarians, in Poetry
The Substantive itself cannot *subsist*
Without its Adjective.

Friend. But for all that,
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are
not

So larded ; and if I might counsel you,
You should compose a Sonnet clean without 'em.
A row of stately Substantives would march
Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em ;
Carry their weight ; shew fair, like Deeds Enroll'd ;
Not Writs, that are first made and after fill'd.
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse ;—

You know, Sir, what Blank signifies?—when the sense,
 First framed, is tied with Adjectives like points,
 And could not hold together without wedges :
 Hang 't, 'tis pedantic, vulgar Poetry.
 Let children, when they versify, stick here
 And there these piddling words for want of matter.
 Poets write Masculine Numbers.

THE GUARDIAN: A COMEDY. BY ABRAHAM COWLEY,
 1650 *.

Doggrell, the Foolish Poet, described.

Cutter. ——— the very emblem of poverty and poor poetry. The feet are worse patched of his rhymes than of his stockings. If one line forget itself, and run out beyond his elbow, while the next keeps at home (like *him*), and dares not show his head, he calls that an Ode. * * *

Tabitha. Nay, they mocked and fleered at us, as we sung the Psalm the last Sunday night.

Cutt. That was that mungrel Rhymer; by this light he envies his brother poet John Sternhold, because he cannot reach his heights. * * *

* This was the first Draught of that which he published afterwards under the title of the “Cutter of Coleman Street;” and contains the character of a Foolish Poet, omitted in the latter. I give a few scraps of this character, both because the Edition is scarce, and as furnishing no unsuitable corollary to the critical admonitions in the preceding Extract.—The “Cutter” has always appeared to me the link between the Comedy of Fletcher and of Congreve. In the elegant passion of the Love Scenes it approaches the former; and Puny (the character substituted for the omitted Poet) is the Prototype of the half-witted Wits, the Brisks and Dapper Wits, of the latter.

Dogg. (*reciting his own verses.*) Thus pride doth
still with beauty dwell,
And like the Baltic ocean swell.

Blade. Why the Baltic, Doggrell?

Dogg. Why the Baltic!—this 'tis not to have read the
Poets. * * *

She looks like Niobe on the mountain's top.

Cutt. That Niobe, Doggrell, you have used worse
than Phœbus did. Not a dog looks melancholy but he's
compared to Niobe. He beat a villainous Tapster t'other
day, to make him look like Niobe.

THE BRAZEN AGE: AN HISTORICAL PLAY. BY
THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1613.

Venus courts Adonis.

Ven. Why doth Adonis fly the Queen of Love,
And shun this ivory girdle of my arms?
To be thus scarf'd the dreadful God of War
Would give me conquer'd kingdoms. For a kiss,
But half like this, I could command the Sun
Rise 'fore his hour, to bed before his time;
And, being love-sick, change his golden beams,
And make his face pale as his sister Moon.
Look on me, Adon, with a stedfast eye,
That in these crystal glasses I may see
My beauty that charms Gods, makes Men amaz'd
And stown'd with wonder. Doth this roseat pillow
Offend my Love?
With my white fingers will I clap thy cheek;
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thy ear.

Adon. Madam, you are not modest. I affect
The unseen beauty that adorns the mind :
This looseness makes you foul in Adon's eye.
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Read blushfulness and fear ; a modest fear
Would make your cheek seem much more beautiful.

Ven. ——— wert thou made of stone,
I have heat to melt thee ; I am Queen of Love.
There is no practice art of dalliance
Of which I am not mistress, and can use.
I have kisses that can murder unkind words,
And strangle hatred that the gall sends forth ;
Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits half dead ;
Words that can pour affection down thy cars.
Love me ! thou canst not chuse ; thou shalt not chuse.

Adon. Madam, you woo not well. Men covet not
These proffer'd pleasures, but love sweets denied.
These prostituted pleasures surfeit still ;
Where's fear, or doubt, men sue with best good will.

Ven. Thou canst instruct the Queen of Love in love.
Thou shalt not, Adon, take me by the hand ;
Yet, if thou needs will force me, take my palm.
I'll frown on him : alas ! my brow's so smooth,
It will not bear a wrinkle.—Hie thee hence
Unto the chace, and leave me ; but not yet :
I'll sleep this night npon Endymion's bank,
On which the Swain was courted by the Moon.
Dare not to come ; thou art in our disgrace :
Yet, if thou come, I can afford thee place !

Phæbus jeers Vulcan.

Vul. Good morrow, Phæbus ; what's the news
abroad ?—
For thou seest all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the sight of sun.

Phæb. Sometime I cast my eye upon the sea,
 To see the tumbling seal or porpoise play.
 There see I merchants trading, and their sails
 Big-bellied with the wind ; sea fights sometimes
 Rise with their smoke-thick clouds to dark my beams ;
 Sometimes I fix my face upon the earth,
 With my warm fervour to give metals, trees,
 Herbs, plants and flower, life. Here in gardens walk
 Loose Ladies with their Lovers arm in arm.
 Yonder the laboring Plowman drives his team.
 Further I may behold main battles picht ;
 And whom I favour most (by the wind's help)
 I can assist with my transparent rays.
 Here spy I cattle feeding ; forests there
 Stored with wild beasts ; here shepherds with their lasses,
 Piping beneath the trees while their flocks graze.
 In cities I see trading, walking, bargaining,
 Buying and selling, goodness, badness, all things—
 And shine alike on all.

Vul. Thrice happy Phœbus,
 That, whilst poor Vulcan is confin'd to Lemnos,
 Hast every day these pleasures. What news else ?

Phæb. No Emperor walks forth, but I see his state ;
 Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold.
 I see all coronations, funerals,
 Marts, fairs, assemblies, pageants, sights and shows.
 No hunting, but I better see the chace
 Than they that rouse the game. What see I not ?
 There's not a window, but my beams break in ;
 No chink or cranny, but my rays pierce through ;
 And there I see, O Vulcan, wond'rous things :
 Things that thyself, nor any God besides,
 Would give belief to.
 And, shall I tell thee, Vulcan, t'other day
 What I beheld ?—I saw the great God Mars—

Vul. God Mars—

Phæb. As I was peeping through a cranny, abed—

Vul. Abed! with whom?—some pretty Wench, I warrant.

Phæb. She was a pretty Wench.

Vul. Tell me, good Phœbus,
That, when I meet him, I may flout God Mars;
Tell me, but tell me truly, on thy life.

Phæb. Not to dissemble, Vulcan, 'twas thy wife!

The Peers of Greece go in quest of Hercules, and find him in woman's weeds, spinning with Omphale.

Jason. Our business was to Theban Hercules.
'Twas told us, he remain'd with Omphale,
The Theban Queen.

Telamon. Speak, which is Omphale? or which Alcides?

Pollux. Lady, our purpose was to Hercules;
Shew us the man.

Omp. Behold him here.

Atreus. Where?

Omph. There, at his task.

Jas. Alas, *this* Hercules!
This is some base effeminate Groom, not he
That with his puissance frightened all the earth.

Her. Hath Jason, Nestor, Castor, Telamon,
Atreus, Pollux, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.

Jas. Woman, we know thee not:
We came to seek the Jove-born Hercules,
That in his cradle strangled Juno's snakes,
And triumph'd in the brave Olympic games.
He that the Cleonean lion slew,
Th' Erimanthian bear, the bull of Marathon,
The Lernean hydra, and the winged hart.

Tel. We would see the Theban
That Cacus slew, Busiris sacrificed,
And to his horses hurl'd stern Diomrd
To be devour'd.

Pol. That freed Hesione
From the sea whale, and after ransack'd Troy,
And with his own hand slew Laomedon.

Nes. He by whom Dercilus and Albion fell;
He that Cæcilia and Betricia won.

Atr. That monstrous Geryon with his three heads
vanquisht,
With Linus, Lichas that usurpt in Thebes,
And captived there his beauteous Megara.

Pol. That Hercules by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great Achelous, the Stymphalides,
And the Cremona giants: where is he?

Tel. That trait'rous Nessus with a shaft transfixt,
Strangled Antheus, purged Augeus' stalls,
Won the bright apples of th' Hesperides.

Jas. He that the Amazonian baldrick won;
That Achelous with his club subdued,
And won from him the Pride of Caledon,
Fair Deianeira, that now mourns in Thebes
For absence of the noble Hercules!

Atr. To him we came; but, since he lives not here,
Come, Lords; we will return these presents back
Unto the constant Lady, whence they came.

Her. Stay, Lords—

Jas. 'Mongst women?—

Her. For that Theban's sake,
Whom you profess to love, and came to seek,
Abide awhile; and by my love to Greece,
I'll bring before you that lost Hercules,
For whom you came to enquire.

Tel. It works, it works—

Her. How have I lost myself!
 Did we all this? Where is that spirit become,
 That was in us? no marvel, Hercules,
 That thou be'st strange to them, that thus disguised
 Art to thyself unknown!—hence with this distaff,
 And base effeminate chares; hence, womanish tires;
 And let me once more be myself again.
 Your pardon, Omphale!

[I cannot take leave of this Drama without noticing a touch of the truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is wasting away by the operation of the fatal brand, administered to him by his wretched Mother.

My flame encreaseth still—Oh Father Æneus;
 And you, Althea, whom I would call Mother,
 But that my genius prompts me thou'rt unkind:
And yet farewell!

What is the boasted “Forgive me, but forgive me!” of the dying wife of Shore in Rowe, compared with these three little words?]

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR: A TRAGEDY, 1594.

Muly Mahamet, driven from his throne into a desert, robs the Lioness to feed his fainting Wife Calipolis.

Muly. Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more.
 This flesh I forced from a Lioness;
 Meat of a Princess, for a Princess' meat.
 Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
 Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
 Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
 Pined not in melancholy or childish fear;
 But, as brave minds are strongest in extremes,

So she, redoubling her former force,
 Ranged through the woods, and rent the breeding vaults
 Of proudest savages, to save herself.
 Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;
 For, rather than fierce famine shall prevail
 To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,
 The conquering Lioness shall attend on thee,
 And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcasses
 As bulwarks in her way to keep her back.
 I will provide thee of a princely Ospray,
 That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
 The fish shall turn their glistering bellies up,
 And thou shall take the liberal choice of all.
 Jove's stately Bird with wide-commanding wings
 Shall hover still about thy princely head,
 And beat down fowls by shoals into thy lap.
 Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.

[This address, for its barbaric splendor of conception, extravagant vein of promise, not to mention some idiomatic peculiarities, and the very structure of the verse, savours strongly of Marlowe; but the real author, I believe, is unknown.]

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM. BY JOHN
 KIRK. ACTED 1638.

Calib, the Witch, in the opening Scene, in a Storm.

Calib. Ha! louder a little; so, that burst was well.
 Again; ha, ha! house, house your heads, ye fear-
 -struck mortal fools, when Calib's consort plays
 A hunts-up to her. How rarely doth it languell
 In mine ears! these are mine organs; the toad,
 The bat, the raven, and the fell whistling bird,

Are all my anthem-singing quiristers.
Such sapless roots, and liveless wither'd woods,
Are pleasanter to me than to behold
The jocund month of May, in whose green head of youth
The amorous Flora strews her various flowers,
And smiles to see how brave she has deckt her girl.
But pass we May, as game for fangled fools,
That dare not set a foot in Art's dark, se-
-cret, and bewitching path, as Calib has.
Here is my mansion.
Within the rugged bowels of this cave,
This crag, this cliff, this den ; which to behold
Would freeze to ice the hissing trammels of Medusa.
Yet here enthroned I sit, more richer in my spells
And potent charms, than is the stately Mountain Queen,
Drest with the beauty of her sparkling gems,
To vie a lustre 'gainst the heavenly lamps.
But we are sunk in these antipodes ; so choakt
With darkness is great Calib's cave, that it
Can stifle day. It can?—it shall—for we do loath the
light ;
And, as our deeds are black, we hug the night.
But where's this Boy, my GEORGE, my Love, my Life,
Whom Calib lately dotes on more than life ?
I must not have him wander from my love
Farther than summons of my eye, or beck,
Can call him back again. But 'tis my fiend-
-begotten and deform'd Issue*, misleads him :
For which I'll rock him in a storm of hail,
And dash him 'gainst the pavement on the rocky den ;
He must not lead my Joy astray from me.
The parents of that Boy, begetting him,

* A sort of young Caliban, her son, who presently enters, complaining of a "bloody coxcomb" which the Young Saint George had given him.

Begot and bore the issue of their deaths ;
 Which done*, the Child I stole,
 Thinking alone to triumph in his death,
 And bathe my body in his popular gore ;
 But dove-like Nature favour'd so the Child,
 That Calib's killing knife fell from her hand ;
 And, 'stead of stabs, I kiss'd the red-lipt Boy.

TWO TRAGEDIES IN ONE. BY ROBERT YARRINGTON,
 WHO WROTE IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

Truth, the Chorus, to the Spectators.

All you, the sad Spectators of this Act,
 Whose hearts do taste a feeling pensiveness
 Of this unheard-of savage massacre :
 Oh be far off to harbour such a thought,
 As this audacious murderer put in act !
 I see your sorrows flow up to the brim,
 And overflow your cheeks with brinish tears :
 But though this sight bring surfeit to the eye,
 Delight your ears with pleasing harmony,
 That ears may countercheck your eyes, and say,
 " Why shed you tears ? this deed is but a *Play* †."

*Murderer to his Sister, about to stow away the trunk of the body,
 having severed it from the limbs.*

Hark, Rachel ! I will cross the water strait,
 And fling this middle mention of a Man
 Into some ditch.

* Calib had killed the parents of the Young Saint George.

† The whole theory of the reason of our delight in Tragic Representations, which has cost so many elaborate chapters of Criticism, is condensed in these four last lines : *Aristotle quintessentialised*.

[It is curious, that this old Play comprises the distinct action of two Atrocities; the one a vulgar murder, committed in our own Thames Street, with the names and incidents truly and historically set down; the other a Murder in high life, supposed to be acting at the same time in Italy, the scenes alternating between that country and England: the Story of the latter is *mutatis mutandis* no other than that of our own "Babes in the Wood," transferred to Italy, from delicacy no doubt to some of the family of the rich Wicked Uncle, who might yet be living. The treatment of the two differs as the romance-like narratives in "God's Revenge against Murder," in which the Actors of the Murders (with the trifling exception that they *were Murderers*) are represented as most accomplished and every way amiable young Gentlemen of either sex—as much as *that* differs from the honest unglossing pages of the homely Newgate Ordinary.]

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS: A DRAMATIC PASTORAL. BY GEORGE PEEL, 1584.

Flora dresses Ida Hill, to honour the coming of the Three Goddesses.

Flora. Not Iris in her pride and bravery
Adorns her Arch with such variety;
Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
Along the bubbling brooks, and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers and lilies on the banks
Like blazing comets burgeon all in ranks;
Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth;

The double daisy, and the cowslip (Queen
 Of summer flowers), do over-peer the green ;
 And round about the valley as ye pass,
 Ye may ne see (for peeping flowers) the grass.—
 They are at hand by this.
 Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
 And hath return'd her peacocks by her Rainbow ;
 And bravely, as becomes the Wife of Jove,
 Doth honour by her presence to our grove :
 Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
 To tend on her, and make her melody ;
 Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
 And flicker near her side for company :
 Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
 Commanding them to wait when she hath need :
 And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
 To do us honour in the sylvan chace,
 They march, like to the pomp of heav'n above,
 Juno, the Wife and Sister of King Jove,
 The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

*The Muses, and Country Girls, assemble to welcome the
 Goddesses.*

Pomona. — with country store like friends we
 venture forth.

Think'st, Faunus, that these Goddesses will take our
 gifts in worth ?

Faun. Nay, doubtless ; for, 'shall tell thee, Dame,
 'twere better give a thing,

A sign of love, unto a mighty person, or a King,
 Than to a rude and barbarous swain both bad and basely
 born :

FOR GENTLY TAKES THE GENTLEMAN THAT OFT THE
 CLOWN WILL SCORN.

The Welcoming Song.

Country Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill !
This honour done to Ida may it continue still !

Muses. Ye Country Gods, that in this Ida wonne,
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

Gods. Behold in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.

Pan. The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your States :
Fair, wise, and worthy, as you be !
And thank the gracious Ladies Three,
For honour done to Ida.

PARIS. CENONE.

Par. Cenone, while we bin disposed to walk,
Tell me, what shall be subject of our talk ?
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store ;
'Dare say no nymph in Ida's woods hath more.
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

Cen. Paris, my heart's contentment, and my choice ;
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice ;
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Par. Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Cenone, for thy sake,
This idle task on me to undertake.

(*They sit under a tree together.*)

Æn. And whereon then shall be my roundelay ;
 For thou hast heard my store long since, 'dare say—
 How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho'
 To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below :
 How mighty men made foul successful war
 Against the Gods, and State of Jupiter :
 How Phorcyas' 'ympe, that was so trick and fair
 That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
 Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed ;—
 A pretty fable, Paris, for to read ;
 A piece of cunning, trust me for the nonce,
 That wealth and beauty alter men to stones :
 How Salmacis, resembling Idleness,
 Turns men to women all thro' wantonness :
 How Pluto raught Queen Pluto's daughter thence,
 And what did follow of that love-offence :
 Of Daphne turn'd into the Laurel Tree,
 That shews a myrror of virginity :
 How fair Narcissus, tooting on his shade,
 Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade :
 How cunning Philomela's needle tells,
 What force in love, what wit in sorrow, dwells :
 What pains unhappy Souls abide in Hell,
 They say, because on Earth they lived not well,—
 Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
 Prometheus' torment, and a many moe ;
 How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task ;
 What toil the toil of Sysiphus doth ask.

All these are old, and known, I know ; yet, if thou wilt
 have any,
 Chuse some of these ; for, trust me else, *Ænone* hath
 not many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt ; but since my cunning not
 compares with thine,
 Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Æn. There is a pretty Sonnet then, we call it CUPID'S
CURSE:

“ They that do change old love for new, pray Gods they
change for worse.”

(*They sing.*)

Æn. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Lady.

Par. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Lady.

Æn. My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's Curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (*repeated.*)
 { Fair, and fair, &c. }

Æn. My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
My Love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's Curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (*repeated.*)
 { Fair, and fair, &c. }

To my esteemed Friend, and excellent Musician, V. N., Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I conjure you, in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you,—rescue this old and passionate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old *forgotten Pastoral*, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of Writing—rescue it from the profane hands of every common Composer: and in one of your tranquilerest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts, which sometimes unworthily beset you; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy; laying by for once the lofty Organ, with which you shake the Temples; attune, as to the Pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and more love-according instrument, this pretty Courtship between Paris and his (then-not as yet-forsaken) CEnone. Oblige me; and all more knowing Judges of Music and of Poesy; by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest Love Dialogue in our language.

Your Implorer,

C. L.

THE CITY NIGHT-CAP: A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY
ROBERT DAVENPORT, 1651.

Lorenzo Medico suborns three Slaves to swear falsely to an adultery between his virtuous Wife Abstemia, and his Friend Philippo. They give their testimony before the Duke of Verona, and the Senators.

Phil. — how soon

Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,
Are levell'd below death!

Abst. Oh hark! did you not hear it?

Sen. What, Lady?

Abst. This hour a pair of glorious towers is fallen.
Two godly buildings beaten with a breath

Beneath the grave : you all have seen this day
A pair of souls both cast and kiss'd away.

Sen. What censure gives your Grace ?

Duke. In that I am kinsman
To the accuser, that I might not appear
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder,
If unto your Gravities I leave
The following sentence : but as Lorenzo stands
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.

Phil. Misery of goodness !

Abst. Oh Lorenzo Medico,
Abstemia's Lover once, when he did vow,
And when I did believe ; then when Abstemia
Denied so many princes for Lorenzo,
Then when you swore :—Oh maids, how men can weep,
Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,
And look so truly, and then weep again,
And then protest again, and again dissemble !—
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights, we grow stale ;
And find our comforts, like their wonder, fail.

Phil. Oh Lorenzo !

Look upon tears, each one of which well-valued
Is worth the pity of a king ; but thou
Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize
The precious waters of truth's injured eyes.

Lor. Please your Grace, proceed to censure.

Duke. Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set
down,

Against all contradiction : Signor Philipppo,
In that you have thus grossly, Sir, dishonour'd
Even our blood itself in this rude injury
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative
Implies death on your trespass ; but, (your merit
Of more antiquity than is your trespass,)

That death is blotted out ; perpetual banishment,
On pain of death if you return, for ever
From Verona and her signories.

Phil. Verona is kind.

Sen. Unto you, Madam,
This censure is allotted : your high blood
Takes off the danger of the law ; nay from
Even banishment itself : this Lord, your husband,
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing :
And in that the injury
Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence
To marry when and whom he pleases.

Abst. I thank ye,
That you are favorable unto my Love,
Whom yet I love and weep for.

Phil. Farewell, Lorenzo,
This breast did never yet harbour a thought
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man :
There's all the words that thou art worth. Of your
Grace
I humbly thus take leave. Farewell, my Lords ;—
And lastly farewell Thou, fairest of many,
Yet by far more unfortunate !—look up,
And see a crown held for thee ; win it, and die
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury.—
And so remember, Sir, your injured Lady
Has a brother yet in Venice.

Philippo, at an after-trial, challenges Lorenzo.

Phil. — in the integrity,
And glory of the cause, I throw the pawn
Of my afflicted honour ; and on that
I openly affirm your absent Lady
Chastity's well knit abstract ; snow in the fall,

Purely refined by the bleak northern blast,
Not freer from a soil ; the thoughts of infants
But little nearer heaven : and if these princes
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts
Injure another hour upon the Lady,
My right-drawn sword shall prove it.—

Abstemia, decoyed to a Brothel in Milan, is attempted by the Duke's Son.

Prince. Do you know me ?

Abst. Yes, Sir, report hath given intelligence,
You are the Prince, the Duke's son.

Prince. Both in one.

Abst. Report, sure,
Spoke but her native language. You are none
Of either.

Prince. How !

Abst. Were you the Prince, you would not sure be
slaved
To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon
For my rough language. Truth hath a forehead free
And in the tower of her integrity
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine,
'Twill appear possible you are the Prince ?
Why, when you set your foot first in this house,
You crush'd obedient duty unto death ;
And even then fell from you your respect.
Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel being madly raised on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.

Prince. If thou rail upon the place, prithee how
camest thou hither ?

Abst. By treacherous intelligence ; honest men so,
In the way ignorant, through thieves' purlieus go.—

Are you Son to such a Father?
 Send him to his grave then,
 Like a white almond tree, full of glad days
 With joy that he begot so good a Son.
 O Sir, methinks I see sweet Majesty
 Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows,
 To see you in this place. This is a cave
 Of scorpions and of dragons. Oh turn back;
 Toads here engender: 'tis the steam of death;
 The very air poisons a good man's breath.

Prince. Let me borrow goodness from thy lips. Fare-
 well!

Here's a new wonder; I've met heav'n in hell.

Undue Praise declined.

—— you are far too prodigal in praise,
 And crown me with the garlands of *your* merit;
 As we meet barks on rivers,—the strong gale
 Being best friends to us,—our own swift motion
 Makes us believe that t'other nimbler rows;
 Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

THE CONSPIRACY: A TRAGEDY. BY HENRY
 KILLIGREW, 1638. AUTHOR'S AGE 17.

*The Rightful Heir to the Crown kept from his inheritance: an
 Angel sings to him sleeping.*

Song.

While Morpheus thus does gently lay
 His powerful charge upon each part,
 Making thy spirits ev'n obey
 The silver charms of his dull art;

I, thy Good Angel, from thy side,—
 As smoke doth from the altar rise,
 Making no noise as it doth glide,—
 Will leave thee in this soft surprise ;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down
 A holy vision, to express
 Thy right unto an earthly crown ;
 No power can make this kingdom less.

But gently, gently, lest I bring
 A start in sleep by sudden flight,
 Playing aloof, and hovering,
 Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion still and soft ;
 So free from noise and cry,
 That Jove himself, who hears a thought,
 Knows not when we pass by.

TOTTENHAM COURT : A COMEDY. BY THOMAS
 NABBS. 1638.

Lovers Pursued.

WORTHGOOD, BELLAMIE, *as travelling together before
 daylight.*

Worth. Come, my Delight ; let not such painted griefs
 Press down thy soul : the darkness but presents
 Shadows of fear : which should secure us best
 From danger of pursuit.

Bell. Would it were day !
 My apprehension is so full of horror ;

I think each sound, the air's light motion
Makes in these thickets, is my Uncle's voice,
Threat'ning our ruins.

Worth. Let his rage persist
To enterprise a vengeance, we'll prevent it.
Wrapt in the arms of Night, that favours Lovers,
We hitherto have 'scaped his eager search ;
And are arrived near London. Sure I hear
The Bridge's cataracts, and such-like murmurs
As night and sleep yield from a populous number.

Bell. But when will it be day ? the light hath comfort ;
Our first of useful senses being lost,
The rest are less delighted.

Worth. Th' early Cock
Hath sung his summons to the day's approach :
'Twill instantly appear, Why startled, Bellamie ?

Bell. Did no amazing sounds arrive thy ear ?
Pray, listen.

Worth. Come, come ; 'tis thy fear suggests
Illusive fancies. Under Love's protection
We may presume of safety.

(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*

Bell. Aye me, 'tis sure my Uncle ; dear Love Worth-
good ?

Worth. Astonishment hath seiz'd my faculties.
My Love, my Bellamie, ha !

Bell. Dost thou forsake me, Worthgood ?
(*Exit, as losing him.*)

Worth. Where's my Love ?
Dart from thy silver crescent one fair beam
Through this black air, thou Governess of Night,
To shew me whither she is led by fear.
Thou envious Darkness, to assist us here,
And then prove fatal !

(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*

Worth. Silence your noise, ye clamorous ministers
 Of this injustice. Bellamie is lost ;
 She's lost to me. Not her fierce Uncle's rage,
 Who whets your eager aptness to pursue me
 With threats or promises ; nor his painted terrors
 Of laws' severity ; could ever work
 Upon the temper of my resolute soul
 To soften it to fear, till she was lost.
 Not all the illusive horrors, which the night
 Presents unto th' imagination,
 T' affright a guilty conscience, could possess me,
 While I possess'd my Love. 'The dismal shrieks
 Of fatal owls, and groans of dying mandrakes,
 Whilst her soft palm warm'd mine, were music to me.—
 Their light appears.—No safety does consist
 In passion or complaints. Night, let thine arms
 Again assist me ; and, if no kind minister
 Of better fate guide me to Bellamie,
 Be thou eternal.

(*Within.*) *Follow, follow, follow.*

BELLAMIE, *alone, in Marybone Park.*

Bell. The day begins to break ; and trembling
 Light,
 As if affrighted with this night's disaster,
 Steals thro' the farthest air, and by degrees
 Salutes my weary longings.—O, my Worthgood,
 Thy presence would have checkt these passions ;
 And shot delight thro' all the mists of sadness,
 To guide my fear safe thro' the paths of danger :
 Now fears assault me.—'Tis a woman's voice.
 She sings ; and in her music's cheerfulness
 Seems to express the freedom of a heart,
 Not chain'd to any passions.

Song, within.

What a dainty life the Milkmaid leads !
 When over the flowery meads
 She dabbles in the dew,
 And sings to her cow ;
 And feels not the pain
 Of Love or Disdain.
 She sleeps in the night, tho' she toils in the day,
 And merrily passeth her time away.

Bell. Oh, might I change my misery
 For such a shape of quiet !

THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK : AN HISTORICAL PLAY.
 BY T. HEYWOOD, 1631.

A Tragic Pursuit.

*The Duchess, with her little child, preparing to escape by night
 from the relentless persecution of the Romanists.*

Duch. (to the Nurse) Give me my child, and mantle ;—
 now Heaven's pleasure :
 Farewell ;—come life or death, I'll hug my treasure.
 Nay, chide not, pretty babe ; our enemies come :
 Thy crying will pronounce thy mother's doom.
 Be thou but still ;
 This gate may shade us from their envious will.
(*Exit.*)

(*A noise of Pursuers. She re-enters.*)

Duch. Oh fear, what art thou ? lend me wings to fly ;
 Direct me in this plunge of misery.
 Nature has taught the Child obedience ;
 Thou hast been humble to thy mother's wish.
 O let me kiss these duteous lips of thine,

That would not kill thy mother with a cry.
Now forward, whither heav'n directs ; for I
Can guide no better than thine infancy.
Here are two Pilgrims bound for Lyon Quay,*
And neither knows one footstep of the way.

(*Noise again heard.*)

Duch. Return you ? then 'tis time to shift me hence.

(*Exit, and presently re-enters.*)

Duch. Thus far, but heav'n knows where, we have
escaped

The eager pursuit of our enemies,
Having for guidance my attentive fear.
Still I look back, still start my tired feet,
Which never till now measured London street :
My Honours scorn'd that custom ; they would ride ;
Now forced to walk, more weary pain to bide.
Thou shalt not do so, child ; I'll carry thee
In Sorrow's arms to welcome misery.
Custom must steel thy youth with pinching want,
That thy great birth in age may bear with scant.
Sleep peaceably, sweet duck, and make no noise ;
Methinks each step is death's arresting voice.
We shall meet nurse anon ; a dug will come,
To please my quiet infant : when, nurse, when ?

*The Duchess, persecuted from place to place, with Berty, her
Husband, takes comfort from her Baby's smiles.*

Duch. Yet we have scaped the danger of our foes ;
And I, that whilom was exceeding weak
Through my hard travail in this infant's birth,
Am now grown strong upon necessity,
How forwards are we towards Windham Castle ?

* From which place she hopes to embark for Flanders.

Berty. Just half our way: but we have lost our friends,

Thro' the hot pursuit of our enemies.

Duch. We are not utterly devoid of friends;
Behold, the young Lord Willoughby smiles on us:
And 'tis great help to have a Lord our friend.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BEES.

[FURTHER EXTRACTS.]

OBERON. FLORA, *a Bee.*

Ober. A female Bee! thy character?

Flo. Flora, Oberon's Gardener,
Huswife both of herbs and flowers,
To strew thy shrine, and trim thy bowers,
With violets, roses, eglantine,
Daffadown, and blue columbine,
Hath forth the bosom of the Spring
Pluckt this nosegay, which I bring
From Eleusis (mine own shrine)
To thee, a Monarch all divine;
And, as true impost of my grove,
Present it to great Oberon's love.

Obe. Honey dew's refresh thy meads.
Cowslips spring with golden heads;
July-flowers and carnations wear
Leaves double-streakt, with maiden-hair;
May thy lilies taller grow,
Thy violets fuller sweetness owe;
And last of all, may Phœbus love
To kiss thee: and frequent thy grove

As thou in service true shalt be
Unto our crown and royalty.

Oberon holds a Court, in which he sentences the Wasp, the Drone, and the Humble-bee, for divers offences against the Commonwealth of Bees.

OBERON. PROREX, *his Viceroy, and other Bees.*

Pro. And whither must these flies be sent?

Ober. To Everlasting Banishment.

Underneath two hanging rocks
(Where babbling Echo sits and mocks
Poor travellers) there lies a grove,
With whom the Sun's so out of love,
He never smiles on't : pale Despair
Calls it his Monarchal Chair.
Fruit half-ripe hang rivell'd and shrunk
On broken arms, torn from the trunk :
The moorish pools stand empty, left
By water, stol'n by cunning theft
To hollow banks, driven out by snakes,
Adders, and newts, that man these lakes :
The mossy leaves, half-swelter'd, serv'd
As beds for vermin hunger-sterv'd :
The woods are yew-trees, bent and broke
By whirlwinds ; here and there an oak,
Half-cleft with thunder. To this grove
We banish them.

Culprits. Some mercy, Jove !

Ober. You should have cried so in your youth,
When Chronos and his daughter Truth
Sojourn'd among you ; when you spent
Whole years in riotous merriment.
Thrusting poor Bees out of their hives,
Seizing both honey, wax, and lives.

You should have call'd for mercy when
 You impaled common blossoms ; when,
 Instead of giving poor Bees food,
 You ate their flesh, and drank their blood.
 Fairies, thrust 'em to their fate.

*Oberon then confirms Prorex in his Government ; and breaks
 up Session.*

Ober. ——— now adieu !

Prorex shall again renew
 His potent reign : the massy world
 Which in glittering orbs is hurl'd
 About the poles, be Lord of : we
 Only reserve our Royalty—
Field Music *. Oberon must away ;
 For us our gentle Fairies stay :
 In the mountains and the rocks
 We'll hunt the Grey, and little Fox,
 Who destroy our lambs at feed,
 And spoil the nests where turtles feed.

DAVID AND BETHSABE : A SACRED DRAMA. BY
 GEORGE PEEL, 1599 .

NATHAN. DAVID.

Nath. Thus Nathan saith unto his Lord the King :
 There were two men both dwellers in one town ;
 The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
 In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field ;
 The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
 Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,

* The hum of Bees.

Which he had bought, and nourish'd by his hand,
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make his meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly poor man's store ;
And drest it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this ?

Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judged, and shall become the child of death ;
Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Nath. THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST
JUDGED THYSELF.—

David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me :
I thee anointed King in Israel,
And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul ;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess,
His wives unto thy bosom I did give,
And Juda and Jerusalem withal ;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more.
Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight ?
Urias thou hast killed with the sword,
Yea with the sword of the uncircumcised
Thou hast him slain ; wherefore from this day forth
The sword shall never go from thee and thine :
For thou hast ta'en this Hithite's wife to thee,
Wherefore behold I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee,
Yea I before thy face will take thy wives,

And give them to thy neighbour to possess.
 This shall be done to David in the day,
 That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
 Sinned, oh sinned grievously, and lo !
 From heaven's throne doth David throw himself.
 And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.

Nath. David, stand up ; thus saith the Lord by me,
 David the King shall live, for he hath seen
 The true repentant sorrow of thy heart ;
 But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
 Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
 To triumph and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,
 And say, " He set a wicked man to reign
 Over his loved people and his tribes ;"
 The Child shall surely die, that erst was born,
 His Mother's sin, his Kingly Father's scorn.

Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works !
 But must it die, that David loveth so ?
 O that the mighty one of Israel
 Nill change his doom, and says the Babe must die !
 Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates ;
 Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon ;
 Ye sprouting almonds with your flowing tops,
 Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams :
 The Babe must die, that was to David born,
 His Mother's sin, his Kingly Father's scorn.

ABSALON, *rebelli*ng.

Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
 To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
 And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
 Now, Jove*, let forth the golden firmament,

* Jove, for Jehovah.

And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
 Which thou hast made to give their glories light.
 To shew thou lovest the virtue of thy hand,
 Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
 Whose influence may govern Israel
 With state exceeding all her other Kings.
 Fight, Lords and Captains, that your Sovereign
 May shine in honour brighter than the sun
 And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
 Make this fair Land as fruitful as the fields,
 That with sweet milk and honey overflowed.
 God in the whissing of a pleasant wind
 Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees,
 To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs ;
 As whilom he was good to Moyses' men,
 By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
 To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy ;
 And in the night a pillar bright as fire
 Shall go before you like a second sun,
 Wherein the Essence of his Godhead is ;
 That day and night you may be brought to peace,
 And never swerve from that delightful path
 That leads your souls to perfect happiness :
 This he shall do for joy when I am King.
 Then fight, brave Captains, that these joys may fly
 Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

* * * * *

ABSALON, triumphant.

Abs. First Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
 Proclaim'd thro' Hebron King of Israel ;
 And now is set in fair Jerusalem
 With complete state and glory of a crown.
 Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run ;
 And to the air, whose rupture rings my fame,

Wheree'er I ride, they offer reverence.
 Why should not Absalon, that in his face
 Carries the final purpose of his God,
 (That is, to work him grace in Israel),
 Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
 The state that most may satisfy his joy—
 Keeping his statutes and his covenants sure?
 His thunder is intangled in my hair,
 And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd.
 I am the man he made to glory in,
 When by the errors of my father's sin
 He lost the path, that led into the Land
 Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blest.

A LOOKING GLASS FOR ENGLAND AND LONDON: A
 TRAGI-COMEDY. BY THOMAS LODGE AND ROBERT
 GREEN, 1598.

*Alvida, Paramour to Rasni, the Great King of Assyria, courts a
 petty King of Cilicia.*

Alv. Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
 And let the Eunuchs play you all asleep:
 Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
 And play the wantons, whilst I talk awhile.

Ladies. Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.

(Exeunt.)

Alv. King of Cilicia, kind and courteous;
 Like to thyself, because a lovely King;
 Come lay thee down upon thy Mistress' knee,
 And I will sing and talk of Love to thee.

Cil. Most gracious Paragon of excellence,
 It fits not such an abject wretch as I
 To talk with Rasni's Paramour and Love.

Alv. To talk, sweet friend ! who would not talk with thee ?

Oh be not coy ; art thou not only fair ?
Come twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,
A love-nest for the Great Assyrian King.
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician Prince,
None but thyself can merit such a grace.

Cil. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

Alv. No, King, fair King, my meaning is to yoke thee,
Hear me but sing of Love : then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing looks, my changed cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

Cil. Sing, madam, if you please ; but love in jest.

Alv. Nay, I will love, and sigh at every jest.

(*She sings.*)

*Beauty, alas ! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn,
When as Beauty kiss'd to woo thee ;
Thou by Beauty dost undo me.
Heigho, despise me not.*

*I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none :
Wanton thou ; and, wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on ?
Do me right, and do me reason ;
Cruelty is cursed treason.*

*Heigho, I love ; heigho, I love ;
Heigho, and yet he eyes me not.*

Cil. Madam your Song is passing passionate.

Alv. And wilt thou then not pity my estate ?

Cil. Ask love of them who pity may impart.

Alv. I ask of thee, sweet ; thou hast stole my heart.

Cil. Your love is fixed on a greater King.

Alv. Tut, women's love—it is a fickle thing.
 I love my Rasni for my dignity :
 I love Cilician King for his sweet eye.
 I love my Rasni, since he rules the world :
 But more I love this Kingly little world.
 How sweet he looks !—O were I Cynthia's sphere,
 And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear :
 Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,
 Thus would I kiss my Love at every beck.
 Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep ;
 And if thou wak'st not soon, thus would I weep ;
 And thus, and thus, and thus : thus much I love thee.

TETHYS' FESTIVAL. BY SAMUEL DANIEL, 1610.

Song at a Court Masque.

Are they shadows that we see
 And can shadows pleasure give ?—
 Pleasures only shadows be,
 Cast by bodies we conceive ;
 And are made the things we deem
 In those figures which they seem.—
 But these pleasures vanish fast,
 Which by shadows are exprest :—
 Pleasures are not, if they last ;
 In their passing is their best.
 Glory is most bright and gay
 In a flash, and so away.
 Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
 On the wonder you behold ;
 Take it sudden as it flies,
 Tho' you take it not to hold :
 When your eyes have done their part,
 Thought must lengthen it in the heart.

THE SILVER AGE: AN HISTORICAL PLAY. BY
THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1613.

Proserpine seeking Flowers.

Pros. O may these meadows ever barren be,
That yield of flowers no more variety!
Here neither is the White nor Sanguine Rose,
The Strawberry Flower, the Paunce, nor Violet;
Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose:
Going to beg, I am with a Beggar met,
That wants as much as I. I should do ill
To take from them that need.—

Ceres, after the Rape of her Daughter.

Cer. Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine?
Speak, Jove's fair Daughter, whither art thou stray'd?
I've sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd fields
Yet cannot find my Child. Her scatter'd flowers,
And garland half made up, I have lit upon;
But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
Of some strange wagon*, that hath scorcht the trees,
And singed the grass: these ruts the sun ne'er sear'd
Where art thou, Love, where art thou, Proserpine?—

She questions Triton for her Daughter.

Cer. — thou that on thy shelly trumpet
Summons the sea-god, answer from the depth.

Trit. On Neptune's sea-horse with my concave trump
Thro' all the abyss I've shrill'd thy daughter's loss.
The channels clothed in waters, the low cities
In which the water-gods and sea-nymphs dwell,

* The car of Dis.

I have perused ; sought thro' whole woods and forests
 Of leafless coral, planted in the deeps ;
 Toss'd up the beds of pearl ; rouzed up huge whales,
 And stern sea-monsters, from their rocky dens ;
 Those bottoms, bottomless ; shallows and shelves,
 And all those currents where th' earth's springs break in ;
 Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises,
 Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else :
 Thro' all our ebbs and tides my trump hath blazed her,
 Yet can no cavern shew me Proserpine.

She questions the Earth.

Cer. Fair sister Earth, for all these beauteous fields,
 Spread o'er thy breast ; for all these fertile crops,
 With which my plenty hath enrich'd thy bosom ;
 For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain,
 With which so oft thy temples I have crowned ;
 For all the yearly liveries, and fresh robes,
 Upon thy summer beauty I bestow—
 Shew me my Child !

Earth. Not in revenge, fair Ceres,
 That your remorseless ploughs have rak't my breast,
 Nor that your iron-tooth'd harrows print my face
 So full of wrinkles ; that you dig my sides
 For marle and soil, and make me bleed my springs
 Thro' all my open'd veins to weaken me—
 Do I conceal your daughter. I have spread
 My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,
 Examin'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,
 Marshes and wolds, my woods and champain fields,
 My dens and caves—and yet, from foot to head,
 I have no place on which the Moon* doth tread.

Cer. Then, Earth, thou'st lost her ; and for Proserpine,

* Proserpine ; who was also Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth.

I'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.
 No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows ;
 I'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain-strike :
 With idle agues I'll consume thy swains ;
 Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
 Whose spikes the weed and cooch-grass shall outgrow,
 And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
 Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,
 Or mildews rot ; and what remains, shall be
 A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh Proserpine !—
 You Gods that dwell above, and you below,
 Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks,
 Fountains and wells, some one among you all
 Shew me her self or grave : to you I call.

Arethusa riseth.

Are. That can the river Arethusa do.
 My streams you know, fair Goddess, issue forth
 From Tartary by the Tenarian isles :
 My head's in Hell where Stygian Pluto reigns,
 There did I see the lovely Proserpine,
 Whom Pluto hath rapt hence : behold her girdle,
 Which on her way dropt from her lovely waist,
 And scatter'd in my streams.—Fair Queen, adieu !
 Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

THE GOLDEN AGE: 'AN HISTORICAL PLAY. BY THE
SAME AUTHOR, 1611.

Sibilla, the Wife of Saturn, is by him enjoined to slay the new-born Jupiter. None can do it for his smiles.

SIBILLA. VESTA. NURSE.

Sib. Mother, of all that ever mothers were
Most wretched! Kiss thy sweet babe ere he die,
That hath life only lent to suffer death.
Sweet Lad, I would thy father saw thee smile.
Thy beauty, and thy pretty infancy,
Would mollify his heart, were't hew'd from flint,
Or carved with iron tools from Corsic rock.
Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.
Oh! if thou needs must die, I'll be thy murtheress,
And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.—
And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weep?
Or art thou in thy cheerful smiles so free,
In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny?
I'll kiss thee ere I kill thee: for my life
The Lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.

Vest. Then give him me; I am his Grandmother,
And I will kill him gently: this sad office
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. *For heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt him not.*

Vest. Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat
I have not heart to give thee many wounds,
My kindness is to take thy life at once.
Now—

Alack, my pretty Grandchild, smilest thou still?
I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.

Nurse. You may be careless of the King's command,
 But it concerns me ; and I love my life
 More than I do a Stripling's. Give him me,
 I'll make him sure ; a sharp weapon lend,
 I'll quickly bring the Youngster to his end.—
 Alack, my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin
 With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.
 O Madam, he's so full of angel grace,
 I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'll wink, and strike ; come, once more reach
 him hither ;
 For die he must, so Saturn hath decreed :
 'Las for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vest. Ne shall he do. But swear me secrecy ;
 The Babe shall live, and we be dangerless.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS HIS REVENGE: A TRAGEDY. BY
 GEORGE CHAPMAN, 1613.

Plays and Players.

Guise. — I would have these things
 Brought upon Stages, to let mighty Misers
 See all their grave and serious mischiefs play'd,
 As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

Clermont. Nay, we must now have nothing brought
 on Stages
 But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics.
 Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat ;
 Check at all goodness there, as being profaned :
 When, wheresoever Goodness comes, she makes
 The place still sacred, though with other feet
 Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.

Let me learn any thing, that fits a man,
In any Stables shewn, as well as Stages.—

Baligny. Why, is not all the World esteem'd a Stage?

Clermont. Yes, and right worthily; and Stages too
Have a respect due to them, if but only
For what the good Greek Moralist says of them:
“Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches?
Give me an expert Actor; I'll shew all
That can within his greatest glory fall:
Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowness?
Give me an Actor; I'll shew every eye
What he laments so, and so much does fly:
The best and worst of both.”—If but for this then,
To make the proudest outside, that most swells
With things without him, and above his worth,
See how small cause he has to be so blown up;
And the most poor man, to be griev'd with poorness;
Both being so easily borne by expert Actors:
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptful,
As every innovating Puritan,
And ignorant Swearer out of jealous envy,
Would have the world imagine. And besides
That all things have been liken'd to the mirth
Used upon Stages, and to Stages fitted;
The Splenetic Philosopher, that ever
Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the enstaging:
All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
He so conceited, that he could distil thence
Matter, that still fed his ridiculous humour.
Heard he a Lawyer, never so vehement pleading,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Tradesman, swearing
Never so thriftily, selling of his wares,
He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Holy Brother,
For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd.

Saw he a Great Man, never so insulting,
 Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
 Not for their good but his—he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a Youthful Widow,
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands
 For her dead Lord, still the Philosopher laugh'd.—
 Now, whether he supposed all these Presentments
 Were only maskeries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vain, I take no care;
 But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they were.

Stoicism.

—— in this one thing all the discipline
 Of manners and of manhood is contain'd;
 A Man to join himself with the Universe
 In his main sway; and make (in all things fit)
 One with that All; and go on, round as it:
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
 And into straits, or into nought revert;
 Wishing the complete Universe might be
 Subject to such a rag of it as He.

Apparitions before the Body's Death: Scoticè, Second Sight.

—— these true Shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,
 Fore-running thus their Bodies, may approve,
 That all things to be done, as here we live,
 Are done before all times in th' other life.

SATIROMASTIX: A COMEDY. BY THOMAS DECKER,
1602*.

Horace. What could I do, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the Stage? they envy me,
Because I hold more worthy company.

Demetrius. Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush
for thine,

As often as thou speak'st so. Where one true
And nobly-virtuous spirit for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one ten even from my heart.
I make account I put up as deep share
In any good man's love, which thy worth owns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy Poesy.
No, here the gall lies; we that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy (once dying) baseness, yet must we
Dance anties on thy paper.

Crispinus. This makes us angry, but not envious.
No; were thy warpt soul put in a new mould,
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.

* In this Comedy, Ben Jonson, under the name of Horace, is reprehended, in retaliation of his "Poetaster;" in which he had attacked two of his Brother Dramatists, probably Marston and Decker, under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius.

THE ANTIPODES: A COMEDY. BY RICHARD BROME,
1633.

Directions to Players.

Nobleman. ——— My actors
Are all in readiness, and I think all perfect
But one, that never will be perfect in a thing
He studies; yet he makes such shifts extempore,
(Knowing the purpose what he is to speak to),
That he moves mirth in me 'bove all the rest.
For I am none of those Poetic Furies,
That threats the actor's life, in a whole Play
That adds a syllable, or takes away.
If he can fribble through, and move delight
In others, I am pleased.— * * * *
Let me not see you now,
In the scholastic way you brought to town with you,
With see-saw, sack-a-down, like a sawyer;
Nor in a comic scene play Hercules Furens,
Tearing your throat to split the audients' ears;—
And you, Sir, you had got a trick of late
Of holding out your breech in a set speech;
Your fingers fibulating on your breast,
As if your buttons or your bandstrings were
Helps to your memory; let me see you in't
No more, I charge you. No, nor you, Sir,
In that o'er-action of your legs I told you of,
Your singles and your doubles—look you—thus—
Like one of the dancing-masters of the bear-garden;
And when you've spoke, at end of every speech,
Not minding the reply, you turn you round
As tumblers do, when betwixt every feat
They gather wind by firking up their breeches.

I'll none of these absurdities in my house ;
 But words and actions married so together,
 That shall strike harmony in the ears and eyes
 Of the severest, if judicious, critics.

Players. My Lord, we are corrected.

Nobleman. Go, be ready.—

But you, Sir, are incorrigible, and
 Take licence to yourself to add unto
 Your parts your own free fancy ; and sometimes
 To alter or diminish what the writer
 With care and skill composed ; and when you are
 To speak to your Co-actors in the scene,
 You hold interloquutions with the audients.

Player. That is a way, my Lord, has been allowed
 On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter.

Nobleman. Yes, in the days of Tarleton and Kemp,
 Before the Stage was purged from barbarism,
 And brought to the perfection it now shines with.
 Then Fools and Jesters spent their wits, because
 The Poets were wise enough to save their own
 For profitabler uses.—

*A Doctor humours his patient, who is crazed with reading lying
 books of travels, by pretending that he himself has been a great
 traveller in his time.*

PEREGRINE, *the patient.* DOCTOR. LADY.

Peregrine. All the world over have you been ?

Doctor. Over and under too.

Per. In the Antipodes ?

Doct. Yes, through and through.

Nor isle nor angle in the other world
 But I have made discovery of. Do you
 Think, Sir, to the Antipodes such a journey ?

Per. I think there's none beyond it, and that Mandevil
 Was the only man came near it.

Doct. Mandevil went far.

Per. Beyond all English legs that I can read of.

Doct. What think you, Sir, of Drake, our famous countryman?

Per. Drake was a Didapper to Mandevil.

Candish and Hawkins, Frobisher, all our voyagers

Went short of Mandevil: but had he reach'd

To this place—here—yes here—this wilderness;

And seen the trees of the sun and moon, that *speak*,

And told King Alexander of his death;

He then

Had left a passage ope for travellers,

That now is kept and guarded by wild beasts;

Dragons and serpents, elephants white and blue;

Unicorns and lions, of many colours;

And monsters more, as numberless as nameless.

Doct. Stay there—

Per. Read here else: can you read?

Is it not true?

Doct. No truer, than I have seen it.

You hear me not deny that all is true,

That Mandevil delivers of his travels;

Yet I myself may be as well believed.

Per. Since you speak reverently of him, say on.

Doct. Of Europe I'll not speak, 'tis too near home;

Who's not familiar with the Spanish garb,

Th' Italian cringe, French shrug, and German hug?

Nor will I trouble you with my observations

Fetch'd from Arabia, Paphlagonia,

Mesopotamia, Mauritania,

Syria, Thessalia, Persia, India;

All still is too near home: tho' I have touch'd

The clouds upon the Pyrenean mountains,

And been on Paphos hill, where I have kiss'd

The image of bright Venus ; all is still
 Too near home to be boasted. They sound
 In a far traveller's ear,
 Like the reports of those, that beggingly
 Have put out on returns from Edinburgh,
 Paris, or Venice ; or perhaps Madrid,
 Whither a Millaner may with half a nose
 Smell out his way : and is not near so difficult,
 As for some man in debt, and unprotected,
 To walk from Charing Cross to the Old Exchange.
 No, I will pitch no nearer than the Antipodes ;
 That which is furthest distant ; foot to foot
 Against our region.

Lady. What, with their heels upwards ?
 Bless us, how 'scape they breaking of their necks ?

Doct. They walk upon firm earth, as we do here
 And have the firmament over their heads,
 As we have here.

Lady. And yet just under us !
 Where is Hell then ? if they, whose feet are towards us
 At the lower part of the world, have Heaven too
 Beyond their heads, where's Hell ?

Doct. You may find that
 Without enquiry.

Scene, at the Antipodes.

*N. B. In the Antipodes, every thing goes contrary to our
 manners ; wives rule their husbands ; servants govern
 their masters ; old men go to school again, &c.*

SON. SERVANT. GENTLEMAN, and LADY, natives.
 ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Servant (to his young Master). How well you saw
 Your father to school to day, knowing how apt
 He is to play the truant !

Son. But he is not
Yet gone to school?

Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels.

All three (singing). Domine, domine, duster :
Three knaves in a cluster.

Son. O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on.
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?

1st Old Man. Pray now, good son, indeed, indeed—

Son. Indeed

You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of 'em.

2nd Old Man. You sha'nt send us now, so you sha'nt—

3rd Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'n't.

Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school-
mistress

What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.

All three. Oh, oh, oh!

Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?

English Traveller. Do men of such fair years here
go to school?

Gentleman. They would die dunces else:
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that if they live until
Threescore, their sons send them to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.

English Traveller. Tis a wise nation; and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable.
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.

Son. Tis granted.

Hold up your heads, and thank the Gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.

All three. *Gratias, gratias, gratias.*

(Exeunt singing.)

THE ASPARAGUS GARDEN: A COMEDY. BY THE
SAME AUTHOR. 1634.

Private Conference.

Father-in-Law. You'll not assault me in my own house, nor urge me beyond my patience with your borrowing attempts.

Spendthrift Knight. I have not used the word of loan or borrowing ;

Only some private conference I requested.

Fath. Private conference ! a new-coined word for borrowing of money. I tell you, your very face, your countenance, tho' it be glossed with knighthood, looks so borrowingly, that the best words you give me are as dreadful as Stand and Deliver.—Your riotousness abroad, and her long night-watchings at home, shortened my daughter's days, and cast her into her grave ; and 'twas not long before all her estate was buried too.

Spend. I wish my life might have excused Her's far more precious ; never had a man A juster cause to mourn.

Fath. Nor mourn'd more justly, it is your only wearing ; you have just none other ; nor have had any means to purchase better any time these seven years, I take it ; by which means you have got the name of the Mourning Knight.

TIMOTHY HOYDEN, *the Yeoman's Son, desires to be made a Gentleman. He consults with his friends.*

Moneylack. Well, Sir, we will take the speediest course with you.

Hoyd. But must I bleed?

Mon. Yes, you must bleed; your father's blood must out.

He was but a Yeoman, was he?

Hoyd. As rank a Clown (none dispraised) as any in Somersetshire.

Mon. His foul rank blood of bacon and pease porritch

Must out of you to the last dram—

Springe. Fear nothing, Sir.

Your blood shall be taken out by degrees; and your veins replenished with pure blood still, as you lose the puddle.

Hoyd. I was bewitch'd, I think, before I was begot, to have a Clown to my father. Yet my mother said she was a Gentlewoman.

Spr. Said! what will not women say?

Mon. Be content, Sir; here's half a labour saved: you shall bleed but of one side. The Mother vein shall not be pricked.

Old STRIKER, after a quarrelling bout with old TOUCHWOOD.

Touchwood. I have put him into these fits this forty years, and hope to choke him at last. (*Aside; and exit.*)

Striker. Huh, huh, huh! so he is gone, the villain's gone in hopes that he has killed me, when my comfort is he has recovered me. I was heart-sick with a conceit, which lay so mingled with my flegm, that I had

perished if I had not broke it, and made me spit it out ; hem, he is gone, and I'll home merrily. I would not he should know the good he has done me for half my estate ; nor would I be at peace with him to save it all. I would not lose his hatred for all the good neighbourhood of the parish.

His malice works upon me
Past all the drugs and all the Doctor's counsels,
That e'er I coped with ; he has been my vexation
E'er since my wife died ; if the rascal knew it,
He would be friends, and I were instantly
But a dead man ; I could not get another
To anger me so handsomely.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW'S TRANSLATION OF "QUERER
POR SOLO QUERER"—"TO LOVE FOR LOVE'S SAKE:"
A ROMANTIC DRAMA, WRITTEN IN SPANISH BY
MENDOZA. 1649.

*Felisbravo, Prince of Persia, from a Picture sent him of the
Brave Amazonian Queen of Tartary, Zelidaura, becoming
enamoured, sets out for that realm ; in his way thither disen-
chants a Queen of Araby ; but first, overcome by fatigue, falls
asleep in the Enchanted Grove, where Zilidaura herself coming
by, steals the Picture from him. The passion of the Romance
arises from his remorse at being taken so negligent ; and her
disdain that he should sleep, having the company of her
Picture. She here plays upon him, who does not yet know
her, in the disguise of a Rustic.*

Fel. What a spanking Labradora !

Zel. You, the unkent Knight, God ye gud mora * !

Fel. The time of day thou dost mistake.

* She affects rusticity.

Zel. — and joy—

Fel. — of what—

Zel. That I discover,
By a sure sign, you are awake.

Fel. Awake? the sign—

Zel. Your being a lover.

Fel. In love am I?

Zel. — and very deep.

Fel. Deep in love? how is that seen!

Zel. Perfectly. You do not sleep.

Fel. Rustic Excellence, unscreen,
And discover that sweet face,
Which covers so much wit and grace.

Zel. You but dream so: sleep again,
And forget it.

Fel. Why, now, Saint?

Zel. Why, the Lady, that went in *,
Looks as if that she did paint.

Fel. What has that to do with sleeping?
She is indeed angelical.

Zel. That picture now's well worth your keeping.
For why? 'tis an original.

Fel. Is this Shepherdess a Witch?
Or saw the sleeping treason, which
I committed against Love
Erst, in the Enchanted Grove?
Me hast thou ever seen before?

Zel. Seen? aye, and know thee for a man
That will turn him, and sleep more
Than a dozen dunces can.
Thou ken'st little what sighs mean.

Fel. Unveil, by Jove, that face serene.

Zel. What, to make thee sleep again?

* The Enchanted Queen of Araby, of whom Zelidaura is jealous.

Fel. Still in riddles?

Zel. Now he sees:

This pinching wakes him by degrees.

Fel. Art thou a Nymph?

Zel. Of Parnass Green.

Fel. Sleep I indeed, or am I mad?

Zel. None serve thee but the Enchanted Queen?

I think what dull conceits ye have had

Of the bird Phoenix, which no eye

E'er saw; an odoriferous Lye:

How of her beauty's spells she's told;

That by her spirit thou art haunted;

And, having slept away the old,

With this new Mistress worse enchanted.

Fel. I affect not, Shepherdess,

Myself in such fine terms to express;

Sufficeth me an humble strain:

Too little happy to be vain.—

Unveil!

Zel. Sir Gallant, not so fast.

Fel. See thee I will.

Zel. See me you shall:

But touch not fruit you must not taste.

(She takes off her veil.)

What says it, now the leaf doth fall?

Fel. It says, 'tis worthy to comprize

The kernel of so rare a wit:

Nor, that it grows in Paradise;

But Paradise doth grow in it.

The tall and slender trunk no less divine,

Tho' in a lowly Shepherdesses rine.

(He begins to know her.)

This should be that so famous Queen

For unquell'd valour and disdain.—

In these Enchanted Woods is seen

Nothing but illusions vain.

Zel. What stares the man at?

Fel. I compare
A picture—I once mine did call—
With the divine Original.

Zel. Fall'n again asleep you are :
We poor human Shepherd Lasses
Nor are pictured, nor use glasses.
Who skip their rank, themselves and betters wrong ;
To our Dames, God bless 'em, such quaint things be-
long.

Here a tiny brook alone,
Which fringed with borrow'd flowers (he has
Gold and silver enough on his own)
Is heaven's proper looking-glass,
Copies us : and its reflections,
Shewing natural perfections,
Free from soothing, free from error,
Are our pencil, are our mirror.

Fel. Art thou a Shepherdess?

Zel. — and bore
On a mountain, called THERE.

Fel. Wear'st thou ever heretofore
Lady's clothes?

Zel. I Lady's gear?—
Yes—what a treacherous poll have I!—
In a Country Comedy
I once enacted a main part ;
Still I have it half by heart :
The famous History it was
Of an Arabian—let me see—
No, of a Queen of Tartary,
Who all her sex did far surpass
In beauty, wit, and chivalry :
Who with invincible disdain

Would fool, when she was in the vein,
 Princes with all their wits about 'em;
 But, an they slept, to death she'd flout 'em.
 And, by the mass, with such a mien
 My Majesty did play the Queen;
 Our Curate had my Picture made
 In the same robes in which I play'd.

[To my taste this is fine, elegant, Queen-like raillery; a second part of *Love's Labour's Lost*, to which title this extraordinary Play has still better pretensions than even Shakspeare's; for after leading three pair of Royal Lovers thro' endless mazes of doubts, difficulties; oppositions of dead fathers' wills; a labyrinth of losings and findings; jealousies; enchantments; conflicts with giants, and single-handed against armies; to the exact state in which all the lovers might with the greatest propriety indulge their reciprocal wishes—when, the deuse is in it, you think, but they must all be married now—suddenly the three Ladies turn upon their Lovers; and, as an exemplification of the moral of the Play, “Loving for loving's sake,” and a hyper-platonic, truly Spanish proof of their affections—demand that the Lovers shall consent to their mistresses' taking upon them the vow of a single life! to which the Gallants, with becoming refinement, can do no less than consent.—The fact is that it was a Court Play, in which the Characters; males, giants, and all; were played by females, and those of the highest order of Grandeeship. No nobleman might be permitted amongst them; and it was against the forms, that a great Court Lady of Spain should consent to such an unrefined motion, as that of wedlock, though but in a play.

Appended to the Drama, the length of which may be judged from its having taken nine days in the representation, and me three hours in the reading of it—hours well wasted—is a poetical account of a fire, which broke out in the Theatre on one of the nights of its acting, when the whole of the *Dramatis Personæ* were nearly burnt, because the common people out of “base fear,” and the Nobles out of “pure respect,” could not think of laying hands upon such “Great Donnas;” till the young King, breaking the etiquette, by snatching up his Queen, and bearing her through the flames upon his back, the *Grandeeshes*, (dilatatory

Æneases), followed his example, and each saved one (Anchises-fashion), till the whole Courtly Company of Comedians were got off in tolerable safety.—Imagine three or four stout London Firemen, on such an occasion, standing off in mere respect.

Address to Solitude.

Sweet Solitude ! still Mirth ! that fear'st no wrong,
Because thou dost none : Morning all day long !
Truth's sanctuary ! Innocency's spring !
Invention's limbeck ! Contemplation's wing !
Peace of my soul, which I too late pursued ;
That know'st not the world's vain inquietude ;
Where friends, the thieves of time, let us alone
Whole days, and a man's hours are all his own.

Song in praise of the Same.

Solitude, of friends the best,
And the best companion ;
Mother of truths, and brought at least
Every day to bed of one ;
In this flowery mansion
I contemplate how the rose
Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes
The dismaying jessamine :
Only the soul, which is divine,
No decay of beauty knows,
The World is Beauty's Mirror. Flowers,
In their first virgin purity,
Flatt'ers both of the nose and eye.—
To be cropt by paramours
Is their best of destiny ;
And those nice darlings of the land,
Which seem'd heav'n's painted bow to scorn.
And bloom'd the envy of the morn,
Are the gay trophy of a hand.

Unwilling to love again.

— sadly I do live in fear,
 For, though I would not fair appear,
 And though in truth I am not fair,
 Haunted I am like those that are :
 And here, among these rustling leaves,
 With which the wanton wind must play,
 Inspired by it, my sense perceives
 This snowy Jasmin whispering say,
 How much more frolic, white and fair
 In her green lattice she doth stand,
 To enjoy the free and cooler air,
 Than in the prison of a hand *.

Loving without Hope.

I look'd if underneath the cope
 Were one that loved, and did not hope ;
 But from his nobler soul remove
 That *modern heresy in love* ;
 When, hearing a shrill voice, I turn,
 And lo ! a sweet-tongued Nightingale,
 Tender adorer of the Morn,—
 In him I found that One and All.
 For that same faithful bird and true.
 Sweet and kind and constant lover,
 Wond'rous passion did discover,
 From the terrace of an eugh.
 And tho' ungrateful she appear'd
 Unmoved with all she saw and heard ;
 Every day, before 'twas day,

* Claridiana, the Enchanted Queen, speaks this, and the following speech.

More and kinder things he'd say.
 Courteous, and never to be lost,
 Return'd not with complaints, but praise
 Loving, and all at his own cost ;
 Suffering, and without hope of ease :
 For with a sad and trembling throat
 He breathes into her breast this note :
 " I love thee not, to make thee mine ;
 But love thee, 'cause thy form's divine."

The true Absence in Love.

Zelidaura, star divine,
 That do'st in highest orb of beauty shine ;
 Pardon'd Murd'ress, by that heart
 Itself, which thou dost kill, and coveted smart ;
 Though my walk so distant lies
 From the sunshine of thine eyes ;
 Into sullen shadows hurl'd,
 To lie here buried from the world
 'Tis the least reason of my moan,
 That so much earth is 'twixt us thrown.
 'Tis absence of another kind,
 Grieves me ; for where you are present too,
 Love's Geometry does find,
 I have ten thousand miles to you.
 'Tis not absence to be far,
 But to abhor is to absent ;
 To those who in disfavour are,
 Sight itself is banishment*.

To a Warriress.

Heav'n, that created thee thus warlike, stole

* Claridoro, rival to Felisbravo, speaks this.

Into a woman's body a man's soul.
 But nature's law in vain dost thou gainsay ;
 The woman's valour lies another way.
 The dress, the tear, the blush, the witching eye,
 More witching tongue, are beauty's armoury :
 To rally : to discourse in companies,
 Who's fine, who courtly, who a wit, who wise ;
 And with the awing sweetness of a Dame,
 As conscious of a face can tigers tame,
 By tasks and circumstances to discover,
 Amongst the best of Princes, the best Lover ;
 (The fruit of all those flowers) who serves with most
 Self diffidence, who with the greatest boast ;
 Who twists an eye of Hope in braids of Fear ;
 Who silent (made for nothing but to bear
 Sweet scorn and injuries of love) envies
 Unto his tongue the treasure of his eyes :
 Who, without vaunting shape, hath only wit ;
 Nor knows to hope reward, tho' merit it :
 Then, out of all, to make a choice so rare,
 So lucky-wise, as if thou wert not fair *.

All Mischiefs reparable but a lost Love.

I.

A second Argo, freighted
 With fear and avarice,
 Between the sea and skies
 Hath penetrated
 To the new world, unworn
 With the red footsteps of the snowy morn.

* Addressed to Zelidaura.

II.

Thirsty of mines :
She comes rich back : and (the curl'd rampire past
Of watry mountains, cast
Up by the winds)
Ungrateful shelf near home
Gives her usurped gold a silver home.

III.

A devout Pilgrim, who
To foreign temple bare
Good pattern, fervent prayer,
Spurr'd by a pious vow ;
Measuring so large a space,
That earth lack'd regions for his plants * to trace ;

IV.

Joyful returns, tho' poor :
And, just by his abode,
Falling into a road
Which laws did ill secure,
Sees plunder'd by a thief
(O happier man than I ! for 'tis) his life.

V.

Conspicuous grows a Tree,
Which wanton did appear,
First fondling of the year,
With smiling bravery,
And in his blooming pride
The Lower House of Flowers did deride :

* Soles of his feet.

VI.

When his silk robes and fair
 (His youth's embroidery,
 The crownnet of a spring,
 Narcissus of the air)
 Rough Boreas doth confound,
 And with his trophies strews the scorned ground.

VII.

Trusted to tedious hope
 So many months the Corn;
 Which now begins to turn
 Into a golden crop:
 The lusty grapes, (which plump
 Are the last farewell of the summer's pomp).

VIII.

How spacious spreads the vine!—
 Nursed up with how much care,
 She lives, she thrives, grows fair;
 'Bout her loved Elm doth twine:—
 Comes a cold cloud; and lays,
 In one, the fabric of so many days.

IX.

A silver River small
 In sweet accents
 His music vents,
 (The warbling virginal,
 To which the merry birds do sing—
 Timed with stops of gold * the silver string);

* Allusions to the Tagus, and golden sands.

X.

He steals by a greenwood
With fugitive feet ;
Gay, jolly, sweet :
Comes me a troubled flood ;
And scarcely one sand stays,
To be a witness of his golden days.—

XI.

The ship's upweigh'd ;
The Pilgrim made a Saint ;
Next spring re-crowns the Plant ;
Winds raise the Corn was laid ;
The Vine is pruned ;
The Rivulet new tuned :—
But in the Ill I have
I'm left alive only to dig my grave.

XII.

Lost Beauty, I will die,
But I will thee recover ;
And that I die not instantly,
Shews me more perfect Lover :
For (my soul gone before)
I live not now to live, but to deplore.

THE DOWNFALL OF ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTINGDON :
AN HISTORICAL PLAY. BY T. HEYWOOD, 1601.

CHORUS ; SKELTON, *the Poet*.

Skelton (to the Audience). The Youth that leads yon
virgin by the hand
As doth the Sun the Morning richly clad,
Is our Earl Robert—or your Robin Hood—
That in those days was Earl of Huntingdon.

Robin recounts to Marian the pleasures of a forest life.

Robin. Marian, thou see'st, tho' courtly pleasures
want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant :
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brook.
At Court a flower or two did deck thy head ;
Now with whole garlands it is circled :
For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers ;
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

Marian. Marian hath all, sweet Robert, having thee ;
And guesses thee as rich in having me.

Scarlet recounts to Scathlock the pleasures of an Outlaw's life.

Scarlet. It's full seven years since we were outlaws
first,

And wealthy Sherwood was our heritage.
For all those years we reigned uncontroll'd,
From Barnsdale shrogs to Nottingham's red cliffs.
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests ;
Good George-a-green at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.
At Barnsley dwells a Potter tough and strong,
That never brook'd we brethren should have wrong.
The Nuns of Farnsfield, pretty Nuns they be,
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands, to him and me.
Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendal green,
And Sharpe of Leeds sharp arrows for us made.
At Rotherham dwelt our Bowyer, God him bliss ;
Jackson he hight, his bows did never miss.

Fitzwater, banished, seeking his daughter Matilda (Robin's Marian) in the forest of Sherwood, makes his complaint.

Fitz. Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
That said " This world's felicity was woe,
Which greatest states can hardly undergo."
Whilom Fitzwater in fair England's Court
Possest felicity and happy state,
And in his hall blithe Fortune kept her sport ;
Which glee one hour of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, towns, and towers ;
Fair gardens, orchards, and delightful bowers ;
But now nor garden, orchard, town, nor tower,
Hath poor Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walks are left me in the world,
Which these stiff limbs will hardly let me tread :

And when I sleep, heaven's glorious canopy
Me and my mossy couch doth overspread.

*He discovers Robin Hood sleeping; Marian strewing flowers
over him.*

Fitz. — in good time see where my comfort stands,
And by her lies dejected Huntingdon.
Look how my Flower holds flowers in her hands,
And flings those sweets upon my sleeping son.

Feigns himself blind, to try if she will know him.

Mar. What aged man art thou? or by what chance
Camest thou thus far into the wayless wood?

Fitz. Widow, or wife, or maiden, if thou be;
Lend me thy hand: thou see'st I cannot see.
Blessing betide thee! little feel'st thou want:
With me, good child, food is both hard and scant.
These smooth even veins assure me, He is kind,
Whate'er he be, my girl, that thee doth find.
I poor and old am reft of all earth's good:
And desperately am crept into this wood,
To seek the poor man's patron, Robin Hood.

Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome, aged man,
Aye ten times welcome to Maid Marian.
Here's wine to cheer thy heart; drink, aged man.
There's venison, and a knife; here's manchet fine.—
My Robin stirs: I must sing him asleep.

A Judgment.

A Wicked Prior. Servingman.

Prior. What news with you, Sir?

Serv. Ev'n heavy news, my Lord; for the light fire,
Falling in manner of a fire-drake
Upon a barn of yours, hath burnt six barns,
And not a strike of corn reserv'd from dust.

No hand could save it ; yet ten thousand hands
Labour'd their best, though none for love of you :
For every tongue with bitter cursing bann'd
Your Lordship, as the viper of the land.

Prior. What meant the villains ?

Serv. Thus and thus they cried :

“ Upon this churl, this hoarder up of corn,
This spoiler of the earl of Huntingdon,
This lust-defiled, merciless, false Prior,
Heav'n raineth judgment down in shape of fire.”
Old wives that scarce could with their crutches creep,
And little babes that newly learn'd to speak,
Men masterless that thorough want did weep,
All in one voice with a confused cry,
In execrations bann'd you bitterly.
“ Plague follow plague,” they cried ; “ he hath undone
The good Lord Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.”

PHILLIS OF SCYROS : A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1655.

True Love irremoveable by Death.

SERPILLA. PHILLIS.

Ser. Thyrsis believes thee dead, and justly may
Within his youthful breast then entertain
New flames of love, and yet therein be free
From the least show of doing injury
To that rich beauty which he thinks extinct,
And happily hath mourn'd for long ago :
But when he shall perceive thee here alive,
His old lost love will then with thee revive.

Phil. That love, Serpilla, which can be removed.

With the light breath of an imagined death,
 Is but a faint weak love ; nor care I much
 Whether it live within, or still lie dead.
 Ev'n I myself believ'd him long ago
 Dead, and enclosed within an earthen urn ;
 And yet, abhorring any other love,
 I only loved that pale-faced beauty still ;
 And those dry bones, dissolved into dust :
 And underneath their ashes kept alive
 The lively flames of my still-burning fire.

Celia, being put to sleep by an ineffectual poison, waking believes herself to be among the dead. The old Shepherd Narete finds her, and re-assures her of her still being alive.

Shep. Celia, thou talkest idly ; call again
 Thy wandering senses ; thou art yet alive.
 And, if thou wilt not credit what I say,
 Look up, and see the heavens turning round ;
 The sun descending down into the west,
 Which not long since thou saw'st rise in the east ;
 Observe, that with the motion of the air
 These fading leaves do fall :—
 In the infernal region of the deep
 The sun doth never rise, nor ever set ;
 Nor doth a falling leaf there e'er adorn
 Those black eternal plants.

Thou still art on the earth 'mongst mortal men,
 And still thou livest. I am Narete. These
 Are the sweet fields of Scyros. Know'st thou not
 The meadow where the fountain springs ? this wood ?
 Euro's great mountain, and Ormino's hill ;
 The hill where thou wert born ?

Thyrsis, upbraided by Phillis, for loving another, while he supposed her dead, replies—

Thyrsis. O do not turn thy face another way.

Perhaps thou thinkest, by denying thus
That lovely visage to these eyes of mine,
To punish my misdeeds : but think not so.
Look on me still, and mark me what I say,
(For, if thou know'st it not, I'll tell thee then,)
A more severe revenger of thy wrongs
Thou canst not have than those fair eyes of thine,
Which by those shining beams that wound my heart
Punish me more than all the world can do.
What greater pain canst thou inflict on me,
Than still to keep as fire before my face
That lovely beauty, which I have betray'd ;
That beauty, I have lost ?

NIGHT *breaks off her speech**.

Night. But stay ! for there methinks I see the Sun,
Eternal Painter, now begin to rise,
And limn the heavens in vermilion dye ;
And having dipt his pencil, aptly framed,
Already in the colour of the morn,
With various temper he doth mix in one
Darkness and Light : and drawing curiously
Strait golden lines quite thro' the dusky sky,
A rough draught of the day he seems to yield,
With red and tawny in an azure field.—
Already, by the clattering of their bits,
Their gingling harness, and their neighing sounds,
I hear Eous and fierce Pirous
Come panting on my back ; and therefore I
Must fly away. And yet I do not fly,
But follow on my regulated course,
And these eternal Orders I received
From the First Mover of the Universe.

* In the Prologue.

CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE: A TRAGEDY. BY
G. CHAPMAN AND J. SHIRLEY, 1639.

No Advice to Self Advice.

—— another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge how to inform acts.
The sun's rich radiance shot thro' waves most fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i' th' air;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire;
In fire his fervour but in vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarefies:
And the Almighty Wisdom having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts than any light without him,
(Creating nothing, not in all things equal,)
It seems a fault in any that depend
On others' knowledge, and exile their own.

Virtue under Calumny.

—— as in cloudy days we see the Sun
Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields
(All those left dark and slighted in his way);
And on the wretched plight of some poor shed
Pours all the glories of his golden head:
So heavenly Virtue on this envied Lord
Points all his graces.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY : A TRAGEDY. BY G. CHAPMAN.

1631.

*Cato's Speech at Utica to a Senator, who had exprest fears
on his account.*

Away, Statilius ; how long shall thy love
Exceed thy knowledge of me, and the Gods,
Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right ? have not I
Their powers to guard me in a cause of theirs,
Their justice and integrity to guard me
In what I stand for ? he that fears the Gods,
For guard of any goodness, all things fears ;
Earth, seas, and air ; heav'n ; darkness ; broad day-light ;
Rumour, and silence, and his very shade :
And what an aspen soul has such a creature !
How dangerous to his soul is such a fear !
In whose cold fits, is all Heav'n's justice shaken
To his faint thoughts ; and all the goodness there,
Due to all good men by the Gods' own vows ;
Nay, by the firmness of their endless being ;
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them : for his goodness
Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
O never more, Statilius, may this fear
Faint thy bold bosom, for thyself or friend,
More than the Gods are fearful to defend.

His thoughts of Death.

Poor Slaves, how terrible this Death is to them !—
If men would sleep, they would be wrath with all
That interrupt them ; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings ; both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps : all friends consenting

In those invocations ; praying all
“ Good rest the Gods vouchsafe you.” But when Death,
Sleep’s natural brother, comes ; that’s nothing worse,
But better (being more rich—and keeps the store—
Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor) ;
O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
His stern approaches ! all their comforts, taken
In faith, and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
That watch their wakings in an endless life,
Drown’d in the pains and horrors of their sense
Sustain’d but for an hour.

His Discourse with Athenodorus on an After Life.

Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
So, in the appropriate honour of that end,
All things precedent have their natural frame ;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes :
For else there could not be in their creation
Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence, that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance ?
And therefore the mortality, to which
A man is subject, rather is a sleep
Than bestial death ; since sleep and death are called
The twins of nature. For, if absolute death,
And bestial, seize the body of a man,
Then there is no proportion in his parts,
(His soul being free from death) which otherwise
Retain divine proportion. For, as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
’Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end :

So death, twin-born of sleep, resolving all
 Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
 Makes a re-union with the sprightly soul ;
 When in a second life their Beings given
 Hold their proportions firm in highest heaven.

Athenodorus. Hold you, our bodies shall revive ; re-
 suming

Our souls again to heaven ?

Cato. Past doubt ; though others
 Think heav'n a world too high for our low reaches
 Not knowing the sacred sense of Him that sings.
 " Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
 Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas"—
 And what's that golden chain but our pure souls
 That, govern'd with his grace and drawn by him,
 Can hoist the earthly body up to him ?—
 The sea, the air, and all the elements,
 Comprest in it ; not while 'tis thus concrete,
 But 'fin'd by death, and then giv'n heav'nly heat. * *
 We shall, past death,
 Retain those forms of knowledge, learn'd in life :
 Since if what here we learn we there shall lose,
 Our immortality were not life, but time :
 And that our souls in reason are immortal,
 Their natural and proper objects prove ;
 Which Immortality and Knowledge are :
 For to that object ever is referr'd
 The nature of the soul, in which the acts
 Of her high faculties are still employ'd ;
 And that true object must her powers obtain,
 To which they are in nature's aim directed ;
 Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object
 Which possibly she never can aspire.

His last words.

—— now I am safe ;
 Come, Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
 Now wing thee, dear Soul, and receive her heaven.
 The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
 The joys and horrors of their peace and wars ;
 And now will see the Gods' state and the stars.

Greatness in Adversity.

Vulcan from heav'n fell, yet on 's feet did light,
 And stood no less a God than at his height.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS: A TRAGEDY. BY G. CHAPMAN,
 1613.

Invocation for Secrecy at a Love-meeting.

Tamyra. Now all the peaceful Regents of the Night,
 Silently-gliding Exhalations,
 Languishing Winds, and murmuring Falls of Waters,
 Sadness of Heart, and Ominous Secureness,
 Enchantment's dead Sleeps ; all the Friends of Rest,
 That ever wrought upon the life of man ;
 Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd hour
 Fix like the center ; make the violent wheels
 Of Time and Fortune stand ; and great Existence.
 The Maker's Treasury, now not seem to be
 To all but my approaching friend* and me.

At the Meeting.

Here's nought but whispering with us : like a calm

* D'Ambois : with whom she has an appointment.

Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to hearken
For that, she fears is coming to afflict her.

Invocation for a Spirit of Intelligence.

D'Ambois. I long to know
How my dear Mistress fares, and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed Lord. Methought the Spirit
When he had utter'd his perplext presage,
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face:
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence thro' his powers.—
Terror of Darkness: O thou King of Flames,
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out, of chrystal, on dark earth;
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world:
Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle*.
Or thou, Great Prince of Shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams; whose eyes are made
To see in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest: open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid;
And rise Thou with it in thy greater light†.

The Friar dissuades the Husband of Tamyra from revenge.

Your wife's offence serves not, were it the worst

* He wants to know the fate of Tamyra, whose intrigue with him has been discovered by her Husband.

† This calling upon Light and Darkness for information, but, above all, the description of the Spirit—"Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds"—is tremendous, to the curdling of the blood. I know nothing in Poetry like it.

You can imagine, without greater proofs,
 To sever your eternal bonds and hearts ;
 Much less to touch her with a bloody hand :
 Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
 To expiate any frailty in your wife
 With churlish strokes or beastly odds of strength—
 The stony birth of clouds* will touch no laurel,
 Nor any sleeper. Your wife is your laurel,
 And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then :
 Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour
 To her that is more gentle than it rude.

EDWARD THE THIRD : AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1597.

The King, having relieved the Castle of the heroic Countess of Salisbury, besieged by the Scots, and being entertained by her, loves her.

Edward (solus). She is grown more fairer far since
 I came hither :

Her voice more silver every word than other,
 Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
 Unfolded she of David, and his Scots !
 Even thus, quoth she, he spake, and then spake broad
 With epithets and accents of the Scot ;
 But somewhat better than the Scot could speak :
 And thus, quoth she, and answer'd then herself ;
 For who could speak like her ? but she herself
 Breathes from the wall an angel note from heaven
 Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.—

* The thunderbolt.

When she would talk of peace, methinks her tongue
Commanded war to prison : when of war,
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue ;
Beauty a slander, but in her fair face ;
There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks :
Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land :
But call them cowards, that they ran away ;
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.

The Countess repels the King's unlawful suit.

Countess. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad :
What may thy subject do to drive from thee
This gloomy consort, sullome Melancholy ?

King. Ah Lady ! I am blunt, and cannot strew
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame.
Since I came hither Countess, I am wrong'd.

Coun. Now God forbid that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong ! thrice-gentle king
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

King. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Coun. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power,
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

King. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress.
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, Countess ; else I die.

Coun. I will, my liege.

King. Swear, Countess, that thou wilt.

Coun. By heaven I will.

King. Then take thyself a little way aside,
And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee.
Say that within thy power it doth lie

To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn
To give him all the joy within thy power.
Do this ; and tell him, when I shall be happy.

Coun. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign.
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast, with all devout obedience.
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

King. Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.

Coun. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst ;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less :
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst ;
For virtue's store by giving doth augment.
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou canst take away, inherit it.

King. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Coun. O were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself to give it thee ;
But, sovereign, it is soulder'd to my life :
Take one, and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

King. But thou may'st lend it me to sport withal.

Coun. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body (palace to my soul)
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel pure, divine, unspotted ;
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

King. Didst thou not swear to give me what I
would ?

Coun. I did, my liege, so what you would, I could.

King. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give ;
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy ;
That is thy love ; and for that love of thine

In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

Coun. But that your lips were sacred, my Lord,
You would profane the holy name of love.

That love, you offer me, you cannot give ;

For Cæsar owes that tribute to his Queen.

That love, you beg of me, I cannot give ;

For Sara owes that duty to her Lord.

He, that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,

Shall die, my Lord : and shall your sacred self

Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven,

To stamp his image in forbidden metal,

Forgetting your allegiance and your oath ?

In violating marriage' sacred law,

You break a greater Honour than yourself.

To be a King, is of a younger house

Than *To be married* : your progenitor,

Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,

By God was honour'd for a married Man

But not by him anointed for a King.

It is a penalty to break your statutes,

Tho' not enacted with your Highness' hand ;

How much more to infringe the holy act,

Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand

I know my Sovereign, in my Husband's love,

Doth but to try the Wife of Salisbury,

Whether she will hear a wanton's tale or no :

Lest being guilty therein by my stay,

From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

* * * * *

King. Whether is her beauty by her words divine ?

Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty ?

Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,

And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,

So do her words her beauties, beauty words.

* * * * *

Coun. He hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow made in the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were to profane the idol, than confound it.

Flattery.

—O thou World, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And poise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O that a man might hold the heart's close book
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there!

Sin, worst in High Place.

An honourable grave is more esteemed,
Than the polluted closet of a king;
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake.
An unrepented mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is;
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion, that it seems to kiss;
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe;
That sin does ten times aggravate itself,
That is committed in a holy place;
An evil deed done by authority
Is sin, and subornation; deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast;
The poison shews worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.
And every Glory, that inclines to Sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.

DOCTOR DODYPOL: A COMEDY. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.
1600.

*Earl Lassenburgh, as a Painter, painting his Mistress al
grotesco.*

Lass. Welcome bright Morn, that with thy golden
rays
Reveal'st the radiant colours of the world ;
Look here, and see if thou canst find dispers'd
The glorious parts of fair Lucilia !
Take them, and join them in the heavenly spheres ;
And fix them there as an eternal light,
For lovers to adore and wonder at.

Luc. You paint your flattering words, Lord Lassen-
burgh,
Making a curious pencil of your tongue ;
And that fair artificial hand of yours
Were fitter to have painted Heaven's fine story,
Than here to work on antics, and on me :
Thus for my sake you of a noble Earl
Are glad to be a mercenary Painter.

Lass. A Painter, fair Lucilia : why, the world
With all her beauty was by PAINTING made.
Look on the heavens, colour'd with golden stars,
The firmamental part of it all blue.
Look on the air, where with an hundred changes
The watery rainbow doth embrace the earth.
Look on the summer fields, adorn'd with flowers,
How much is Nature's painting honour'd there.
Look in the mines, and on the eastern shore,
Where all our metals and dear gems are drawn ;
Though fair themselves, made better by their foils.

Look on that little world, the Two-fold Man,
 Whose fairer parcel is the weaker still;
 And see what azure veins in stream-like form
 Divide the rosy beauty of the skin.
 I speak not of the sundry shapes of beasts;
 The several colours of the elements,
 Whose mixture shapes the world's variety,
 In making all things by their colours known.
 And, to conclude—Nature herself divine
 In all things she has made is a mere Painter.

Luc. Now by this kiss, the admirer of thy skill,
 Thou art well worthy th' honour thou hast given
 With thy so sweet words to thy eye-ravishing Art;
 Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

Lass. From these base antics, where my hand hath
 'spersed
 Thy several parts, if I, uniting all,
 Had figured there the true Lucilia,
 Then might thou justly wonder at my art;
 And devout people would from far repair,
 Like pilgrims, with their duteous sacrifice,
 Adorning thee as Regent of their loves.
 Here in the center of this Marigold
 Like a bright diamond I enchased thine eye.
 Here underneath this little rosy bush
 Thy crimson cheeks peer forth, more fair than it.
 Here Cupid hanging down his wings doth sit,
 Comparing cherries to thy rosy lips.
 Here is thy brow, thy hair, thy neck, thy hand,
 Of purpose in all several shrouds dispersed!
 Lest ravish'd I should dote on mine own work,
 Or envy-burning eyes should malice it.

A Cameo described.

— see this Agate, that contains

The image of the Goddess and her Son,
Whom ancients held the Sovereigns of Love.
See naturally wrought out of the stone,
Besides the perfect shape of every limb,
Besides the wondrous life of her bright hair,
A waving mantle of celestial blue,
Embroidering itself with flaming stars ;
Most excellent ! and see besides,—
How Cupid's wings do spring out of the stone,
As if they needed not the help of Art.

Earl Lassenburgh, for some distaste, flees Lucilia, who follows him.

Lass. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still ?
Should I entreat thee to attend me thus,
Then thou would'st pant and rest ; then your soft feet
Would be repining at these niggard stones :
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like wind ;
No tedious space of time, nor storm can tire thee.
But I will seek out some high slippery close,
Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
That fear may make thee cease to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodiless be, when you are there ;
For love despiseth death, and scorneth fear.

Lass. I'll wander where some desperate river parts
The solid continent, and swim from thee.

Luc. And there I'll follow, though I drown for thee.

Lass. O weary of the way, and of my life,
Where shall I rest my sorrow'd, tired limbs ?

Luc. Rest in my bosom, rest you here, my Lord ;
A place securer you can no way find—

Lass. Nor more unfit for my unpleased mind.
A heavy slumber calls me to the earth ;
Here will I sleep, if sleep will harbour here.

Luc. Unhealthful is the melancholy earth ;

O let my Lord rest on Lucilia's lap.
I'll help to shield you from the searching air,
And keep the cold damps from your gentle blood.

Lass. Pray thee away; for, whilst thou art so near,
No sleep will seize on my suspicious eyes.

Luc. Sleep then; and I am pleased far off to sit,
Like to a poor and forlorn centinel,
Watching the unthankful sleep, that severs me
From my due part of rest, dear Love, with thee.

An Enchanter, who is enamoured of Lucilia, charms the Earl to a dead sleep, and Lucilia to a forgetfulness of her past love.

Enchanter (to Lassenburgh). Lie there; and lose the
memory of her,

Who likewise hath forgot the love of thee
By my enchantments:—come, sit down, fair Nymph,
And taste the sweetness of these heav'nly cates,
Whilst from the hollow crannies of this rock
Music shall sound to recreate my Love.
But tell me, had you ever Lover yet?

Lucilia. I had a Lover, I think; but who it was,
Or where, or how long since, aye me! I know not:
Yet beat my timorous thoughts on such a thing.
I feel a passionate heat, yet find no flame;
Think what I know not, nor know what I think.

Ench. Hast thou forgot me then? I am thy Love,—
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertain
With looks, with vows of love, with amorous kisses.
Look'st thou so strange? dost thou not know me yet?

Luc. Sure I should know you.

Ench. Why, Love, doubt you that?
'Twas I that led you* thro' the painted meads,
Where the light fairies danced upon the flowers,

* In charmed visions.

Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl,
Which, struck together with the silken wind
Of their loose mantles, made a silver chime.
'Twas I that, winding my shrill bugle horn,
Made a gilt palace break out of the hill,
Fill'd suddenly with troops of knights and dames,
Who danced and revel'd; whilst we sweetly slept
Upon a bed of roses, wrapt all in gold.
Dost thou not know me now?

Luc. Yes, now I know thee.

Ench. Come then, confirm this knowledge with a kiss.

Luc. Nay, stay; you are not he: how strange is this!

Ench. Thou art grown passing strange, my Love,
To him that made thee so long since his Bride.

Luc. O was it you? come then. O stay awhile.
I know not where I am, nor what I am;
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE: A TRAGI-COMEDY.
BY JAMES SHIRLEY, 1665.

Giovanni, of noble extraction, but brought up a Gardener, and ignorant of any greater birth, loves Bellaura, a Princess; and is beloved again.

BELLAURA. GIOVANNI.

Bell. How now, Giovanni;
What, with a sword! You were not used to appear
Thus arm'd. Your weapon is a spade, I take it.

Gio. It did become my late profession, Madam;
But I am changed—

Bell. Not to a soldier?

Gio. It is a title, Madam, will much grace me;

And with the best collection of my thoughts
I have ambition to the wars.

Bell. You have?

Gio. O 'tis a brave profession and rewards
All loss we meet, with double weight in glory;
A calling, Princes still are proud to own;
And some do willingly forget their crowns,
To be commanded. 'Tis the spring of all
We here entitle fame to; Emperors,
And all degrees of honours, owing all
Their names to this employment; in her vast
And circular embraces holding Kings,
And making them; and yet so kind as not
To exclude such private things as I, who may
Learn and commence in her great arts.—My life
Hath been too useless to my self and country;
'Tis time I should employ it, to deserve
A name within their registry, that bring
The wealth, the harvest, home of well-bought honour.

Bell. Yet I can see
Through all this revolution, Giovanni,
'Tis something else has wrought this violent change.
Pray let me be of counsel with your thoughts,
And know the serious motive; come, be clear.
I am no enemy, and can assist
Where I allow the cause.

Gio. You may be angry,
Madam, and chide it as a saucy pride
In me to name or look at honour; nor
Can I but know what small addition
Is my unskilful arm to aid a country.

Bell. I may therefore justly suspect there is
Something of other force, that moves you to
The wars. Enlarge my knowledge with the secret.

Gio. At this command I open my heart. Madam,

I must confess there is another cause,
Which I dare not in my obedience
Obscure, since you will call it forth ; and yet
I know you will laugh at me—

Bell. It would ill
Become my breeding, Giovanni—

Gio. Then,
Know, Madam, I am in love.

Bell. In love with whom ?

Gio. With one I dare not name, she is so much
Above my birth and fortunes.

Bell. I commend
Your flight. But does she know it ?

Gio. I durst never
Appear with so much boldness to discover
My heart's so great ambition ; it is here still
A strange and busy guest.

Bell. And you think absence
May cure this wound—

Gio. Or death—

Bell. I may presume
You think she's fair—

Gio. I dare as soon question your beauty, Madam,
The only ornament and star of Venice,
Pardon the bold comparison ; yet there is
Something in you, resembles my great Mistress.
She blushes—(*aside*).

Such very beams disperseth her bright eye,
Powerful to restore decrepit nature ;
But when she frowns, and changes from her sweet
Aspect, (as in my fears I see you now,
Offended at my boldness,) she does blast
Poor Giovanni thus, and thus I wither
At heart, and wish myself a thing lost in
My own forgotten dust.

THE DEVIL'S LAW CASE: A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY JOHN WEBSTER, 1623.

Clergy-comfort.

I must talk to you, like a Divine, of patience.—

I have heard some talk of it very much, and many Times to their auditors' impatience; but I pray, What practice do they make on't in their lives? They are too full of choler with living honest,— And some of them not only impatient Of their own slightest injuries, but stark mad At one another's preferment.

Sepulture.

Two Bellmen, a Capuchin; ROMELIO, and others.

Cap. For pity's sake, you that have tears to shed, Sigh a soft requiem, and let fall a bead, For two unfortunate Nobles*, whose sad fate Leaves them both dead and excommunicate. No churchman's pray'r to comfort their last groans, No sacred seed of earth to hide their bones; But as their fury wrought them out of breath, The Canon speaks them guilty of their own death.

Rom. Denied Christian burial! I pray, what does that? Or the dead lazy march in the funeral? Or the flattery in the epitaph?—which shows More sluttish far than all the spiders' webs, Shall ever grow upon it: what do these Add to our well-being after death?

Cap. Not a scruple.

* Slain in a duel.

Rom. Very well then—

I have a certain meditation,
(If I can think of,) somewhat to this purpose ;—
I'll say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her beads.—

“ You that dwell near these graves and vaults,
Which oft do hide physicians' faults,
Note what a small room does suffice
To express men's goods : their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand,
Than all the evidence of Church Land.
Funerals hide men in civil wearing,
And are to the Drapers a good hearing ;
Make th' Heralds laugh in their black rayment ;
And all die Worthies, die with payment
To th' Altar offerings : tho' their fame,
And all the charity of their name,
'Tween heav'n and this, yield no more light
Than rotten trees, which shine in th' night.
O look the last Act be best in th' Play,
And then rest gentle bones ! yet pray,
That when by the Precise you're view'd,
A supersedeas be not sued ;
To remove you to a place more airy,
That in your stead they may keep chary
Stockfish, or seacoal ; for the abuses
Of sacrilege have turn'd graves to vilder uses.
How then can any monument say,
Here rest these bones to the Last Day ;
When Time, swift both of foot and feather,
May bear them the Sexton knows not whither ?—
What care I then, tho' my last sleep
Be in the desart, or in the deep ;
No lamp, nor taper, day and night,
To give my charnel chargeable light ?

I have there like quantity of ground ;
And at the last day I shall be found*."

Immature Death.

Contarino's dead.

O that he should die so soon !

Why, I pray, tell me :

Is not the shortest fever best ? and are not
Bad plays the worse for their length ?

Guilty Preferment.

I have a plot, shall breed,
Out of the death of these two noblemen ;
Th' advancement of our house—

Oh take heed
A grave is a rotten foundation.

Mischiefs

—— are like the visits of Franciscan friars,
They never come to prey upon us single.

Last Love strongest.

— as we love our youngest children best,
So the last fruit of our affection,
Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most irresistible ;
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest home,
Last merrymment 'fore winter ; and we Widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,

* Webster was parish clerk at St. Andrew's, Holborn. The anxious recurrence to church-matters ; sacrilege ; tomb-stones ; with the frequent introduction of *dirges* ; in this, and his other tragedies, may be traced to his professional sympathies.

We love the Piece we are in hand with better,
Than all the excellent work we have done before.

Mother's Anger.

Leonora. Ha, my Son !
I'll be a fury to him ; like an Amazon lady,
I'd cut off this right pap that gave him suck,
To shoot him dead. I'll no more tender him,
Than had a wolf stol'n to my teat in th' night,
And robb'd me of my milk.

Distraction from Guilt.

Leonora (sola). Ha, ha ! What say you ?
I do talk to somewhat methinks ; it may be,
My Evil Genius.—Do not the bells ring ?
I've a strange noise in my head. Oh, fly in.
Come, age, and wither me into the malice
Of those that have been happy ; let me have
One property for more than the devil of hell ;
Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily ;
Let me in this life fear no kind of ill,
That have no good to hope for. Let me sink,
Where neither man nor memory may find me. (*Falls to
the ground.*)

Confessor (entering). You are well employ'd, I hope ;
the best pillow in th' world
For this your contemplation is the earth,
And the best object, Heaven.

Leonora. I am whispering
To a dead friend——

Obstacles.

Let those, that would oppose this union,
Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves
In their own work, like spiders ; while we two
Haste to our noble wishes ; and presume,

The hindrance of it will breed more delight,—
As black copartaments shews gold more bright.

Falling out.

To draw the Picture of Unkindness truly
Is, to express two that have dearly loved
And fal'n at variance.

THE BRIDE: A COMEDY. BY THOMAS NABBS, 1640.

Antiquities.

HORTEN, *a Collector.* *His friend.*

Friend. You are learned in Antiquities?

Hort. A little, Sir.

I should affect them more, were not tradition
One of the best assurances to show
They are the things we think them. What more proofs,
Except perhaps a little circumstance,
Have we for this or that to be a piece
Of Delphos' ruins? or the marble statues,
Made Athens glorious when she was supposed
To have more images of men than men?
A weather-beaten stone, with an inscription
That is not legible but thro' an optic,
Tells us its age; that in some Sibyl's cave
Three thousand years ago it was an altar,
'Tis satisfaction to our curiosity,
But ought not to necessitate belief.—
For Antiquity,
I do not store up any under Grecian;
Your Roman antiques are but modern toys
Compared to them. Besides they are so counterfeit

With mouldings, tis scarce possible to find
Any but copies.

Friend. Yet you are confident
Of yours, that are of more doubt.

Hort. Others from their easiness
May credit what they please. My trial's such
Of any thing I doubt, all the impostors,
That ever made Antiquity ridiculous,
Cannot deceive me. If I light upon
Aught that's above my skill, I have recourse
To those, whose judgment at the second view
(If not the first) will tell me what Philosopher's
That eye-less, nose-less, mouth-less Statue is,
And who the workman was ; tho' since his death
Thousands of years have been revolved.

Accidents to frustrate Purpose.

How various are the events that may depend
Upon one action, yet the end proposed
Not follow the intention ! accidents
Will interpose themselves ; like those rash men,
That thrust into a throng, occasioned
By some tumultuous difference, where perhaps
Their busy curiosity begets
New quarrels with new issues.

THE GENTLEMAN USHER: A COMEDY. BY
G. CHAPMAN, 1606.

Vincentio, a Prince, (to gain him over to his interest in a love-affair) gulls Bassiolo, a formal Gentleman Usher to a Great Lord, with commendations of his wise house-ordering at a great Entertainment.

Vinc. — besides, good Sir, your Show did shew so well—

Bass. Did it indeed, my Lord?

Vinc. O Sir, believe it,

'Twas the best fashion'd and well-order'd thing,
That ever eye beheld : and therewithal,
The fit attendance by the servants used,
The gentle guise in serving every guest,
In other entertainments ; every thing
About your house so sortfully disposed,
That ev'n as in a turn-spit (call'd a Jack)
One vice * assists another ; the great wheels,
Turning but softly, make the less to whirr
About their business ; every different part
Concurring to one commendable end :
So, and in such conformance, with rare grace
Were all things ordered in your good Lord's house.

Bass. The most fit Simile that ever was.

Vinc. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,
Touching the *man* that (I think) caused this order?

Bass. Aye, good my Lord.

Vinc. You note my Simile?

Bass. Drawn from the turn-spit ——

Vinc. I see, you have me.

Even as in that quaint engine you have seen

* Turn.

A little man in shreds stand at the winder,
 And seems to put in act all things about him,
 Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,—
 Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does :
 So, though your Lord be a brave gentleman,
 And seems to do this business, he does nothing.
 Some man about him was the festival robe
 That made him shew so glorious and divine.

Bass. I cannot tell, my Lord ; but I should know,
 If any such there were.

Vinc. Should know, quoth you ?
 I warrant, you know well. Well, some there be,
 Shall have the fortune to have such rare men
 (Like brave Beasts to their arms) support their state ;
 When others of as high a worth and breed,
 Are made the wasteful food of them they feed.—
 What state hath your Lord made you for your service ?

* * * * *

The same Bassiolo described.

Lord's Daughter. — his place is great ; for he is not
 only
 My father's Usher, but the world's beside,
 Because he goes before it all in folly.

THE BASTARD : A TRAGEDY. AUTHOR UNKNOWN,
 1652.

Lover's Frown.

Roderiguez. Thy uncle, Love, holds still a jealous
 eye
 On all my actions ; and I am advised,
 That his suspicious ears

Are still behind the hangings ; that the servants
Have from him in command to watch who visits.
'Tis safest, in my judgment, in his presence
That thou forbear to cast a smile upon me ;
And that, like old December, I should look
With an unpleasant and contracted brow.

Varina. What, canst thou change thy heart, my dear,
that heart
Of flesh thou gav'st me, into adamant,
Or rigid marble ? canst thou frown on me ?

Rod. You do mistake me, sweet, I mean not so
To change my heart ; I'll change my countenance,
But keep my heart as loyal as before.

Var. In truth I cannot credit it, that thou
Canst cast a frown on me ; I prithee, try.

Rod. Then thus :
(*He tries, and cannot ; they smile on each other.*)

Var. I prithee, sweet, betake thyself to school ;
This lesson thou must learn ; in faith thou art out.

Rod. Well, I must learn, and practise it, or we
Shall blast our budding hopes.

Var. Come, try again.

Rod. But if I try, and prove a good proficient ;
If I do act my part discretely, you
Must take it as a play, not as a truth ;
Think it a formal, not a real frown.

Var. I shall ——

Rod. Then thus : i'faith, minion, I'll look to thee.
(*She swoons.*)

Rod. Why, how now, sweet !—I did mistrust thy weak-
ness :

Now I have learn'd my part, you are to seek.

Var. 'Faith, 'twas my weakness ; when I did perceive
A cloud of rage condensed on thy brow,
My heart began to melt.——

LOVE TRICKS: A COMEDY. BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

Passionate Courtship.

Infortunio. I must have other answer, for I love
you.

Selina. Must! but I don't see any necessity that
I must love you. I do confess you are
A proper man.

Inf. O do not mock, Selina; let not excellence,
Which you are full of, make you proud and scornful.
I am a Gentleman; though my outward part
Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me,
Nature hath made me what she need not shame.
Yet look into my heart; there you shall see
What you cannot despise, for there you are
With all your graces waiting on you; there
Love hath made you a throne to sit, and rule
O'er Infortunio; all my thoughts obeying,
And honouring you as queen. Pass by my outside,
My breast I dare compare with any man.

Sel. But who can see this breast you boast of so?

Inf. O 'tis an easy work; for though it be
Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whose beam
Is spent on outward shapes, there is a way
To make a search into its hidden'st passage.
I know you would not love, to please your sense.
A tree, that bears a ragged unleav'd top
In depth of winter, may when summer comes
Speak by his fruit he is not dead but youthful,
Though once he shew'd no sap: my heart's a plant
Kept down by colder thoughts and doubtful fears.
Your frowns like winter storms make it seem dead,

But yet it is not so ; make it but yours,
And you shall see it spring, and shoot forth leaves
Worthy your eye, and the oppressed sap
Ascend to every part to make it green,
And pay your love with fruit when harvest comes.

Sel. Then you confess your love is cold as yet,
And winter's in your heart.

Inf. Mistake me not, Selina, for I say
My heart is cold, not love.

Sel. And yet your love is from your heart, I'll warrant.

Inf. O you are nimble to mistake.
My heart is cold in your displeasures only,
And yet my love is fervent ; for your eye,
Casting out beams, maintains the flame it burns in.
Again, sweet Love,
My heart is not mine own, 'tis yours, you have it ;
And while it naked lies, not deign'd your bosom
To keep it warm, how can it be but cold,
In danger to be frozen ? blame not it,
You only are in fault it hath no heat.

Sel. Well, Sir ; I know you have rhetoric, but I
Can without art give you a final answer.

Inf. O stay, and think awhile ; I cannot relish
You should say final : sweet, deliberate ;
It doth concern all the estate I have ;
I mean not dunghill treasure, but my life
Doth stand or fall to it ; if your answer be
That you can love me, be as swift as light'ning ;
But if you mean to kill me, and reject
My so long love-devotions, which I've paid
As to an altar, stay a little longer,
And let me count the riches I shall lose
By one poor airy word : first give me back
That part of Infortunio that is lost
Within your love ; play not the tyrant with me.

A WOMAN'S A WEATHERCOCK: A COMEDY. BY
NATHANIEL FIELD, 1612.

False Mistress.

SCUDMORE *alone; having a letter in his hand from
Bellafront, assuring him of her faith.*

Scud. If what I feel I could express in words,
Methinks I could speak joy enough to men
To banish sadness from all love for ever.
O thou that reconcilest the faults of all
Thy frothy sex, and in thy single self
Confinest! nay, has engross'd, virtue enough
To frame a spacious world of virtuous women!
Had'st thou been the beginning of thy sex,
I think the devil in the serpent's skin
Had wanted cunning to o'er-come thy goodness;
And all had lived and died in innocency,
The whole creation—
Who's there?—come in—

Nevill. (entering.) What up already, Scudmore?

Scud. Good morrow, my dear Nevill?

Nev. What's this? a letter! sure it is not so—

Scud. By heav'n, you must excuse me. Come, I
know

You will not wrong my friendship, and your manners,
To tempt me so.

Nev. Not for the world, my friend.
Good morrow—

Scud. Nay, Sir, neither must you
Depart in anger from this friendly hand.
I swear I love you better than all men,
Equally with all virtue in the world:

Yet this would be a key to lead you to
A prize of that importance—

Nev. Worthy friend,
I leave you not in anger,—what d'ye mean?—
Nor am I of that inquisitive nature framed,
To thirst to know your private businesses.
Why, they concern not me : if they be ill,
And dangerous, 'twould grieve me much to know them ;
If good, be they so ; though I know them not :
Nor would I do your love so gross a wrong,
To covet to participate affairs
Of that near touch, which your assured love
Doth not think fit, or dares not trust me with.

Scud. How sweetly doth your friendship play with
mine,
And with a simple subtlety steals my heart
Out of my bosom ! by the holiest love
That ever made a story, you are a man
With all good so replete, that I durst trust you
E'en with this secret, were it singly mine.

Nev. I do believe you. Farewell, worthy friend.

Scud. Nay, look you, this same fashion does not
please me.

You were not wont to make your visitation
So short and careless.

Nev. 'Tis your jealousy,
That makes you think it so ; for, by my soul,
You've given me no distaste in keeping from me
All things that might be burdensome, and oppress me.—
In truth, I am invited to a Wedding ;
And the morn faster goes away from me,
Than I toward it : and so good morrow—

Scud. Good morrow, Sir. Think I durst show it
you—

Nev. Now, by my life, I not desire it, Sir,

Nor ever lov'd these prying list'ning men,
 That ask of others 'states and passages :
 Not one among a hundred but proves false,
 Envious and sland'rous, and will cut that throat
 He twines his arms about. I love that Poet,
 That gave us reading "Not to seek ourselves
 Beyond ourselves." Farewell.

Scud. You shall not go.
 I cannot now redeem the fault I have made
 To such a friend, but in disclosing all.

Nev. Now, if you love me, do not wrong me so ;
 I see you labour with some serious thing,
 And think, like fairies' treasure, to reveal it
 Will burst your breast,—'tis so delicious,
 And so much greater than the continent.

Scud. O you have pierced my entrails with your
 words,
 And I must now explain all to your eyes.

(*Gives him the Letter.*)

Read : and be happy in my happiness.

Nev. Yet think on't ; keep thy secret and thy friend
 Sure and entire. O give not me the means
 To become false hereafter ; or thyself
 A probable reason to distrust thy friend,
 Though he be ne'er so near. I will not see it.

Scud. I die, by heav'n, if you deny again.
 I starve for counsel ; take it, look upon it.
 If you do not, it is an equal plague
 As if it had been known and published.
 For God's sake, read ; but with this caution,—
 By this right hand, by this yet unstain'd sword,
 Were you my father flowing in these waves,
 Or a dear son exhausted out of them,
 Should you betray the soul of all my hopes,
 Like the two Brethren (though love made them Stars)

We must be never more both seen again.

Nev. I read it, fearless of the forfeiture :—

Yet warn you, be as cautelous not to wound

My integrity with doubt, on likelihoods

From misreport, but first exquire the truth. (*reads.*)

Scud. She is the food, the sleep, the air I live by—

Nev. (*having read the Letter.*) O heav'n, we speak
like Gods, and do like Dogs!—

Scud. What means my—

Nev. This day this Bellafront, this rich heir
Is married unto Count Frederick ;

And that's the Wedding I was going to.

Scud. I prithee do not mock me ;—married!—

Nev. It is no matter to be plaid withal !

But yet as true, as women all are false.

Scud. O that this stroke were thunder to my breast,
For, Nevill, thou hast spoke my heart in twain ;
And with the sudden whirlwind of thy breath
Hast ravish'd me out of a temperate soil,
And set me under the red burning zone.

Nev. For shame, return thy blood into thy face.
Know'st not how slight a thing a Woman is ?

Scud. Yes ; and how serious too.—

Scudmore, afterwards, forsaken.

Scud. Oh God !

What an eternal joy my heart has felt,
Sitting at one of these same idle plays,
When I have seen a Maid's Inconstancy
Presented to the life : how glad my eyes
Have stole about me, fearing lest my looks
Should tell the company contented there,
I had a Mistress free of all such thoughts.

He replies to his friend, who adjures him to live.

Scud. The sun is stale to me ; to morrow morn,

As this, 'twill rise, I see no difference ;
 The night doth visit me but in one robe ;
 She brings as many thoughts, as she wears stars
 When she is pleasant, but no rest at all :
 For what new strange thing should I covet life then :
 Is she not false whom only I thought true ?
 Shall Time (to show his strength) make Scudmore live,
 Till (perish the vicious thought) I love not thee ;
 Or thou, dear friend, remove thy heart from me !—

THE TRIUMPHANT WIDOW : A COMEDY. BY THE
 DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, 1677.

Humours of a Thief going to Execution.

Officers. Room for the prisoner there, room for the prisoner.

Footpad. Make room there ; 'tis a strange thing a man cannot go to be hanged without crowding for it.

1st Fellow. Pray, Sir, were not you a kin to one *Hinde* ? *

Footpad. No ; I had run faster away then.

2nd Fellow. Pray, prisoner, before your death clear your conscience, and tell me truly, &c.

(All ask him questions about robberies.)

Margery. I am sure you had my Lady's gilt caudle cup.

Footpad. Yes, and would have kept it ; but she has it again, has she not ?

James. And the plate out of my buttery—

* A noted highwayman in those days.

Footpad. Well, and had she not it again? what a plague would you have? you examine me, as if you would hang me, after I am hanged. Pray, officers, rid me of these impertinent people, and let me die in quiet.

1st Woman. O lord! how angry he is! that shews he is a right reprobate, I warrant you.

Footpad. I believe, if all of you were to be hanged, which I hope may be in good time, you would not be very merry.

2nd Woman. Lord, what a down look he has!

1st Woman. Aye, and what a cloud in his forehead, goody Twattle, mark that—

2nd Woman. Aye, and such frowning wrinkles, I warrant you, not so much as a smile from him.

Footpad. Smile, quoth she! Tho' tis sport for you, 'tis none for me, I assure you.

1st Woman. Aye, but 'tis so long before you are hanged.

Footpad. I wish it longer, good woman.

1st Fellow. Prithee, Mr. Thief, let this be a warning to you for ever doing the like again.

Footpad. I promise you it shall.

2nd Woman. That's well: thank you with all my heart, la! that was spoken like a precious godly man now.

1st Woman. By my truly, methinks now he is a very proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

Footpad. Aye, so are all that are hanged; the gallows adds a great deal of grace to one's person.

2nd Woman. I vow he is a lovely man; 'tis pity he should be taken away, as they say, in the flower of his age.

1st Officer. Come, dispatch, dispatch; what a plague shall we stay all day, and neglect our business, to hang one thief?

2nd Officer. Pray, be hanged quickly, Sir ; for I am to go to a Fair hard by.

1st Officer. And I am to meet some friends to drink out a stand of ale by and by.

1st Woman. Nay, pray let him speak, and die like a Christian.

2nd Woman. O, I have heard brave speeches at this place before.

Footpad. Well, good people—if I may be bold to call you so—this Pulpit was not of my chusing. I shall shortly preach mortality to you without speaking, therefore pray take example by me, and then I know what will become of ye. I will be, I say, your *memento mori*, hoping you will all follow me.

1st Fellow. O he speaks rarely.

2nd Fellow. Aye, does Latin it.

Footpad. I have been too covetous, and at last taken for it, and am very sorry for it. I have been a great sinner, and condemned for it, which grieves me not a little, that I made not my escape, and so I heartily repent it, and so I die with this true confession.

1st Woman (weeping). Mercy on him, for a better man was never hanged.

2nd Woman. So true and hearty repentance, and so pious.

2nd Fellow. Help him up higher on the ladder. Now you are above us all.

Footpad. Truly I desire you were all equal with me ; I have no pride in this world.

1st Fellow. Will you not sing, Sir, before you are hanged ?

Footpad. No, I thank you ; I am not so merrily disposed.

Hangman. Come, are you ready ?

Footpad. Yes, I have been preparing for you these many years.

1st Woman. Mercy on him and save his better part.

2nd Woman. You see what we must all come to.

(*Horn blows a reprieve.*)

Officer. A reprieve ! how came that ?

Post. My Lady Haughty procured it.

Footpad. I will always say, while I live, that her Ladyship is a civil person.

1st Fellow. Pish, what must he not be hanged now ?

2nd Fellow. What did we come all this way for this ?

1st Woman. Take all this pains to see nothing ?

Footpad. Very pious good people, I shall shew you no sport this day.

MAMAMOUCHI: A COMEDY. BY EDWARD
RAVENSCHROFT, 1675.

Foolish Lender.

Debtor. As to my affairs, you know I stand indebted to you.

Creditor. A few dribbling sums, Sir.

Debt. You lent 'em me very frankly, and with a great deal of generosity, and much like a gentleman.

Cred. You are pleased to say so.

Debt. But I know how to receive kindnesses, and to make returns according to the merits of the person that obliges me.

Cred. No man better.

Debt. Therefore pray let's see how our accounts stand.

Cred. They are down here in my table book.

Debt. I am a man that love to acquit myself of all obligations as soon—

Cred. See the memorandum.

Debt. You have set it all down.

Cred. All.

Debt. Pray read—

Cred. Lent, the second time I saw you, one hundred guineas.

Debt. Right.

Cred. Another time fifty.

Debt. Yes.

Cred. Lent for a certain occasion, which I did not tell you, one hundred and fifty.

Debt. Did I not? that I should conceal any thing from my friend!

Cred. No matter.

Debt. It looks like mistrust, which is a wrong to friendship—

Cred. O Lord!

Debt. I am so ashamed!—for I dare trust my soul with you. I borrowed it, to lend a person of quality, whom I employed to introduce me to the King, and recommend to his particular favour, that I might be able to do you service in your affairs.

Cred. O did you so? then that debt is as it were paid; I'll cross it out.

Debt. By no means; you shall have it, or I vow—

Cred. Well, Sir, as you please.

Debt. I vow I would ne'er have borrowed of you again, as long as you lived—but proceed—

Cred. Another time one hundred—

Debt. O, that was to send into France to my wife to bring her over, but the Queen would not part with her then; and since, she is fallen sick.

Cred. Alas!

Debt. But pretty well recovered—

Cred. These four sums make up four hundred guineas—

Debt. Just as can be; a very good account. Put

down two hundred more, which I will borrow of you now; and then it will be just six hundred: that is, if it will be no inconvenience to you—

Cred. Euh, not in the least—

Debt. It is to make up a sum of two thousand pounds, which I am about to lay up in houses I have bought; but if it incommode you, I can have it elsewhere—

Cred. O, by no means—

Debt. You need but tell me, if it will be any trouble—

Cred. Lord, Sir, that you will think so—

Debt. I know some will be glad of the occasion to serve me; but these are favours only to be asked of special friends. I thought you, being my most esteemed friend, would take it ill, if you should come to hear of it, that I did not ask you first—

Cred. It is a great honour.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS: A COMEDY. BY JOHN
LILY, M. A., 1601.

Love half-denied is Love half-confest.

NISA. NIOBE, *her maid*.

Nisa. I fear Niobe is in love.

Niobe. Not I, madam; yet must I confess, that oftentimes I have had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both, a kind of yielding; I know not what; but certainly I think it is not love: sigh I can, and find ease in melancholy: smile I do, and take pleasure in imagination: I feel in myself a pleasing pain, a chill heat, a delicate bitterness; how to term it I know not; without doubt it may be Love; sure I am it is not
Hate

SAPHO AND PHAO : A COMEDY. BY THE SAME
AUTHOR, 1601.

Phao, a poor Ferryman, praises his condition.—He ferries over Venus ; who inflames Sapho and him with a mutual passion.

Phao. Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a freeman ; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thy oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sapho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge barketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is ready, when thy oar is idle ; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. O sweet life ! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatcht cottage. But here cometh one ; I will withdraw myself aside ; it may be a passenger.

VENUS, PHAO : *She, as a mortal.*

Ven. Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry, that conducteth to Syracuse ?

Phao. The ferry, fair lady, that conducteth to Syracuse.

Ven. I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao. These waters are commonly as the passengers are; and therefore, carrying one so fair in show, there is no cause to fear a rough sea.

Ven. To pass the time in thy boat, canst thou devise any pastime?

Phao. If the wind be with me, I can angle, or tell tales: if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take pains.

Ven. I like not fishing; yet was I born of the sea.

Phao. But he may bless fishing, that caught such an one in the sea.

Ven. It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net.

Phao. So, was it said, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Ven. Did'st thou hear so? it was some tale.

Phao. Yea, Madam; and that in the boat did I mean to make my tale.

Ven. It is not for a ferryman to talk of the Gods' Loves: but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother spin. But come, let us away.

Phao. I am ready to wait—

Sapho, sleepless for love of Phao, who loves her as much, consults with him about some medicinal herb: She, a great Lady; He, the poor Ferryman, but now promoted to be her Gardener.

Sapho. What herbs have you brought, Phao?

Phao. Such as will make you sleep, Madam; though they cannot make me slumber.

Sapho. Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?

Phao. Yes, madam; the causes are contrary. For it is only a dryness in your brains, that keepeth you from rest. But—

Sapho. But what?

Phao. Nothing: but mine is not so—

Sapho. Nay then, I despair of help, if our disease be not all one.

Phao. I would our diseases were all one!

Sapho. It goes hard with the patient, when the physician is desperate.

Phao. Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort, when she (poor soul) could not wink.

Sapho. Medea was in love, and nothing could cause her rest but Jason.

Phao. Indeed I know no herb to make lovers sleep but Heart's Ease: which, because it groweth so high I cannot reach, for—

Sapho. For whom?

Phao. For such as love—

Sapho. It stoopeth very low, and I can never stoop to it, that—

Phao. That what?

Sapho. That I may gather it. But why do you sigh so, Phao?

Phao. It is mine use, Madam.

Sapho. It will do you harm, and me too: for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh also.

Phao. It were best then that your Ladyship give me leave to be gone: for I can but sigh—

Sapho. Nay, stay; for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave, though you be gone. But what do you think best for your sighing, to take it away.

Phao. Yew, Madam.

Sapho. Me!

Phao. No, Madam; Yew of the tree.

Sapho. Then will I love Yew the better. And indeed I think it would make me sleep too; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only Yew.

Phao. Do, Madam ; for I think nothing in the world so good as Yew.

Sapho. Farewell, for this time.

Sapho questions her low-placed Affection.

Sapho. Into the nest of an Alcyon no bird can enter but the Alcyon : and into the heart of so great a Lady can any creep but a great Lord ?

Cupid. *Sapho cured of her love by the pity of Venus.*

Cupid. But what will you do for Phao ?

Sapho. I will wish him fortunate. This will I do for Phao, because I once loved Phao : for never shall it be said, that Sapho loved to hate : or that out of love she could not be as courteous, as she was in love passionate.

Phao's final resolution.

Phao. O Sapho, thou hast Cupid in thy arms, I in my heart ; thou kissest him for sport, I must curse him for spite ; yet will I not curse him, Sapho, whom thou kissest. This shall be my resolution, wherever I wander, to be as I were ever kneeling before Sapho : my loyalty unspotted, though unrewarded. With as little malice will I go to my grave, as I did lie withal in my cradle. My life shall be spent in sighing and wishing ; the one for my bad fortune, the other for Sapho's good.

THE TRUE TROJANS, OR FUIMUS TROES: AN HISTORICAL PLAY. AUTHOR UNKNOWN, 1633.

Invocation of the Druids to the Gods of Britain, on the invasion of Cæsar.

Draw near, ye Heav'nly Powers,
Who dwell in starry bowers ;
And ye, who in the deep
On mossy pillows sleep ;
And ye who keep the centre,
Where light did never enter ;
And ye whose habitations
Are still among the nations,
To see and hear our doings,
Our births, our wars, our wooings ;
Behold our present grief :
Belief doth beg relief.

By the vervain and lunary,
By fern seed planetary,
By the dreadful misletoe
Which doth on holy oak grow,
Draw near, draw near, draw near.

Help us beset with danger,
And turn away your anger ;
Help us begirt with trouble,
And now your mercy double ;
Help us opprest with sorrow
And fight for us to-morrow.
Let fire consume the foeman,
Let air infest the Roman,

Let seas intomb their fury,
 Let gaping earth them bury,
 Let fire, and air, and water,
 And earth conspire their slaughter.

By the vervain, &c.

We'll praise then your great power,
 Each month, each day, each hour,
 And blaze in lasting story
 Your honour and your glory.
 High altars lost in vapour,
 Young heifers free from labour,
 White lambs for suck still crying,
 Shall make your music dying,
 The boys and girls around,
 With honeysuckles crown'd ;
 The bards with harp and rhiming,
 Green bays their brows entwining,
 Sweet tune and sweeter ditty,
 Shall chaunt your gracious pity.

By the vervain, &c.

Another, to the Moon.

Thou Queen of Heav'n, Commandress of the deep,
 Lady of lakes, Regent of woods and deer;
 A Lamp, dispelling irksome night ; the Source
 Of generable moisture ; at whose feet
 Wait twenty thousand Naides !—thy crescent
 Brute elephants adore, and man doth feel
 Thy force run through the zodiac of his limbs.
 O thou first Guide of Brutus to this isle,
 Drive back these proud usurpers from this isle.
 Whether the name of Cynthia's silver globe,

Or chaste Diana with a gilded quiver,
 Or dread Proserpina, stern Dis's spouse,
 Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throes,
 Doth thee delight: rise with a glorious face,
 Green drops of Nereus trickling down thy cheeks,
 And with bright horns united in full orb
 Toss high the seas, with billows beat the banks,
 Conjure up Neptune, and th' Æolian slaves,
 Protract both night and winter in a storm,
 That Romans lose their way, and sooner land
 At sad Avernus' than at Albion's strand.
 So may'st thou shun the Dragon's head and tail!
 So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed!
 So may the fair game fall before thy bow!
 Shed light on us, but light'ning on our foe

THE TWINS: A COMEDY. BY W. RIDER, A. M. 1665.

Irresolution.

I am a heavy stone,
 Rolled up a hill by a weak child: I move
 A little up, and tumble back again.

Resolution for Innocence.

My noble mind has not yet lost all shame.
 I will desist. My love, that will not serve me
 As a true subject, I'll conquer as an enemy.
 O Fame, I will not add another spot
 To thy pure robe. I'll keep my ermine honour
 Pure and alive in death; and with my end
 I'll end my sin and shame: like Charicles,

Who living to a hundred years of age
 Free from the least disease, fearing a sickness,
 To kill it killed himself, and made his death
 The period of his health.

SIR GILES GOOSECAP: A COMEDY. AUTHOR
 UNKNOWN, 1606.

Friendship in a Lord; modesty in a Gentleman.

Clarence (to some musicians). Thanks, gentle friends;
 Is your good lord, and mine, gone up to bed yet?

Momford. I do assure you not, Sir, not yet, nor yet,
 my deep and studious friend, not yet, musical Clarence.

Clar. My Lord—

Mom. Nor yet, thou sole divider of my Lordship.

Clar. That were a most unfit division,
 And far above the pitch of my low plumes.
 I am your bold and constant guest, my Lord.

Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me
 long,

Almost these twenty years, and half those years
 Hast been my bedfellow, long time before
 This unseen thing, this thing of nought indeed,
 Or atom, call'd *my Lordship*, shined in me;
 And yet thou mak'st thyself as little bold
 To take such kindness, as becomes the age
 And truth of our indissoluble love,
 As our acquaintance sprong but yesterday;
 Such is thy gentle and too tender spirit.

Clar. My Lord, my want of courtship makes me fear
 I should be rude; and this my mean estate
 Meets with such envy and detraction,

Such misconstructions and resolv'd misdooms
Of my poor worth, that should I be advanced
Beyond my unseen lowness but one hair,
I should be torn in pieces by the spirits
That fly in ill-lung'd tempests thro' the world,
Tearing the head of virtue from her shoulders,
If she but look out of the ground of glory ;
'Twixt whom, and me, and every worldly fortune,
There fights such sour and curst antipathy,
So waspish and so petulant a star,
That all things tending to my grace and good
Are ravish'd from their object, as I were
A thing created for a wilderness,
And must not think of any place with men.

THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR: A COMEDY. BY THE HON.
JAMES HOWARD, 1674.

*The humour of a conceited Traveller, who is taken with every
thing that is French.*

English Monsieur. Gentlemen, if you please, let us
dine together.

Vaine. I know a cook's shop, has the best boiled and
roast beef in town.

Eng. Mons. Sir, since you are a stranger to me, I
only ask you what you mean ; but, were you acquainted
with me, I should take your greasy proposition as an
affront to my palate.

Vaine. Sir, I only meant, by the consent of this
company, to dine well together.

Eng. Mons. Do you call dining well, to eat out of a
French house.

Vaine. Sir, I understand you as little as you do beef.

Eng. Mons. Why then, to interpret my meaning plainly, if ever you make me such offer again, expect to hear from me next morning—

Vaine. What, that you would not dine with me—

Eng. Mons. No, Sir; that I will fight with you. In short, Sir, I can only tell you, that I had once a dispute with a certain person in this kind, who defended the English way of eating; whereupon I sent him a challenge, as any man that has been in France would have done. We fought; I killed him: and whereabouts do you think I hit him?

Vaine. I warrant you, in the small guts—

Eng. Mons. I run him through his mistaken palate; which made me think the hand of justice guided my sword.

* * * * *

Eng. Mons. Madam, leading your Ladyship, puts me in mind of France.

Lady. Why, Sir?

Eng. Mons. Because you lead so like French ladies.

Lady. Sir, why look you so earnestly on the ground?

Eng. Mons. I'll lay a hundred pounds, here has been three English ladies walking up before us.

Crafty. How can you tell, Sir?

Eng. Mons. By being in France.

Crafty. What a devil can he mean?

Eng. Mons. I have often in France observed in gardens, when the company used to walk after a small shower of rain, the impression of the French ladies' feet. I have seen such *bon mien* in their footsteps, that the King of France's *Maitre de Daunce* could not have found fault with any one tread amongst them all. In this walk I find the toes of the English ladies ready to tread one upon another.

* * * * *

Vaine. Monsieur Frenchlove, well met—

Eng. Mons. I cannot say the like to you, Sir, since I'm told you've done a damn'd English trick.

Vaine. In what?

Eng. Mons. In finding fault with a pair of tops I wore yesterday; and, upon my *parol*, I never had a pair sat better in my life. My leg look'd in 'em not at all like an English leg.

Vaine. Sir, all that I said of your tops was, that they made such a rushing noise as you walk'd, that my mistress could not hear one word of the love I made to her.

Eng. Mons. Sir, I cannot help that; for I shall justify my tops in the noise they were guilty of, since 'twas *Alamode* of France. Can you say 'twas an English noise?

Vaine. I can say, though your tops were made in France, they made a noise in England.

Eng. Mons. But still, Sir, 'twas a French noise—

Vaine. But cannot a French noise hinder a man from hearing?

Eng. Mons. No, certainly, that's a demonstration; for, look you, Sir, a French noise is agreeable to the air, and therefore not unagreeable, and therefore not prejudicial, to the hearing; that is to say, to a person that has seen the world.

The Monsieur comforts himself, when his mistress rejects him, that "'twas a denial with a French tone of voice, so that 'twas agreeable:" and, at her final departure, "Do you see, Sir, how she leaves us? she walks away with a French step."

THE HECTORS: A COMEDY. BY EDMUND PRESTWICK,
1641.

A Waiting Maid wheedles an old Justice into a belief, that her Lady is in love with him.

Maid. I think there never was Woman of so strange a humour as she is for the world ; for from her infancy she ever doted on old men. I have heard her say, that in these her late law troubles, it has been no small comfort to her, that she has been conversant with grave counsellors and serjeants ; and what a happiness she had sometimes to look an hour together upon the Judges. She will go and walk a whole afternoon in Charter House Garden, on purpose to view the ancient Gentlemen there. Not long ago there was a young Gentleman here about the town who, hearing of her riches, and knowing this her humour, had almost got her, by counterfeiting himself to be an old man.

Justice. And how came he to miss her ?

Maid. The strangeliest that ever you heard ; for all things were agreed, the very writings drawn, and when he came to seal them, because he set his name without using a pair of spectacles, she would never see him more.

Justice. Nay, if she could love an old man so—well—

The Waiting Maid places the Justice, where he can overhear a sham discourse of the Lady with a pretended Brother.

Brother. What is the matter, Sister ? you do not use to be so strange to me.

Lady. I do not indeed ; but now methinks I cannot conceal any thing ; yet I could wish you could now guess my thoughts, and look into my mind ; and see

what strange passions have ruled there of late, without forcing me to strain my modesty.

Broth. What, are you in love with anybody? Come, let me know the party; a brother's advice may do you no harm.

Sist. Did you not see an ancient gentleman with me, when you came in?

Broth. What, is it any son or kinsman of his?

Sist. No, no. (*She weeps.*)

Broth. Who then?

Sist. I have told you—

Broth. What, that feeble and decrepit piece of age—

Sist. Nay, brother—

Broth. That sad effect of some threescore years and ten—that antic relique of the last century—

Sist. Alas, dear brother, it is but too true.

Broth. It is impossible.

Sist. One would think so indeed.

Broth. I grant, you may bear a reverence and regard, as to your father's ashes, or your grandsire's tomb.

Sist. Alas, brother, you know I never did affect those vain though pleasing braveries of youth, but still have set my mind on the more noble part of man, which age doth more refine and elaborate, than it doth depress and sink this same contemptible clod.

Justice. I see, she loves me.

HEY FOR HONESTY : A COMEDY. BY T. RANDOLPH,
1651.

To Plutus.

Did not Will Summers break his wind for thee ?
And Shakespeare therefore writ his comedy ?
All things acknowledge thy vast power divine,
Great God of Money, whose most powerful shine
Gives motion, life ; day rises from thy sight,
Thy setting though at noon makes pitchy night.
Sole catholic cause of what we feel and see,
All in this all are but the effects of thee.

Riches above Poverty ; a syllogism.

— My *major*, That which is most noble, is most honorable. But Poverty is more noble. My *minor* I prove thus. Whose houses are most ancient, those are most noble. But Poverty's houses are most ancient ; for some of them are so old, like Vicarage houses, they are every hour in danger of falling.

Stationer's Preface before the Play.

Reader, this is a pleasant Comedy, though some may judge it satirical, 'tis the more like Aristophanes, the father ; besides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting age we live in ; then biting for biting. Again, Tom Randal, the adopted son of Ben Jonson, being the Translator hereof, followed his father's steps. They both of them loved Sack, and harmless mirth, and here they shew it ; and I, that know myself, am not averse from it neither. This I thought good to acquaint thee with. Farewell.
Thine, F. J.

THE EXAMPLE: A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY JAS. SHIRLEY,

1638.

The humour of a wary Knight, who sleeps all day, and wakes all night, for security.—He calls up his Household at midnight.

Plot. Dormant, why Dormant, thou eternal sleeper
Who would be troubled with these lethargies
About him? are you come, dreamer?

Dormant (entering). Would I were so happy. There's
less noise in a steeple upon a Coronation-day. O sleep,
sleep, tho' it were a dead one, would be comfortable.
Your Worship might be pleased to let my fellow Old-rat
watch as well as I.

Plot. Old-rat! that fellow is a drone.

Dorm. He has slept this half hour on the iron chest.
Would I were in my grave to take a nap; death would
do me a courtesy; I should be at rest, and hear no noise
of "Dormant."

Plot. Hah! what's the matter?

Dorm. Nothing but a yawn, Sir, I do all I can to keep
myself waking.

Plot. 'Tis done considerately. This heavy dulness—
Is the disease of souls. Sleep in the night!

Dorm. Shall I wake my fellow Old-rat? he is re-
freshed.

Plot. Do; but return you with him: I have business
for both.

Dorm. To hear us join in opinion of what's a clock!
They talk of Endymion: now could I sleep three lives.
(*Exit.*)

Plot. When other men measure the hours with sleep,

Careless of where they are and whom they trust,
 Exposing their condition to danger
 Of plots, I wake and wisely think prevention.
 Night was not made to snore in ; but so calm,
 For our imaginations to be stirring
 About the world ; this subtle world, this world
 Of plots and close conspiracy. There is
 No faith in man nor woman. Where's this Dormant ?

Dorm. (*re-entering with Old-rat.*) Here is the sleepy vermin.

Old. It has been day this two hours.

Plot. 'Then 'tis time for me to go to bed.

Dorm. Would my hour were once come !

Plot. Keep out daylight, and set up a fresh taper.

Dorm. By that time we have dined, he will have slept out his first sleep.

Old. And after supper call for his breakfast.

Plot. You are sure 'tis morning ?

Dorm. As sure as I am sleepy.

LOVE'S DOMINION: A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.
 BY RICHARD FLECKNOE, 1634.

Invocation to Silence.

Still-born Silence, thou that art
 Floodgate of the deeper heart ;
 Offspring of a heavenly kind ;
 Frost o' th' mouth and thaw o' th' mind ;
 Secresy's Confident, and he
 That makes religion Mystery ;
 Admiration's speaking'st tongue,—
 Leave thy desart shades, among

Reverend Hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retir'd'st Devotion dwells :
With thy Enthusiasms come ;
Seize this Maid, and strike her dumb.

Fable.

Love and Death o' th' way once meeting,
Having past a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary eye-lids closing,
Lay them down, themselves reposing ;
When this fortune did befall 'em,
Which after did so much appal 'em ;
Love, whom divers cares molested,
Could not sleep ; but, whilst Death rested,
All away in haste he posts him :
But his haste full dearly cost him ;
For it chanced, that, going to sleeping,
Both had giv'n their darts in keeping
Unto Night ; who (Error's Mother)
Blindly knowing not th' one from th' other,
Gave Love Death's, and ne'er perceiv'd it,
Whilst as blindly Love receiv'd it :
Since which time, the darts confounding,
Love now kills, instead of wounding ;
Death, our hearts with sweetness filling,
Gently wounds, instead of killing.

ANDRONICUS: A TRAGEDY. BY PHILONAX
LOVEKIN, 1661.

Effect of Religious Structures on different minds.

Crato. I grieve the Chapel was defaced: 'twas
stately.

Cleobulus. I love no such triumphant Churches—
They scatter my devotion ; whilst my sight
Is courted to observe their sumptuous cost,
I find my heart lost in my eyes ;
Whilst that a holy horror seems to dwell
Within a dark obscure and humble cell.

Crato. But I love Churches, mount up to the skies,
For my devotion rises with their roof :
Therein my soul doth heav'n anticipate.

Song for Sleep.

Come, Somnus, with thy potent charms,
And seize this Captive in thy arms ;
And sweetly drop on every sense
Thy soul-refreshing influence.
His sight, smell, hearing, touch, and taste,
Unto the peace do thou bind fast —
On working brains, at school all day,
At night thou dost bestow a play,
And troubled minds thou dost set free ;
Thou mak'st both friends and foes agree :
All are alike, who live by breath,
In thee, and in thy brother Death.

DON QUIXOTE: A COMEDY, IN THREE PARTS. BY
THOMAS D'URFEY, 1694.

Dirge, at the hearse of Chrysostom.

Sleep, poor Youth, sleep in peace,
Relieved from love and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain-bless'd, less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant Power enslave,
Or scornful Beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep;
Earthquakes, that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possést,
Secure from life's torment or pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest;
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again*.

* *i. e.* "may thy sleep be so profound, as not even by dreams of a resurrection to be disturbed:" the language of passion, not of sincere profaneness.

RAM ALLEY: A COMEDY. BY LODOWICK BARRY,
1611.

*In the Prologue the Poet protests the innocence of his Play, and
gives a promise of better things.*

Home bred mirth our Muse doth sing ;
The Satyr's tooth, and waspish sting,
Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this Play are not affected.
But if conceit, with quick-turn'd scenes,
Observing all those ancient streams
Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow—
As time, place, person—and to show
Things never done, with that true life,
That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
Whether the things now shewn be true :
Or whether we ourselves now do
The things we but present : if these,
Free from the loathsome Stage-disease,
So over-worn, so tired and stale ;
Not satyrising' but to rail ;—
May win your favors, and inherit
But calm acceptance of his merit,—
He vows by paper, pen, and ink,
And by the Learned Sisters' drink,
To spend his time, his lamps, his oil,
And never cease his brain to toil,
Till from the silent hours of night
He doth produce, for your delight,
Conceits so new, so harmless free,
That Puritans themselves may see
A Play ; yet not in public preach,
That Players such lewd doctrine teach,

That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
 When they do see a man resemble
 The picture of a villain.—This,
 As he a friend to Muses is,
 To you by me he gives his word,
 Is all his Play does now afford.

THE ROYAL KING AND LOYAL SUBJECT: A TRAGI-COMEDY. BY T. HEYWOOD, 1627.

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood descants upon the variety of topics, which had been introduced upon the English stage in that age,—the rich Shakspearian epoch.

To give content to this most curious age,
 The Gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
 And figured them in Planets ; made ev'n Hell
 Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
 Saving the Muses' raptures : further we
 Have traffickt by their help ; no History
 We've left unrifled ; our pens have been dipt
 As well in opening each hid manuscript,
 As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung,
 In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
 Of Fairy elves, Nymphs of the Sea and Land,
 The Lawns and Groves, no number can be scann'd,
 Which we've not given feet to. Nay, 'tis known
 That when our Chronicles have barren grown
 Of story, we have all Invention stretcht ;
 Dived low as to the center, and then reacht
 Unto the Primum Mobile above,
 (Nor 'scaped Things Intermediate), for your love

These have been acted often ; all have past
 Censure : of which some live, and some are cast.
 For this * in agitation, stay the end ;
 Tho' nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

THE CHALLENGE TO BEAUTY : A TRAGI-COMEDY.
 BY T. HEYWOOD, 1636.

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood commends the English Plays ; not without a censure of some writers, who in his time had begun to degenerate.

The Roman and Athenian Dramas far
 Differ from us : and those that frequent are
 In Italy and France, ev'n in these days,
 Compared with ours, are rather Jiggs than Plays.
 Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch ;
 None, versed in language, but confess them such.
 They do not build their projects on that *ground* ;
 Nor have their phrases half the weight and sound,
 Our labour'd Scenes have had. And yet our nation
 (Already too much tax'd for imitation,
 In seeking to ape others) cannot 'quit
 Some of our Poets, who have sinn'd in it.
 For where, before, great Patriots, Dukes, and Kings,
 Presented for some high facinorous things †

* His own Play.

† The foundations of the English Drama were laid deep in *tragedy* by Marlow, and others—Marlow especially—while our *comedy* was yet in its lisping state. To this tragic preponderance (forgetting his own sweet Comedies, and Shakspeare's), Heywood seems to refer with regret ; as in the "Roscian Strain" he evidently alludes to Alleyn, who was great in the "Jew of Malta," as Heywood elsewhere testifies, and in the principal tragic parts both of Marlow and Shakspeare.

Were the stage subject ; now we strive to fly
 In their low pitch, who never could soar high :
 For now the common argument entreats
 Of puling Lovers, crafty Bawds, or Cheats.
 Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
 These queasy times with humours flash'd in wit,
 Whose art I both encourage and commend ;
 I only wish that they would sometimes bend
 To memorise the valours of such men,
 Whose very names might dignify the pen ;
 And that our once-applauded Roscian strain
 In acting such might be revived again :
 Which you to count'nance might the Stage make proud,
 And poets strive to key their strings more loud.

THE FAWN: A COMEDY. BY JOHN MARSTON, 1606.

In the Preface to this Play, the Poet glances at some of the Playwrights of his time ; with a handsome acknowledgment, notwithstanding, of their excellencies.

“ for my own interest let this once be printed, that,
 of men of my own addition, I love most, pity some, hate
 none : for let me truly say it, I once only loved myself
 for loving them ; and surely I shall ever rest so constant
 to my first affection, that, let their ungentle combinings,
 discurteous whispering, never so treacherously labour
 to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as
 I have being) love the least of their graces, and only pity
 the greatest of their vices.

Ipse semi-paganus

Ad sacra vatûm carmen affero nostrum.”

COMMENDATORY VERSES BEFORE THREE PLAYS OF
SIR WILLIAM KILLIGREW. BY T. L.

I.

THAT thy wise and modest Muse
Flies the Stage's looser use ;
Not bawdry *Wit* does falsely name,
And to move laughter puts off shame :

II.

That thy theatre's loud noise
May be virgin's chaste applause ;
And the stoled matron, grave divine,
Their lectures done, may tend to thine :

III.

That no actor's made profane,
To debase Gods, to raise thy strain ;
And people forced, that hear thy Play,
Their money and their souls to pay :

IV.

That thou leav'st affected phrase
To the shops to use and praise ;
And breath'st a noble Courtly vein,—
Such as may Cæsar entertain,

V.

When he wearied would lay down
The burdens that attend a crown ;
Disband his soul's severer powers ;
In mirth and ease dissolve two hours :

VI.

These are thy inferior arts,
These I call thy second parts.
But when thou carriest on the plot,
And all are lost in th' subtle knot :

VII.

When the scene sticks to every thought,
And can to no event be brought ;
When (thus of old the scene betraid)
Poets call'd Gods unto their aid,

VIII.

Who by power might do the thing,
Art could to no issue bring ;
As the Pellear Prince, that broke
With a rude and down-right stroke

IX.

The perplext and fatal noose,
Which his skill could not unloose :—
Thou dost a nobler art profess ;
And the coil'd serpent can'st no less

X.

Stretch out from every twisted fold,
In which he lay inwove and roll'd ;
Induce a night, and then a day,
Wrap all in clouds, and then display.

XI.

Th' easy and the even design :
A plot, without a God, divine !—
Let others' bold pretending pens
Write acts of Gods, that know not men's ;
In this to thee all must resign ;
Th' Surprise of th' Scene is wholly thine.

COMMENDATORY VERSES BEFORE THE "FAITHFUL
SHEPHERD" OF FLETCHER.

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken.
A Poem and a Play too ! Why, 'tis like
A Scholar that's a Poet ; their names strike,
And kill outright : one cannot both fates bear.--
But as a Poet, that's no Scholar, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes
Passage with ease and state thro' both sides 'press
Of pageant-seers : or, as Scholars please,
That are no Poets, more than Poets learned,
Since *their* art solely is by souls discern'd,
(The others' falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence) :
So, were your Play no Poem, but a thing
Which every cobbler to his patch might sing ;
A rout of rifles, like the multitude,
With no one limb of any art endued,
Like would to like, and praise you : but because
Your poem only hath by *us* applause ;
Renews the Golden Age, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely Pastoral,
Where flowers, and founts, and nymphs, and semi-gods,
And all the Graces, find their old abodes ;
Where poets flourish but in endless verse,
And meadows nothing-fit for purchasers :
This Iron Age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your Golden World, that others ever
Loved as itself. Then like your Book, do you
Live in old peace : and that far praise allow.

G. Chapman.

COMMENDATORY VERSES BEFORE THE REBELLION:
A TRAGEDY. BY T. RAWLINS, 1640.

To see a Springot of thy tender age
With such a lofty strain to word a Stage ;
To see a Tragedy from thee in print,
With such a world of fine meanders in't ;
Puzzles my wond'ring soul : for there appears
Such disproportion 'twixt thy lines and years,
That when I read thy lines, methinks I see
The sweet-tongued Ovid fall upon his knee
With "*Parce Precor.*" Every line and word
Runs in sweet numbers of its own accord.
But I am thunderstruck, that all this while
Thy unfeather'd quill should write a tragic style.
This, above all, my admiration draws,
That one so young should know dramatic laws :
'Tis rare, and therefore is not for the span
Or greasy thumbs of every common man.
The damask rose that sprouts before the Spring,
Is fit for none to smell at but a king.
Go on, sweet friend : I hope in time to see
Thy temples rounded with the Daphnean tree ;
And if men ask, " Who nurs'd thee ? " I'll say thus,
" It was the Ambrosian Spring of Pegasus."

Robert Chamberlain.

THE AMBITIOUS STATESMAN: A TRAGEDY. BY
JOHN CROWNE, 1679.

Vendome, returning from the wars, hears news, that Louize is false to him.

Ven. (solus.) Where'er I go, I meet a wandering rumour,

Louize is the Dauphin's secret mistress.

I heard it in the army, but the sound

Was then as feeble as the distant murmurs

Of a great river mingling with the sea;

But now I am come near this river's fall,

'Tis louder than the cataracts of Nile.

If this be true,

Doomsday is near, and all the heavens are falling.—

I know not what to think of it, for every where

I meet a choking dust, such as is made

After removing all a palace furniture:

If she be gone, the world in my esteem

Is all bare walls; nothing remains in it

But dust and feathers, like a Turkish inn,

And the foul steps where plunderers have been.

Valediction.

Vendome, (to his faithless Mistress). Madam I'm well assured, you will not send

One poor thought after me, much less a messenger,

To know the truth; but if you do, he'll find,

In some unfinish'd part of the creation,

Where Night and Chaos never were disturb'd,

But bed-rid lie in some dark rocky desart,

There will he find a thing—whether a man,

Or the collected shadows of the desart

Condens'd into a shade, he'll hardly know ;
 This figure he will find walking alone,
 Poring one while on some sad book at noon
 By taper-light, for never day shone there :
 Sometimes laid grovelling on the barren earth,
 Moist with his tears, for never dew fell there :
 And when night comes, not known from day by darkness,
 But by some faithful messenger of time,
 He'll find him stretcht upon a bed of stone,
 Cut from the bowels of some rocky cave,
 Offering himself either to Sleep or Death ;
 And neither will accept the dismal wretch :
 At length a Slumber, in its infant arms,
 Takes up his heavy soul, but wanting strength
 To bear it, quickly lets it fall again ;
 At which the wretch starts up, and walks about
 All night, and all the time it should be day ;
 Till quite forgetting, quite forgot of every thing
 But Sorrow, pines away, and in small time
 Of the only man that durst inhabit there,
 Becomes the only Ghost that dares walk there.

Incredulity to Virtue.

Vendome. Perhaps there never were such things as
 Virtues,
 But only in men's fancies, like the Phoenix ;
 Or if they once have been, they're now but names
 Of natures lost, which came into the world,
 But could not live, nor propagate their kind.

Faithless Beauty.

Louize. Dare you approach ?

Vendome. Yes, but with fear, for sure you're not
 Woman.

A Comet glitter'd in the air o' late,

And kept some weeks the frightened kingdom waking.
Long hair it had, like you ; a shining aspect ;
Its beauty smiled, at the same time it frighten'd ;
And every horror in it had a grace.

BELPHEGOR : A COMEDY. BY JOHN WILSON, 1690.

Doria Palace described.

That thou'd'st been with us at Duke Doria's garden !
The pretty contest between art and nature ;
To see the wilderness, grots, arbours, ponds ;
And in the midst, over a stately fountain,
The Neptune of the Ligurian sea—
Andrew Doria—the man who first
Taught Genoa not to serve : then to behold
The curious waterworks and wanton streams
Wind here and there, as if they had forgot
Their errand to the sea.

And then again, within
The vast prodigious cage, in which the groves
Of myrtle, orange, jessamine, beguile
The winged quire with a native warble,
And pride of their restraint. Then, up and down,
An antiquated marble, or broken statue,
Majestic ev'n in ruin.

And such a glorious palace :
Such pictures, carving, furniture ! my words
Cannot reach half the splendour. And, after all,
To see the sea, fond of the goodly sight,
One while glide amorous, and lick her walls,
As who would say, Come Follow ; but, repuls'd
Rally its whole artillery of waves,
And crowd into a storm !

THE FLOATING ISLAND: A COMEDY. BY THE REV.
W. STRODE. ACTED BY THE STUDENTS OF CHRIST-
CHURCH, OXFORD, 1639.

Song.

Once Venus' cheeks, that sham'd the morn,
Their hue let fall ;
Her lips, that winter had out-born,
In June look'd pale :
Her heat grew cold, her nectar dry ;
No juice she had but in her eye,
The wonted fire and flames to mortify.
When was this so dismal sight ?—
When Adonis bade good night.

FATAL JEALOUSY: A TRAGEDY. AUTHOR UNKNOWN,
1673.

No Truth Absolute: after seeing a Masque of Gipseys.

1st Spectator. By this we see that all the world's a
cheat,

Whose truths and falsehoods lie so intermixt,
And are so like each other, that 'tis hard
To find the difference. Who would not think these
people

A real pack of such as we call Gipseys ?

2nd Spect. Things perfectly alike are but the same ;
And these were Gipseys, if we did not know
How to consider them the contrary :

So in terrestrial things there is not one
But takes its form and nature from our fancy,
Not its own being, and is but what we think it.

1st Spect. But Truth is still itself?

2nd Spect. No, not at all, as Truth appears to us;
For oftentimes

That is a truth to me, that's false to you;
So 'twould not be, if it was truly true.

* * * * *

How clouded Man
Doubts first, and from one doubt doth soon proceed
A thousand more, in solving of the first!
Like 'nighted travellers we lose our way,
Then every ignis fatuus makes us stray,
By the false lights of reason led about,
Till we arrive where we at first set out:
Nor shall we e'er truth's perfect highway see,
Till dawns the day-break of eternity.

Apprehension.

O Apprehension!—

So terrible the consequence appears,
It makes my brain turn round, and night seem darker.
The moon begins to drown herself in clouds,
Leaving a duskish horror everywhere.
My sickly fancy makes the garden seem
Like those benighted groves in Pluto's kingdoms.

Injured Husband.

Wife (dying). Oh, oh, I fain would live a little longer,
If but to ask forgiveness of Gerardo!
My soul will scarce reach heav'n without his pardon.

Gerardo (entering). Who's that would go to heav'n,
Take it, whate'er thou art; and may'st thou be
Happy in death, whate'er thou didst design.

Gerardo ; his wife murdered.

Ger. It is in vain to look 'em *, if they hide ;
The garden's large ; besides, perhaps they're gone.
We'll to the body.

Serv. You are by it now, my Lord.

Ger. This accident amazes me so much,
I go I know not where.

Doubt.

Doubt is the effect of fear or jealousy,
Two passions which to reason give the lye ;
For fear torments, and never doth assist ;
And jealousy is love lost in a mist.
Both hood-wink truth, and go to blind-man's-buff,
Cry here, then there, seem to direct enough,
But all the while shift place ; making the mind,
As it goes out of breath, despair to find ;
And, if at last something it stumbles on,
Perhaps it calls it false, and then 'tis gone.
If true, what's gain'd ? only just time to see
A breachless† play, a game at liberty ;
That has no other end than this, that men
Run to be tired, just to set down again.

Owl.

———— hark how the owl
Summons their souls to take a flight with her,
Where they shall be eternally benighted.—

* The murderers.

† Breathless.

THE TRAITOR: A TRAGEDY. BY J. SHIRLEY: 1635.
 BY SOME SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ONE
 RIVERS, A JESUIT.

*Sciarrah, whose life is forfeited, has offer of pardon, conditionally,
 that he bring his sister Amidea to consent to the Prince's
 unlawful suit. He jestingly tries her affection.*

Sci. — if thou couldst redeem me
 With anything but death, I think I should
 Consent to live.

Amid. Nothing can be too precious
 To save a brother, such a loving brother
 As you have been.

Sci. Death's a devouring gamester,
 And sweeps up all ;—what think'st thou of an eye ?
 Could'st thou spare one, and think the blemish recom-
 penced

To see me safe with the other ? or a hand—
 This white hand, that has so often
 With admiration trembled on the lute,
 Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile,
 And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
 Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
 From their own motions without the need
 Of any dull or passive instrument.—
 No, Amidea ; thou shalt not bear one scar,
 To buy my life ; the sickle shall not touch
 A flower, that grows so fair upon his stalk :
 I would live, and owe my life to thee,
 So 'twere not bought too dear.

Amid. Do you believe, I should not find
 The way to heav'n, were both mine eyes thy ransom ?

I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand.

[My transcript breaks off here. Perhaps what follows was of less value ; or perhaps I broke off, as I own I have sometimes done, to leave in my readers a relish, and an inclination to explore for themselves the genuine fountains of these old dramatic delicacies.]

THE HUNTINGDON DIVERTISEMENT: AN INTERLUDE,
FOR THE GENERAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE
COUNTY FEAST, HELD AT MERCHANT TAYLORS'
HALL, JUNE 20TH, 1678. BY W. M.

Humour of a retired Knight.

Sir JEOFFRY DOE-RIGHT. *Master* GENEROUS
GOODMAN.

Gen. Sir Jeoffry, good morrow.

Sir. J. The same to you, Sir.

Gen. Your early zeal condemns the rising sun
Of too much sloth ; as if you did intend
To catch the Muses napping.

Sir J. Did you know
The pleasures of an early contemplation,
You'd never let Aurora blush to find
You drowsy on your bed ; but rouse, and spend
Some short ejaculations,—how the night
Disbands her sparkling troops at the approach
Of the ensuing day, when th' grey-eyed sky
Ushers the golden signals of the morn ;
Whilst the magnanimous cock with joy proclaims
The sun's illustrious cavalcade. Your thoughts
Would ruminare on all the works of Heaven,

And th' various dispensations of its power.
Our predecessors better did improve
The precious minutes of the morn than we
Their lazy successors. Their practice taught
And left us th' good Proverbial, that "To rise
Early makes all men healthy, wealthy, wise."

Gen. Your practice, Sir, merits our imitation ;
Where the least particle of night and day's
Improv'd to th' best advantage, whilst your soul
(Unclogg'd from th' dross of melancholic cares)
Makes every place a paradise.

Sir J. 'Tis true,
I bless my lucky stars, whose kind aspects
Have fix'd me in this solitude. My youth
Past thro' the tropics of each fortune, I
Was made her perfect tennis-ball ; her smiles
Now made me rich and honour'd ; then her frowns
Dash'd all my joys, and blasted all my hopes ;
Till, wearied by such interchange of weather,
In court and city, I at length confined
All my ambition to the Golden Mean,
The Equinoctial of my fate ; to amend
The errors of my life by a good end.

DEDICATIONS TO FLETCHER'S FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS;

WITHOUT DATE; PRESUMED TO BE THE FIRST EDITION.

I.

To that noble and true lover of learning, Sir Walton Aston.

Sir, I must ask your patience, and be true.
This Play was never liked, except by few
That brought their judgments with them; for of late
First the infection*, then the common prate
Of common people, have such customs got
Either to silence Plays, or like them not:
Under the last of which this Interlude
Had fal'n, for ever press'd down by the rude
That, like a torrent which the moist South feeds,
Drowns both before him the ripe corn and weeds;
Had not the saving sense of better men
Redeem'd it from corruption. Dear Sir, then
Among the better souls be you the best,
In whom as in a center I take rest,
And proper being; from whose equal eye
And judgement nothing grows but purity.
Nor do I flatter; for, by all those dead
Great in the Muses, by Apollo's head,
He that adds any thing to you, 'tis done
Like his that lights a candle to the sun.
Then be as you were ever, yourself still
Moved by your judgement, not by love or will.
And when I sing again (as who can tell
My next devotion to that holy Well?)
Your goodness to the Muses shall be all
Able to make a work Heroical.

* The Plague: in which times, the acting of Plays appears to have been discountenanced.

II.

To the Inheritor of all Worthiness, Sir William Scipwith.

ODE.

I.

If from servile hope or love
I may prove
But so happy to be thought for
Such a one, whose greatest ease
Is to please,
Worthy Sir, I have all I sought for.]

II.

For no itch of greater name
Which some claim
By their verses, do I show it
To the world; nor to protest,
'Tis the best;
These are lean faults in a poet:

III.

Nor to make it serve to feed
At my need;
Nor to gain acquaintance by it;
Nor to ravish kind Attorneys
In their journies;
Nor to read it after diet.

IV.

Far from me are all these aims:
Frantic claims,
To build weakness on and pity;
Only to yourself, and such
Whose true touch
Makes all good, let me seem witty.

III.

To the perfect gentleman, Sir Robert Townesend.

If the greatest faults may crave
Pardon, where contrition is,
Noble Sir, I needs must have
A long one for a long amiss.
If you ask me how is this,
Upon my faith I'll tell you frankly ;
You love above my means to thank ye.
Yet according to my talent,
As sour fortune loves to use me,
A poor Shepherd I have sent
In home-spun gray, for to excuse me :
And may all my hopes refuse me
But, when better comes ashore,
You shall have better, never more ;
'Till when, like our desperate debtors,
Or our three-piled sweet "protesters,"
I must please you in bare letters !
And so pay my debts, like jesters.
Yet I oft have seen good feasters,
Only for to please the pallet,
Leave great meat, and chuse a sallet.

Apologetical Preface, following these :

To the Reader.

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of Poem, lay down the Book ; or read this, which I would wish had been the Prologue. It is a Pastoral Tragic-Comedy ; which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of Country hired Shepherds, in gray cloaks, with cur-tailed dogs in strings, sometimes

laughing together, sometimes killing one another ; and, missing Whitsun ales, cream, wassail, and Morris dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure *. Understand, therefore, a Pastoral to be—a Representation of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, with their Actions and Passions, which must be such as agree with their natures ; at least, not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions. They are not to be adorn'd with any art, but such improper ones as nature is said to bestow, as Singing and Poetry ; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains ; the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars ; and such like. But you are ever to remember Shepherds to be such, as all the ancient poets (and modern of understanding) have received them ; that is, the Owners of Flocks, and not Hirelings.—A Tragic-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths (which is enough to make it no Tragedy) ; yet brings some near to it (which is enough to make it no Comedy) : which must be a Representation of Familiar People, with such kind of trouble as no life can be without ; so that a God is as lawful in this, as in a Tragedy ; and mean People, as in a Comedy.—Thus much I hope will serve to justify my Poem, and make you understand it ; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

JOHN FLETCHER.

* He damns the Town : the Town before damn'd him.—ED.

We can almost be not sorry for the ill dramatic success of this Play, which brought out such spirited apologies ; in particular, the masterly definitions of Pastoral and Tragi-Comedy in this Preface.

THE WARS OF CYRUS: A TRAGEDY. AUTHOR
UNKNOWN, 1594.

Dumb Show exploded.

Chorus (to the Audience).——Xenophon
Warrants what we record of Panthea.
It is writ in sad and tragic terms,
May move you tears ; then you content our Muse,
That scorns to trouble you again with toys
Or needless antics, imitations,
Or shows, or new devises sprung o' late ;
We have exiled them from our tragic stage,
As trash of their tradition, that can bring
Nor instance nor excuse : for what they *do* *,
Instead of mournful complaints our Chorus *sings* ;
Although it be against the upstart guise,
Yet, warranted by grave antiquity,
We will revive the which hath long been done.

* So I point it ; instead of the line, as it stands in this unique copy—

Nor instance nor excuse for what they do.
The sense I take to be, what the common playwrights *do* (or shew by action—the “ inexplicable dumb show” of Shakspeare—), our Chorus *relates*. The following lines have else no coherence.

THE MARRIED BEAU: A COMEDY. BY JOHN
CROWNE, 1694.

Wife tempted: she pleads religion.

Lover. Our happy love may have a secret Church
Under the Church, as *Faith's* was under *Paul's*,
Where we may carry on our sweet devotion;
And the Cathedral marriage keep its state,
And all its decency and ceremonies.

THE CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY: TRAGI COMEDY.
BY T. HEYWOOD, 1636.

Appeal for Innocence against a false accusation.

Helena. Both have sworn:
And, Princes, as you hope to crown your heads
With that perpetual wreath which shall last ever,
Cast on a poor dejected innocent virgin
Your eyes of grace and pity. What sin is it,
Or who can be the patron to such evil?—
That a poor innocent maid, spotless in deed,
And pure in thought, both without spleen and gall,
That never injured creature, never had heart
To think of wrong, or ponder injury;
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live peculiar in the compass
Of her own virtues; notwithstanding these,
Should be sought out by strangers, persecuted,
Made infamous ev'n there, where she was made
For imitation; hiss'd at in her country;
Abandon'd of her mother, kindred, friends;

Depraved in foreign climes, scorn'd every where,
And ev'n in princes' courts reputed vile :
O pity, pity this !

THYESTES : A TRAGEDY. BY JOHN CROWNE, 1681.

Atreus, having recovered his Wife, and Kingdom, from his brother Thyestes, who had usurped both, and sent him into banishment, describes his offending Queen.

Atreus (solus). ——— still she lives :
'Tis true, in heavy sorrow : so she ought,
If she offended as I fear she has.
Her hardships, though, she owes to her own choice.
I have often offer'd her my useless couch ;
For what is it to me ? I never sleep :
But for her bed she uses the hard floor.
My table is spread for her ; I never eat :
And she'll take nothing but what feeds her grief.

Philisthenes, the son of Thyestes, at a stolen interview with Antigone, the daughter of Atreus, is surprised by the King's Spies ; upon which misfortune Antigone swooning, is found by Peneus.

ANTIGONE. PENEUS, *an ancient retainer to the Court of Mycenæ.*

Peneus. Ha ! what is she that sleeps in open air ?
Indeed the place is far from any path,
But what conducts to melancholy thoughts ;
But those are beaten roads about this Court.
Her habit calls her, Noble Grecian Maid ;
But her sleep says, she is a stranger here.
All birds of night build in this Court, but Sleep :
And Sleep is here made wild with loud complaints,
And flies away from all. I wonder how
This maid has brought it to her lure so tame.

Antigone (waking from her swoon). Oh my Philisthenes !

Peneus. She wakes to moan ;
Aye, that's the proper language of this place !

Antigone. My dear, my poor Philisthenes !
I know 'tis so ! oh horror ! death ! hell ! oh—

Peneus. I know her now ; 'tis fair Antigone,
The daughter and the darling of the King.
This is the lot of all this family*.

Beauteous Antigone, thou know'st me well ;
I am old Peneus, one who threescore years
Has loved and serv'd thy wretched family.
Impart thy sorrows to me ; I perhaps
In my wide circle of experience
May find some counsel that may do thee good.

Antigone. O good old man ! how long have you been
here ?

Peneus. I came but now.

Antigone. O did you see this way
Poor young Philisthenes ? you know him well.

Peneus. Thy uncle's son, Thyestes' eldest son—

Antigone. The same, the same—

Peneus. No ; all the Gods forbid
I should meet him so near thy father's Court.

Antigone. O he was here one cursed minute past.

Peneus. What brought him hither ?

Antigone. Love to wretched me.
Our warring fathers never ventured more
For bitter hate than we for innocent love.
Here but a minute past the dear youth lay,
Here in this brambly cave lay in my arms ;
And now he's seized ! O miserable me—(*Tears her
hair.*)

* The descendants of Tantalus.

Peneus. Why dost thou rend that beauteous ornament?

In what has it offended? hold thy hands.

Antigone. O father, go and plead for the poor youth; No one dares speak to the fierce King but you—

Peneus. And no one near speaks more in vain than I; He spurns me from his presence like a dog.

Antigone. Oh, then—

Peneus. She faints, she swoons, I frighten'd her, Oh I spake indiscretely. Daughter, child, Antigone, I'll go, indeed I'll go.

Antigone. There is no help for me in heav'n or earth.

Peneus. There is, there is; despair not, sorrowful maid, All will be well. I'm going to the King, And will with pow'rful reasons bind his hands; And something in me says I shall prevail. But to whose care shall I leave thee the while?— For oh! I dare not trust thee to thy grief.

Antigone. I'll be disposed of, father, as you please, Till I receive the blest or dreadful doom.

Peneus. Then come, dear daughter, lean upon my arm, Which old and weak is stronger yet than thine; Thy youth hath known more sorrow than my age. I never hear of grief, but when I'm here; But one day's diet here of sighs and tears Returns me elder home by many years.

Atreus, to entrap his brother Thyestes; who has lived a concealed life, lurking in woods, to elude his vengeance; sends Philisthenes and old Peneus to him with offers of reconciliation, and an invitation to Court, to be present at the nuptials of Antigone with Philisthenes.

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

Thy. Welcome to my arms,
My hope, my comfort! Time has roll'd about

Several months since I have seen thy face,
And in its progress has done wond'rous things.

Phil. Strange things indeed to chase you to this sad
Dismal abode ; nay, and to age, I think :
I see that winter thrusting itself forth
Long, long before its time, in silver hairs.

Thy. My fault, my son ; I would be great and high ;
Snow lies in summer on some mountain tops.
Ah, Son ! I'm sorry for thy noble youth,
Thou hast so bad a father ; I'm afraid,
Fortune will quarrel with thee for my sake.
Thou wilt derive unhappiness from me,
Like an hereditary ill disease.

Phil. Sir, I was born, when you were innocent ;
And all the ill you have contracted since,
You have wrought out by painful penitence ;
For healthy joy returns to us again ;
Nay, a more vigorous joy than e'er we had.
Like one recover'd from a sad disease,
Nature for damage pays him double cost,
And gives him fairer flesh than e'er he had.

*Thyestes is won from his retirement by the joint representations
of Philisthenes and Peneus, of the apparent good faith, and
returning kindness of his brother ; and visits Mycenæ :—his
confidence ; his returning misgivings.*

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

Thy. O wondrous pleasure to a banish'd man,
I feel my loved long look'd-for native soil !
And oh ! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travell'd toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.

O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the Gods,
Whither for sacred pleasures they retire ;
Sacred because you are the work of Gods ;
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent :
And the proud city which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.

And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs ;
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts !

Phil. O joyful sound !

Thy. But with them Atreus too—

Phil. What ails my father, that he stops, and
shakes,

And now retires ?

Thy. Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert, and well-seated caves ;
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge : no villainy
Lies in the prospect of an humble cave.

Pen. Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud ?

Thy. I talk of Atreus.

Pen. What are these to him ?

Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.

Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your
mind.

Thy. The Gods for all our safety put them there.—
Return, return with me.

Pen. Against our oaths ?
I cannot stem the vengeance of the Gods.

Thy. Here are no Gods : they've left this dire
abode.

Pen. True race of Tantalus ! who parent-like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starved.
His hell and yours differ alone in this :
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him ;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.

Thy. A fit comparison ; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

*The day of the pretended Nuptials. — Atreus feigns a returning
love for his Queen.*

Ærope. O this is too much joy for me to bear :
You build new palaces on broken walls.

Atreus. Come, let our new-born pleasures breathe
sweet air ;
This room's too vile a cabinet for gold.
Then leave for ever, Love, this doleful place,
And leave behind thee all thy sorrows here ;
And dress thyself as this great day requires.
'Twill be thy daughter's nuptials ; and I dream'd,
The Sun himself would be asham'd to come,
And be a guest in his old tarnish'd robe ;
But leave my Court *, to enlighten all the globe.—

Peneus to Atreus, dissuading him from his horrid purpose.

Pen. Fear you not men or Gods ?

Atr. The fear of Gods ne'er came in Pelops' House.

Pen. Think you there are no Gods ?

Atr. I find all things
So false, I am sure of nothing but of wrongs.

* A hint of the dreadful banquet which he meditates, at which the Sun is said to have turned away his horses.

ATREUS. THYESTES.

A Table and a Banquet.

Atr. Come, brother, sit.

Thy. May not Philisthenes
Sit with us, Sir?

Atr. He waits upon the Bride.
A deeper bowl. This to the Bridegroom's health.

Thy. This to the Gods for this most joyful day.—
Now to the Bridegroom's health.

Atr. This day shall be
To Argos an eternal festival.

Thy. Fortune and I to day both try our strengths.
I have quite tired her left-hand Misery;
She now relieves it with her right-hand Joy,
Which she lays on me with her utmost force;
But both shall be too weak for my strong spirit.

Atr. (aside.) So, now my engines of delight have
screw'd
The monster to the top of arrogance;
And now he's ready for his deadly fall.

Thy. O these extremes of misery and joy
Measure the vast extent of a man's soul.
My spirit reaches Fortune's East and West.
She has oft set and ris'n here; yet cannot get
Out of the vast dominion of my mind.—
Ho! my proud vaunting has a sudden check;
See, from my head my crown of roses falls;
My hair, tho' almost drown'd beneath sweet oils,
With strange and sudden horrors starts upright:
Something I know not what bids me not eat;
And what I have devour'd* within me groans;

* The mangled limbs of his son Philisthenes, which Atreus has set before him.

I fain would tear my breast to set it free ;—
And I have catch'd the eager thirst of tears,
Which all weak spirits have in misery.

I, who in banishment ne'er wept, weep now.

Atr. Brother, regard it not ; 'tis fancy all.
Misery, like night, is haunted with ill spirits,
And spirits leave not easily their haunts ;
'Tis said, sometimes they'll impudently stand
A flight of beams from the forlorn of day,
And scorn the crowing of the sprightly cocks :—
Brother, 'tis morning with our pleasure yet.
Nor has the sprightly wine crow'd oft enough.
See in great flagons at full length it sleeps,
And lets these melancholy thoughts break in
Upon our weaker pleasures. Rouse the wine,
And bid him chase these fancies hence for shame.
Fill up that reverend unvanquish'd Bowl,
Who many a giant in his time has fallen,
And many a monster ; Hercules not more.

Thy. If he descends into my groaning breast,
Like Hercules, he will descend to hell—

Atr. And he will vanquish all the monsters there.
Brother, your courage with this Hero try ;
He o'er our House has reign'd two hundred years,
And he's the only king shall rule you here.

Thy. What ails me, I cannot heave it to my lips ?

Atr. What, is the bowl too heavy ?

Thy. No ; my heart.

Atr. The wine will lighten it.

Thy. The wine will not
Come near my lips.

Atr. Why should they be so strange ?
They are near a-kin.

Thy. A-kin ?

Atr. As possible ; father and son not nearer.

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Does not good wine beget good blood?

Thy. 'Tis true.

Atr. Your lips then and the wine may be a-kin.

Off with your kindred wine; leave not a drop

To die alone, bewilder'd in that bowl.

Help him to heave it to his head; that's well.

(Thyestes drinks. A clap of thunder. The lights go out.)

Thy. What pond'rous crimes pull heav'n upon our heads?

Nature is choak'd with some vast villainy,

And all her face is black.

Atr. Some lights, some lights.

Thy. The sky is stunn'd, and reels 'twixt night and day;

Old Chaos is return'd.

Atr. It is to see

A young One born, more dreadful than herself;

That promises great comfort to her age,

And to restore her empire.

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Confusion I have in thy bowels made.

Thy. Dire thoughts, like Furies, break into my mind
With flaming brands, and shew me what he means.

Where is Philisthenes?

Atr. Ask thy own bowels:

Thou heardst them groan; perhaps they now will
speak.

Thy. Thou hast not, Tyrant—what I dare not ask?

Atr. I kill'd thy Son, and thou hast drunk his blood.

BRUTUS OF ALBA: A TRAGEDY. BY NAHUM
TATE, 1678.

Ragusa, and four more Witches, about to raise a storm.

Rag. 'Tis time we were preparing for the storm.
Heed me, ye daughters of the mystic art ;
Look that it be no common hurricane,
But such as rend the Caspian cliffs, and from
Th' Hyrcanian hills sweep cedars, roots and all.
Speak ; goes all right ?

All. Uh ! Uh ! Uh ! Uh !

1st W. The cricket leaves our cave, and chirps no
more.

2nd W. I stuck a ram, but could not stain my steel.

3rd W. His fat consumed in th' fire, and never smok'd.

4th W. I found this morn upon our furnace wall
Mysterious words wrought by a slimy snail,
Whose night-walk fate had guided in that form.

2nd W. Thou'rt queen of mysteries, great Ragusa.
How hast thou stemm'd the abyss of our black science,
Traced dodging nature thro' her blind 'scape-roads,
And brought her naked and trembling to the light !

Rag. Now to our task—
Stand off ; and, crouching, mystic postures make,
Gnawing your rivet'd knuckles till they bleed,
Whilst I fall prostrate to consult my art,
And mutter sounds too secret for your ear.

(Storm rises.)

Rag. The storm's on wing, comes powdering from
the Nore ;
'Tis past the Alps already, and whirls forward
To th' Appenine, whose rifted snow is swept

To th' vales beneath, while cots and folds lie buried.
 Thou Myrza tak'st to-night an airy march
 To th' Pontic shore for drugs ; and for more speed
 On my own maple crutch thou shalt be mounted,
 Which bridled turns to a steed so manageable,
 That thou may'st rein him, with a spider's thread.

4th W. And how if I o'ertake a bark in the way ?

Rag. Then, if aloft thou goest, to tinder scorch
 The fanns ; but if thou tak'st a lower cut,
 Then snatch the whips off from the steersman's hand,
 And sowce him in the foam.

4th W. He shall be drench'd.

(*Storm thickens.*)

Rag. Aye, this is music ! now methinks I hear
 The shrieks of sinking sailors, tackle rent,
 Rudders unhing'd, while the sea-raveners swift
 Scour thro' the dark flood for the diving corpses.

(*The owl cries.*)

Ha ! art thou there, my melancholy sister ?
 Thou think'st thy nap was short, and art surpris'd
 To find night fallen already.
 More turf to th' fire, till the black mesh ferment ;
 Burn th' oil of basilisk to fret the storm.
 That was a merry clap : I know that cloud
 Was of my Fricker's rending, Fricker rent it ;
 O 'tis an ardent Spirit : but beshrew him,
 'Twas he seduced me first to hellish arts.
 He found me pensive in a desert glin,
 Near a lone oak forlorn and thunder-cleft,
 Where discontented, I abjured the Gods,
 And bann'd the cruel creditor that seiz'd
 My Mullees*, sole subsistence of my life.
 He promised me full twelve years' absolute reign

* Her cows.

To banquet all my senses, but he lied,
 For vipers' flesh is now my only food,
 My drink of springs that stream from sulph'rous mines ;
 Beside with midnight cramps and scalding sweats
 I am almost inured for hell's worst tortures.—
 I hear the wood-nymphs cry ; by that I know
 My charm has took—

but day clears up,
 And heav'nly light wounds my infectious eyes.

1st W. Now, sullen Dame, dost thou approve our
 works ?

Rag. 'Twas a brave wreck : O, you have well per-
 form'd.

2nd. W. Myrza and I bestrid a cloud, and soar'd
 To lash the storm, which we pursued to th' City,
 Where in my flight I snatch'd the golden globe,
 That high on Saturn's pillar blaz'd i' th' air.

3rd W. I fired the turret of Minerva's fane.

4th W. I staid i' th' cell to set the spell a work.
 The lamps burnt ghastly blue, the furnace shook ;
 The Salamander felt the heat redoubled,
 And frisk'd about, so well I plied the fire.

Rag. Now as I hate bright day, and love moonshine,
 You shall be all my sisters in the art :
 I will instruct thee in each mystery ;
 Make ye all Ragusas.

All. Ho ! Ho ! Ho !

Rag. Around me, and I'll deal to each her dole.
 There's an elf-lock, tooth of hermaphrodite,
 A brace of mandrakes digg'd in fairy ground,
 A lamprey's chain, snake's eggs, dead sparks of thunder
 Quench'd in its passage thro' the cold mid air,
 A mermaid's fin, a cockatrice's comb
 Wrapt i' the dried caul of a brat still-born.
 Burn 'em.—

In whispers take the rest, which named aloud
Would fright the day, and raise another storm.

All. Ho ! Ho ! Ho ! Ho !

Soziman, a wicked Statesman, employs Ragusa for a charm.

Rag. — my drudges I'll employ
To frame with their best arts a bracelet for thee,
Which, while thou wear'st it lock'd on thy left arm,
Treason shall ne'er annoy thee, sword and poison
In vain attempt ; Nature alone have power
Thy substance to dissolve, nor she herself
Till many a winter-shock hath broke thy temper.

Soz. Medea for her Jason less performed !
My greatening soul aspires to range like thee,
In unknown worlds, to search the reign of Night.
Admitted to thy dreadful mysteries,
I should be more than mortal.

Rag. Near my cell,
Mong'st circling rocks (in form a theatre)
Lies a snug vale—

Soz. With horror I have view'd it ;
'Tis blasted all and bare as th' ocean beach,
And seems a round for elves to revel in.

Rag. With my attendants there each waning moon
My dreadful Court I hold, and sit in state :—
And when the dire transactions are dispatch'd,
Our zany Spirits ascend to make us mirth
With gambols, dances, masks and revelling songs,
Till our mad din strike terror through the waste,
Spreads far and wide to th' cliffs that bank the main,
And scarce is lost in the wide ocean's roar.
Here seated by me thou shalt view the sports,
While demons kiss thy foot, and swear thee homage.

Ragusa, with the other Witches, having finished the bracelet.

Rag. Proceed we then to finish our black projects.—
View here, till from your green distilling eyes
The poisonous glances center on this bracelet,
A fatal gift for our projecting son ;—
Seven hours odd minutes has it steeped i' th' gall
Of a vile Moor swine-rooted from his grave.
Now to your bloated lips apply it round,
And with th' infectious dew of your black breaths
Compleat its baleful force.

THE FATAL UNION: A TRAGEDY. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Dirge.

Noblest bodies are but gilded clay.
Put away
But the precious shining rind,
The inmost rottenness remains behind.
Kings, on earth though Gods they be,
Yet in death are vile as we.
He, a thousand Kings before,
Now is vassal unto more.
Vermin now insulting lie,
And dig for diamonds in each eye ;
Whilst the sceptre-bearing hand
Cannot their inroads withstand.
Here doth one in odours wade,
By the regal unction made ;
While another dares to gnaw
On that tongue, his people's law.

Fools, ah ! fools are we that so contrive,
 And do strive,
 In each gaudy ornament,
 Who shall his corpse in the best dish present.

BLURT, MASTER CONSTABLE: A COMEDY. BY T.
 MIDDLETON, 1602.

Lover kept awake by Love.

Ah ! how can I sleep ? he, who truly loves,
 Burns out the day in idle fantasies ;
 And when the lamb bleating doth bid good night
 Unto the closing day, then tears begin
 To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
 Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears :
 Love's eye the jewel of sleep oh ! seldom wears.
 The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
 Being only by Love's complaints disquieted ;
 And singing in the morning's ear she weeps,
 Being deep in love, at Lovers' broken sleeps.
 But say a golden slumber chance to tie
 With silken strings the cover of Love's eye ;
 Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
 Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

Violetta comes to seek her Husband at the house of a Curtizan.

VIOLETTA.—IMPERIA, *the Curtizan.*

Vio. By your leave, sweet Beauty, pardon my excuse,
 which sought entrance into this house : good Sweetness,
 have you not a Property here, improper to your house ;
 my husband ?

Imp. Hah ! your husband here ?

Vio. Nay, be as you seem to be, White Dove, without gall. Do not mock me, fairest Venetian. Come, I know he is here. I do not blame him, for your beauty gilds over his error. 'Troth, I am right glad that you, my Countrywoman, have received the pawn of his affections. You cannot be hardhearted, loving him; nor hate me, for I love him too. Since we both love him, let us not leave him, till we have called home the ill husbandry of a sweet Straggler. Prithee, good wench, use him well.

Imp. So, so, so—

Vio. If he deserve not to be used well (as I'd be loth he should deserve it), I'll engage myself, dear Beauty, to thine honest heart: give me leave to love him, and I'll give him a kind of leave to love thee. I know he hears me. I prithee try my eyes, if they know him; that have almost drowned themselves in their own salt-water, because they cannot see him. In truth, I'll not chide him. If I speak words rougher than soft kisses, my penance shall be to see him kiss thee, yet to hold my peace.

Good Partner, lodge me in thy private bed;
Where, in supposed folly, he may end
Determin'd Sin. Thou smilest. I know thou wilt.
What looseness may term dotage,—truly read,
Is Love ripe-gather'd, not soon withered.

Imp. Good truth, pretty Wedlock, thou makest my little eyes smart with washing themselves in brine. I mar such a sweet face!—and wipe off that dainty red! and make Cupid toll the bell for your love-sick heart!—no, no, no—if he were Jove's own ingle Ganymede—fie, fie, fie—I'll none. Your Chamber-fellow is within. Thou shalt enjoy him.

Vio. Star of Venetian Beauty, thanks!

HOFFMAN'S TRAGEDY, OR REVENGE FOR A FATHER,
1631. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Sons of the Duke of Saxony run away with Lucibel, the Duke of Austria's Daughter.—The two Dukes, in separate pursuit of their children, meet at the Cell of a Hermit: in which Hermit, Saxony recognizes a banished Brother; at which surprised, all three are reconciled.

Aust. That should be Saxon's tongue.

Sax. Indeed I am the Duke of Saxony.

Aust. Then thou art father to lascivious sons,
That have made Austria childless.

Sax. Oh subtle Duke,
Thy craft appears in framing the excuse.
Thou dost accuse my young sons' innocence.
I sent them to get knowledge, learn the tongues,
Not to be metamorphosed with the view
Of flattering Beauty—peradventure painted.

Aust. No, I defy thee, John of Saxony.
My Lucibel for beauty needs no art;
Nor, do I think, the beauties of her mind
Ever inclin'd to this ignoble course,
But by the charms and forcings of thy sons.

Sax. O would thou would'st maintain thy words, proud
Duke!

Her. I hope, great princes, neither of you dare
Commit a deed so sacrilegious.

This holy Cell
Is dedicated to the Prince of Peace.

The foot of man never profan'd this floor;
Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voice
Affright these buildings. Charity with Prayer,

Humility with Abstinence combined,
Are here the guardians of a grieved mind.

Aust. Father, we obey thy holy voice.
Duke John of Saxony, receive my faith ;
Till our ears hear the true course, which thy sons
Have taken with my fond and misled child,
I proclaim truce. Why dost thou sullen stand ?
If thou mean peace, give me thy princely hand.

Sax. Thus do I plight thee truth, and promise peace.

Aust. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart.
In vows of combination there's a grace,
That shews th' intention in the outward face.
Look chearfully, or I expect no league.

Sax. First give me leave to view awhile the person
Of this Hermit—Austria, view him well.
Is he not like my brother Roderic ?

Aust. He's like him. But I heard, he lost his life
Long since in Persia by the Sophy's wars.

Her. I heard so much, my Lord. But that report
Was purely feign'd ; spread by my erring tongue,
As double as my heart, when I was young.
I am that Roderic, that aspired thy throne ;
That vile false brother, that with rebel breath,
Drawn sword, and treach'rous heart, threaten'd your
death.

Sax. My brother ! — nay then i' faith, old John
lay by
Thy sorrowing thoughts ; turn to thy wonted vein,
And be mad John of Saxony again.
Mad Roderic, art alive ? — my mother's son,
Her joy, and her last birth ! — oh, she conjured me
To use thee thus ; [*embracing him*] and yet I banished
thee. —

Body o' me ! I was unkind, I know ;
But thou deserv'dst it then : but let it go.

Say thou wilt leave this life, thus truly idle,
And live a Statesman ; thou shalt share in reign,
Commanding all but me thy Sovereign.

Her. I thank your Highness ; I will think on it :
But for my sins this sufferance is more fit.

Sax. Tut, tittle tattle, tell not me of sin.—
Now, Austria, once again thy princely hand :
I'll look thee in the face, and smile ; and swear,
If any of my sons have wrong'd thy child,
I'll help thee in revenging it myself.
But if, as I believe, they mean but honour,
(As it appeareth by these Jousts proclaim'd,)
Then thou shalt be content to name* him thine,
And thy fair daughter I'll account as mine.

Aust. Agreed.

Sax. Ah, Austria ! 'twas a world, when you and I
Ran these careers ; but now we are stiff and dry.

Aust. I'm glad you are so pleasant, good my Lord.

Sax. 'Twas my old mood : but I was soon turn'd sad.
With over-grieving for this long lost Lad,—
And now the Boy is grown as old as I ;
His very face as full of gravity.

* By one of the Duke's sons (her Lover) in honour of Lucibel.

FACETIÆ.

I.

Holding in Capite.

First Gent. 'Tis well known I am a Gentleman. My father was a man of 500*l.* a year, and he held something *in capite* too.

Second Gent. So does my Lord Something—

Foolish Lord. Nay, by my troth, what I hold *in capite* is worth little or nothing.

II.

Fool's Experience.

Page. He that's first a scholar, and next in love, the the year after is either an arrant fool or a madman.

Master. How came your knavery by such experience?

Page. As fools do by news: somebody told me so, and I believe it.

III.

Modern Sybarite.

—— Softly, ye villains!—the rogues of chairmen have trundled me over some damn'd nutshell or other, that gave me such a jerk, as has half murder'd me.

IV.

Spare diet of Spaniards.

Spaniard. The air being thin and rarified generally provides us good stomachs.

Englishman. Aye, and the earth little or nothing to satisfy 'em with; I think a cabbage is a jewel among you.

Span. Why, truly a good cabbage is respected. But our people are often very luxurious, they abound very often.

Eng. O no such matter, faith, Spaniard! 'death, if they get but a piece of beef, they shall hang all the bones out, and write underneath, *Here hath been beef eaten*, as if 'twere a miracle. And if they get but a lean hen, the feathers shall be spread before the door with greater pride than we our carpets at some princely solemnity.

V.

Foolish Form.

Servant (to my Lord Stately's Gentleman Usher.)
Sir, here's your Lord's footman come to tell you, your Lord's hat is blown out of his hand.

Lord W. Why did not the footman take it up?

Usher. He durst not, my Lord; 'tis above him.

Lord W. Where? a'top of the chimney?

Usher. Above his office, my Lord.

Lord W. How does this fool, for want of solid greatness, swell with empty ceremony, and fortify himself with outworks! That a man must dig thro' rubbish to come at an ass.

English Friar.

VI.

Cast Books.

Waiting Maid. I have a new Bible too; and when my Lady left her Practice of Piety, she gave it me.

Newcastle.

VII.

Good at Guessing.

Nay, good Mr. Constable, you are e'en the luckiest at being wise that ever I knew.

Newcastle.

VIII.

Essays at Essays.

1. O eternal blockhead, did you never write Essays?
2. I did essay to write Essays, but I cannot say I writ Essays. *Newcastle.*

IX.

Hard Words.

Indiscerptibility, and Essential Spissitude: words which, though I am no competent judge of, for want of languages, yet I fancy strongly ought to mean nothing. *Mrs. Behn.*

X.

Scandals to Atheism.

—— a late learned Doctor; who, though himself no great assertor of a Deity, yet was observed to be continually persuading this sort of men [the rakehelly block-headed Infidels about town] of the necessity and truth of our religion; and being asked how he came to bestir himself so much this way, made answer, that it was because their ignorance and indiscreet debauch made them a Scandal to the Profession of Atheism.

Behn.

XI.

Excuse for being afraid in a Storm.

Master. Courage! why what dost thou call courage? Hector himself would not have exchang'd his ten years' siege for our ten days' storm at sea. A Storm! a hundred thousand fighting men are nothing to it; cities sack'd by fire, nothing. 'Tis a resistless coward, that attacks a man at disadvantage; an unaccountable magic, that first conjures down a man's courage, and then plays the devil over him; and, in fine, it is a Storm!

Mate. Good lack, that it should be all these terrible things, and yet that we should outlive it!

Master. No god-a-mercy to our courages tho', I tell you that now; but like an angry wench, when it had huffed and bluster'd itself weary, it lay still again.

Behn.

XII.

Dutch Gallantry.

Mate. What, beat a woman, Sir?

Master. 'Psha, all's one for that; if I am provok'd, anger will have its effects upon whomsoe'er it light: so said Von Tromp, when he took his Mistress a cuff on the ear for finding fault with an ill-fashioned leg he made her. I liked his humour well.

Behn.

XIII.

Dutchman.

—— sitting at home in the chimney corner, cursing the face of Duke de Alva upon the jugs, for laying an imposition on beer.

Behn.

XIV.

Rake at Church.

—— I shall know all, when I meet her in the chapel to morrow. I am resolved to venture thither, tho' I am afraid the dogs will bark me out again, and by that means let the congregation know how much I am a stranger to the place.

Durfey.

XV.

Lying Traveller.

You do not believe me then? the devil take me, if

these home-bred fellows can be saved: they neither know nor believe half the creation. *Lacy.*

XVI.

English Beau, contrasted with a French one.

——— a true-bred English Beau has indeed the powder, the essence, the toothpick, the snuff-box; and is as idle; but the fault is in the flesh—he has not the motion, and looks stiff under all this. Now a French Fop, like a Poet, is born so, and would be known without clothes; it is in his eyes, his nose, his fingers, his elbows, his heels. They dance when they walk, and sing when they speak. We have nothing in that perfection as abroad; and our cuckolds, as well as our grapes, are but half ripened. *Burnaby.*

XVII.

Fanciful Recipe, prescribed for sick Fancy.

The juice of a lemon that's civil at seasons,
Twelve dancing capers, ten lunatic reasons;
Two dying notes of an ancient swan;
Three sighs, a thousand years kept, if you can;
Some scrapings of Gyges's ring may pass,
With the skin of a shadow caught in a glass;
Six pennyworth of thoughts untold;
The jelly of a star, before it be cold;
One ounce of courtship from a country daughter;
A grain of wit, and a quart of laughter.—

Boil these on the fire of Zeal (with some beech-coals, lest the vessel burst).—If you can get these ingredients, I will compound them for you. Then, when the patient is perfectly recovered, she shall be married in rich cloth of rainbow laced with sunbeams. *Strode.*

XVIII.

Beauties at Church.

Fair Women in Churches have as ill effect as fine Strangers in Grammar schools : for tho' the boys keep on the humdrum still, yet none of 'em mind their lesson for looking about 'em. *Fane.*

XIX.

Expedients.

I have observed the wisdom of these Moors : for some days since being invited by one of the chief Bashaws to dinner, after meat, sitting by a huge fire, and feeling his shins to burn, I requested him to pull back his chair, but he very understandingly sent for three or four masons, and removed the chimney.

Brome.

XX.

Mayor of Queenborow, a Christian, giving orders for feasting Hengist, a Pagan King of Kent, who has invited himself to the Mayor's table.

——— give charge the mutton come in all raw ; the King of Kent is a Pagan, and must be served so. And let those officers, that seldom or never go to church, bring it in ; it will be the better taken.

Middleton.

XXI.

Fat man's device to get a dainty.

I have a privilege. I was at the tavern the other day ; in the next room I smelt hot venison. I sent but a drawer to tell the company, " one in the house with a great belly longed for a corner," and I had half a pasty sent me immediately.

Shirley.

XXII.

Miser's Servant.

Friend. Camelion, how now, have you turned away your master?

Camelion. No; I sold my place. As I was thinking to run away, comes this fellow, and offers me a breakfast for my good will to speak to my master for him. I took him at his word, and resigned my office, and turned over my hunger to him immediately. Now I serve a man.

Shirley.

XXIII.

Walking.

Fine Lady. I am glad I am come home, for I am even as weary with this walking; for God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne'er find it.

T. Killigrew.

XXIV.

Foolish Suitor.

Alderman. Save you, Sir.

Suitor. You do not think me damn'd Sir, that you bestow

That salutation on me?

Ald. Good, Sir, no.

Whom would you speak with here?

Suit. Sir, my discourse
Points at one Alderman Covel.

Ald. I am the party.

Suit. I understand you have a daughter, is
Of most unknown perfections.

Ald. She is as Heaven made her—

Suit She goes naked then;
The tailor has no hand in her.

SERIOUS FRAGMENTS.

I.

Misery lays stronger bonds of love than Nature; and they are more than one, whom the same misfortune joined together, than whom the same womb gave life.

H. Killigrew.

II.

Dying Person.

————— my soul

The warm embraces of her flesh is now,
Ev'n now forsaking; this frail body must
Like a lost feather fall from off the wing
Of Vanity—

W. Chamberlain.

III.

————— eternity:

Within whose everlasting springs we shall
Meet with those joys, whose blasted embryos were
Here made abortive—

W. Chamberlain.

IV.

Crown declined by a Spiritual Person.

I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that's born, and has his years come to him,
On a rough desart—

Middleton.

V.

To a Votaress.

Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
You chaste lamp of eternity; 'tis a treasure,
Too precious for death's moment to partake
The twinkling of short life.—

Middleton.

VI.

The fame that a man wins himself is best ;
 That he may call his own : honours put to him
 Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
 Which are as soon ta'en off ; for in the warmth
 The heat comes from the body, not the weeds ;
 So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.

Middleton.

VII.

Adventurers.

The sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth
 To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits.—

Middleton.

VIII.

New made Honour.

———— forgetfulness
 Is the most pleasing virtue they can have,
 That do spring up from nothing ; for by the same,
 Forgetting all, they forget whence they came.

Middleton.

IX.

Ænone forsaken.

Beguil'd, disdain'd, and out of love, live long, thou Poplar
 tree,

And let thy letters grow in length to witness this with me.
 Ah Venus, but for reverence unto thy sacred name,
 To steal a silly maiden's love I might account it blame.—
 And if the tales I hear be true, and blush for to recite,
 Thou dost me wrong to leave the plains, and dally out of
 sight,

False Paris ! this was not thy vow, when thou and I
 were one,

To range and change old love for new ; but now those
 days be gone.

Peel.

X.

Epilepsy.

— your [Cæsar's] disease the Gods ne'er gave to man,
But such a one as had a spirit too great
For all his body's passages to serve it ;
Which notes the excess of your ambition.

Chapman.

XI.

We are not tried but in our misery. He is a cunning
coachman, that can turn well in a narrow room.

Anon.

XII.

Gray hairs.

— upon whose reverend head
The milk-white pledge of wisdom sweetly spreads.—

Lodge.

XIII.

Ladies Dancing.

— a fine sweet earthquake, gently moved
By the soft wind of whispering silks.—

Decker.

XIV.

— sharp witted Poets ; whose sweet verse
Makes heav'nly Gods break off their nectar draughts,
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth—

Anon.

XV.

Grandsires' Love.

Old men do never truly doat, untill
Their children bring them babies.

Shirley.

XVI.

To a false Mistress.

—— thy name,
Which sweeten'd once the name of him that spake it.—
Shirley.

XVII.

Herod, jealous, to Mariamne.

Hast thou beheld thyself, and could'st thou stain
So rare perfection?—ev'n for love of thee
I do profoundly hate thee. *Lady Elizabeth Carew.*

XVIII.

Cleopatra.

The wanton Queen, that never loved for Love.—
Lady E. Carew.

XIX.

Conceit of a Princess' love.

'Twas but a waking dream,
Wherein thou madest thy wishes speak, not her ;
In which thy foolish hopes strive to prolong
A wretched being : so sickly children play
With health-loved toys, which for a time delay,
But do not cure the fit. *Rowley.*

XX.

Changing Colour at sudden News.

Why look'st thou red, and pale, and both, and neither?—
Chapman.

XXI.

Rich Usurer to his Mistress.

I will not 'joy my treasure but in thee,
And in thy looks I'll count it every hour;
And thy white arms shall be as bands to me,

Wherein are mighty lordships forfeited.—
 Then triumph, Leon, richer in thy love,
 Than all the hopes of treasure I possess.
 Never was happy Leon rich before;
 Nor ever was I covetous till now,
 That I see gold so 'fined in thy hair. *Chapman.*

XXII.

Puritan.

—— his face demure, with hand
 On breast, as you have seen a canting preacher,
 Aiming to cheat his audience, wanting matter,
 Sigh, to seem holy, till he thought on something.—
Anon.

XXIII.

Sects.

Eternity, which puzzles all the world
 To name the inhabitants that people it;
 Eternity, whose undiscover'd country
 We fools divide before we come to see it,
 Making one part contain all happiness,
 The other misery, then unseen fight for it:
 All sects pretending to a right of choice,
 Yet none go willingly to take a part. *Anon.*

XXIV.

Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,
 He treads on beasts who give him clothes and food;
 But the Gods catch him wheresoe'er he lurks,
 Whip him, and set him to all painful works:
 And yet he brags he shall be crown'd when dead.
 Were ever Princes in a Bridewell bred?
 Nothing is sinfully begot but he:
 Can base-born Bastards lawful Sovereigns be?
Crowne.

XXV.

Wishes for Obscurity.

How miserable a thing is a Great Man !—
 Take noisy vexing Greatness they that please ;
 Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
 Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
 With any powerful thing but Time alone :
 My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
 And creep by me as by a slumbering friend ;
 Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
 As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
 O wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
 To know himself can never find an hour !
 Strange to himself, but to all others known,
 Lends every one his life, but uses none ;
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes ;
 And himself loses, ere himself he knows. *Crowne.*

XXVI.

Mind constituted to Goodness.

— you may do this, or any thing you have a mind
 to ; even in your fantasy there is a secret counsel, seeing
 that all your actions, nay all your pleasures, are in some
 exercise of virtue. *H. Killigrew.*

XXVII.

Returned Pilgrim.

To man how sweet is breath ! yet sweetest of all
 That breath, which from his native air doth fall.
 How many weary paces have I measured,
 How many known and unknown dangers past,
 Since I commenced my tedious pilgrimage,
 The last great work of my death-yielding age !
 Yet am I blest, that my returning bones
 Shall be rak't up in England's peaceful earth. *Anon.*

XXVIII.

Usury.

Nature in all inferior things hath set
 A pitch or term, when they no more shall get
 Increase and offspring. Unrepaired houses
 Fall to decay ; old cattle cease to breed ;
 And sapless trees deny more fruit or seed :
 The earth would heartless and infertile be,
 If it should never have a jubilee.
 Only the Usurer's Money 'genders still ;
 The longer, lustier ; age this doth not kill.
 He lives to see his Money's Money's Money
 Even to a hundred generations reach. *Anon.*

XXIX.

Love defined by contraries.

Fie, fie, how heavy is light Love in me !—
 How slow runs swift Desire !—this leaden air,
 This ponderous feather, merry melancholy ;
 This Passion, which but in passion
 Hath not his perfect shape.— *Day.*

XXX.

Good Faith.

What are we but *our words* ? when they are past,
 Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.

XXXI.

Weeping for good news.

I knew your eye would be first served ;
 That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.
Rowley

XXXII.

Forsaken Mistress.

I thought the lost perfection of mankind
 Was in that man restored; and I have grieved,
 Lost Eden too was not revived for him;
 And a new Eve, more excellent than the first,
 Created for him, that he might have all
 The joys he could deserve: and he fool'd me
 To think that Eve and Eden was in me:
 That he was made for me, and I for him. *Crowne.*

XXXIII.

Love surviving Hope.

'Tis a vain glory that attends a Lover,
 Never to say he quits; and, when Hope dies,
 The gallantry of Love still lives, is charm'd
 With kindness but in shadow *Crowne.*

XXXIV.

Warriors.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
 Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds
 Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
 Only to make a sound to last for ages. *Crowne.*

XXXV.

Life.

What is't we live for?—tell life's finest tale—
 To eat, to drink, to sleep, love, and enjoy,
 And then to love no more!
 To talk of things we know not, and to know
 Nothing but things not worth the talking of.

Sir R. Fane, jun.

XXXVI.

Brother, supposed dead, received by a Sister : she shews him a letter, disclosing an unworthy action done by him ; at which he standing abashed, she then first congratulates him :

— now I meet your love. Pardon me, my brother ;
I was to rejoyce at this your sadness, before I could share
with you in another joy. *H. Killigrew.*

XXXVII.

Person just dead.

Tw'as but just now he went away ;
I have not yet had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear,
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time makes no measure in eternity.

Sir Robert Howard.

XXXVIII.

French Character.

The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit ;
Kind, but extreme dissemblers : you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At the instant mocking ev'n your very shoe-tyes.
Ford.

XXXIX.

Love must die gently.

I hoped, your great experience, and your years,
Would have proved patience rather to your soul,
Than to break off in this untamed passion.
Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
Hath molded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love.
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warm,
Let it die gently ; ne'er kill it with a scorn. *Anon.*

XL.

Poetic Diction.

—— worthiest poets
 Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
 Every illiberal and affected phrase,
 To clothe their matter ; and together tye
 Matter and form with art and decency. *Chapman.*

XLI.

Author Vanity.

—— the foolish Poet, that still writ
 All his most self-loved verse in paper royal,
 Or parchment ruled with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
 Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings ;
 Never so blest as when he writ and read
 The ape-loved issue of his brain ; and never
 But joying in himself, admiring ever— *Chapman.*

XLII.

Good wit to be husbanded.

—— as of lions it is said, and eagles,
 That when they go, they draw their seres and talons
 Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness :
 So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ
 In noblest knowledge, we should never waste
 In vile and vulgar admirations. *Chapman.*

XLIII.

Impossibility of attaining, a Bar to Desire.

Nothing is more ordinary, than for my Lady to love
 her Gentleman ; or Mistress Anne, her father's man.
 But if a country clown coming up hither, and seeking
 for his lawyer in Gray's Inn, should step into the
 walks, and there should chance to spy some master-

ship of nature ; some famed Beauty, that for a time hath been the name ; he would stand amazed, perhaps wish that his Joan were such, but further would not be stirred. Impossibility would

stop more bold desires,

And quench those sparks that else would turn to fires.

Edmund Prestwick.

XLIV.

Theory of Men's choice in a Beauty.

1.—She has a most complete and perfect beauty ; nor can the greatest critic in this sort find any fault with the least proportion of her face, but yet methought I was no more taken with it, than I should be with some curious well-drawn picture.

2.—That is somewhat strange.

1.—In my mind, not at all ; for it is not always that we are governed by what the general fancy of the world calls beauty ; for each soul hath some predominant thoughts, which when they light on aught that strikes on them, there is nothing does more inflame. And as in music *that* pleaseth not most, which with the greatest art and skill is composed ; but those airs that do resemble and stir up some dormant passion, to which the mind is addicted ; so, I believe, never yet was any one much taken with a face, in which he did not espy aught that did rouse and put in motion some affection that hath ruled in his thoughts, besides those features which, only for the sake of common opinion, we are forced to say do please.

E. Prestwick.

THE END.

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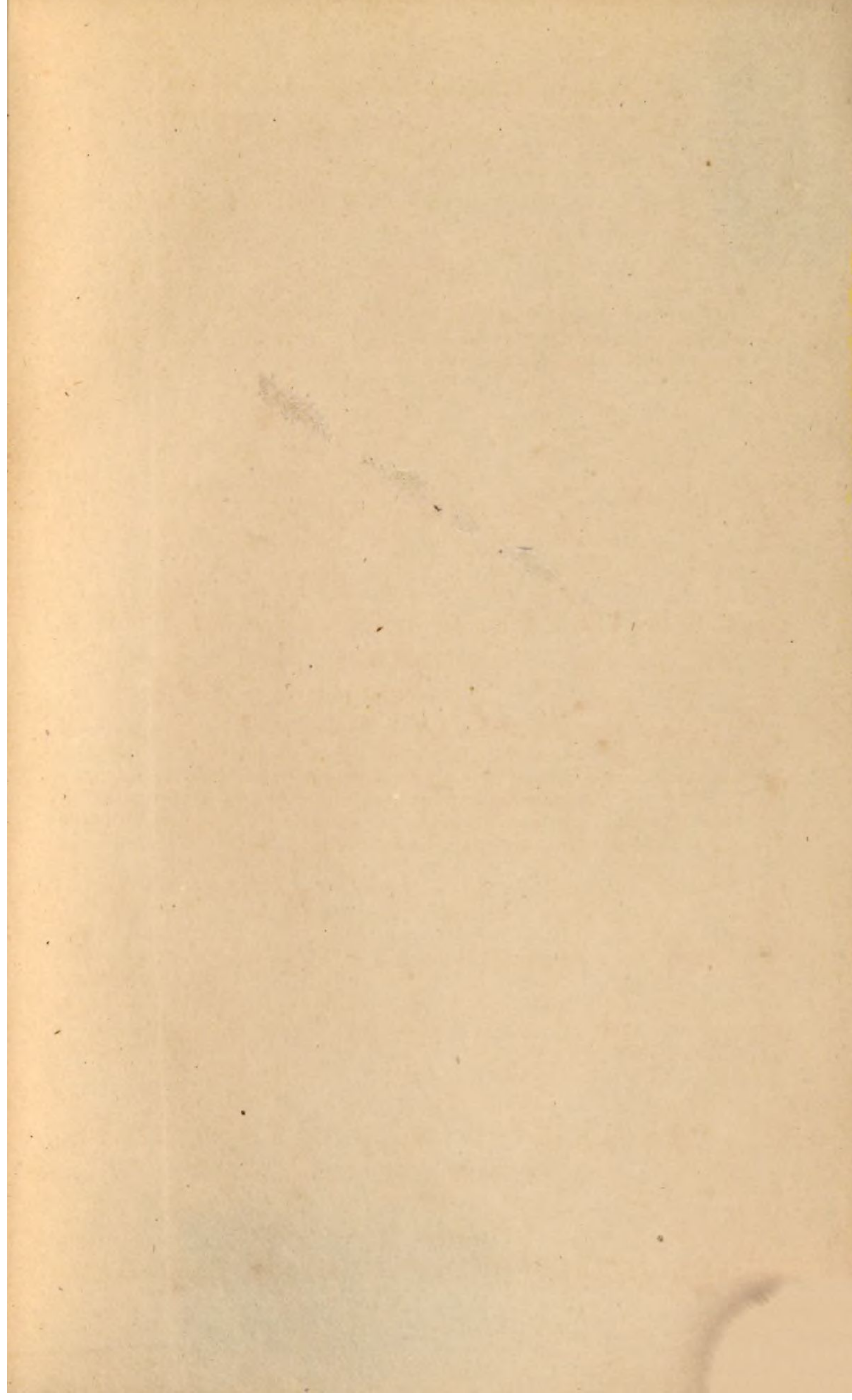
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